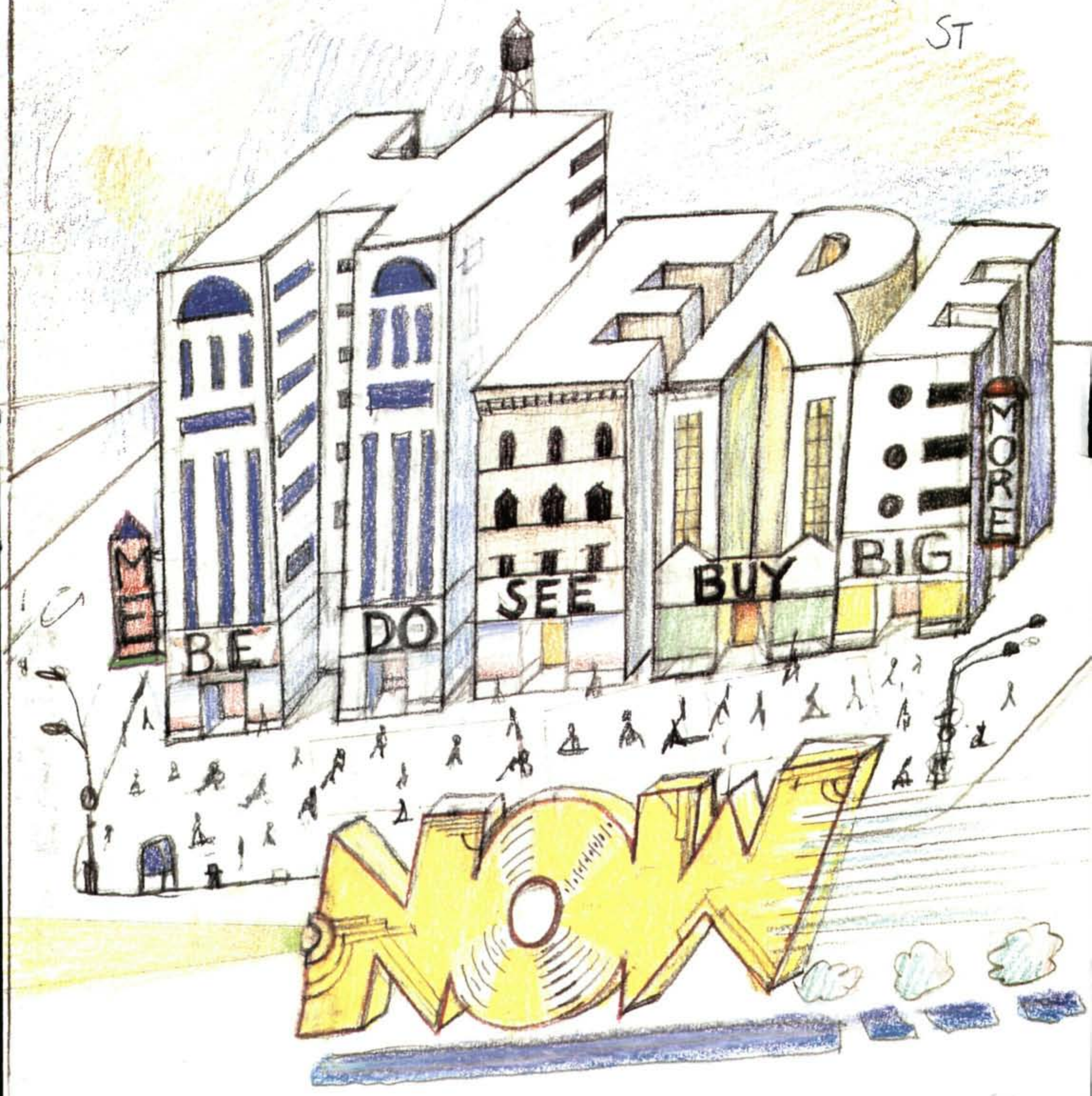
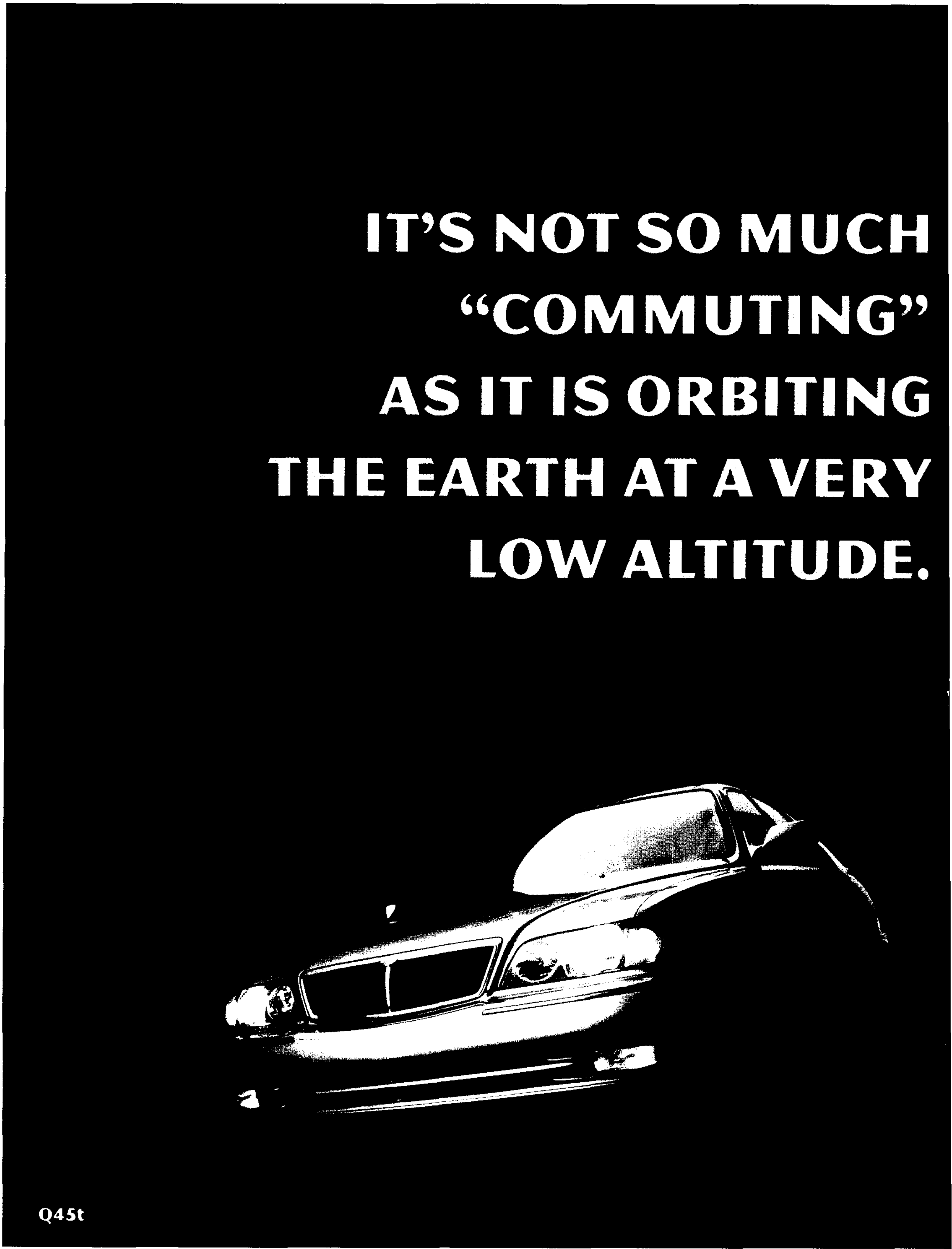
Price $3.00

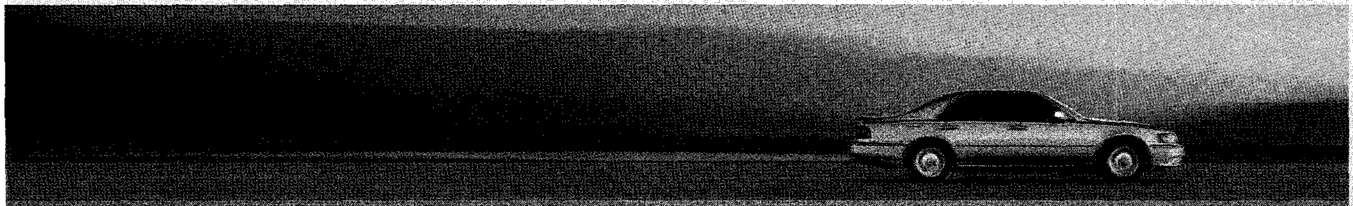
THE NEW YORKER

May 24, 1999


ST
HERE
ME
BE
DO
SEE
BUY
BIG
MORE
NOW

#02,
00-2726


IT'S NOT SO MUCH "COMMUTING" AS IT IS ORBITING THE EARTH AT A VERY LOW ALTITUDE.
Q45t



The Infiniti® Q45 offers its passengers many of the benefits of space travel, with virtually none of its drawbacks.

Take, for instance, its incredible speed and handling ability. Thanks to a muscular V8 engine, and innovative variable valve timing technology, you can launch into warp 7 without the deafening engine noise you get from most high-performance vehicles – on Cape Canaveral or elsewhere. (It's an experience shared by certain Indy Racing League drivers, to whom Infiniti supplies its Q45-inspired engine.)

As for its handling, we fitted the Q45t with 6-spoke, 17" performance alloy wheels, 225/50 V-rated low-profile tires and a driver-selectable, electronically controlled suspension: Choose *Sport*, for tighter handling, or *Automatic*, for a smoother, more luxurious ride. Should you come across a hazard on your terrestrial journey, you'll have the advantages of our Traction Control System, which throttles down the engine and slows the wheels when it detects slipping; and Viscous Limited-Slip Differential, which automatically transfers power from the wheel that's slipping to the one that's gripping. In any event, you'll find the Q45t a lot more nimble than your typical space vehicle.

Of course, the biggest departure from the astronaut's commute is the Q45's styling and interior. An aggressive grille and sculpted physique give away its formidable performance. And its xenon headlights are an optic marvel, cutting a luminescent path through the pitch-black night.

But it's when you venture inside the Q45's cabin that your average astronaut gets most envious. Immediately you're wrapped in Seton-leather appointments and many other luxurious spoils, all standard. An 8-speaker, 200-watt, custom-designed Bose® audio system with in-dash CD surrounds you with concert-hall sound. A power-operated, rear-window sunshade blocks out the sun's glare. Or, if you prefer, the one-touch power sliding sunroof lets the sun – or any other celestial body – right in. And on the dash you'll find plenty of sophisticated details, including the signature Infiniti analog clock. (NASA engineers, are you taking notes?)

To discover firsthand how Infiniti brought space travel down to Earth, take the Q45 for a Guest Drive® at your nearest Infiniti Retailer. Just remember, our planet has strongly enforced speed limits.

INFINITI. OWN ONE AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.

www.infiniti-usa.com / 800-499-5900

©1999 Infiniti Division of Nissan North America, Inc. Bose® is a registered trademark of the Bose Corporation. Indy® is a registered trademark of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation.

LIKE COLUMBUS, YOU BELIEVE

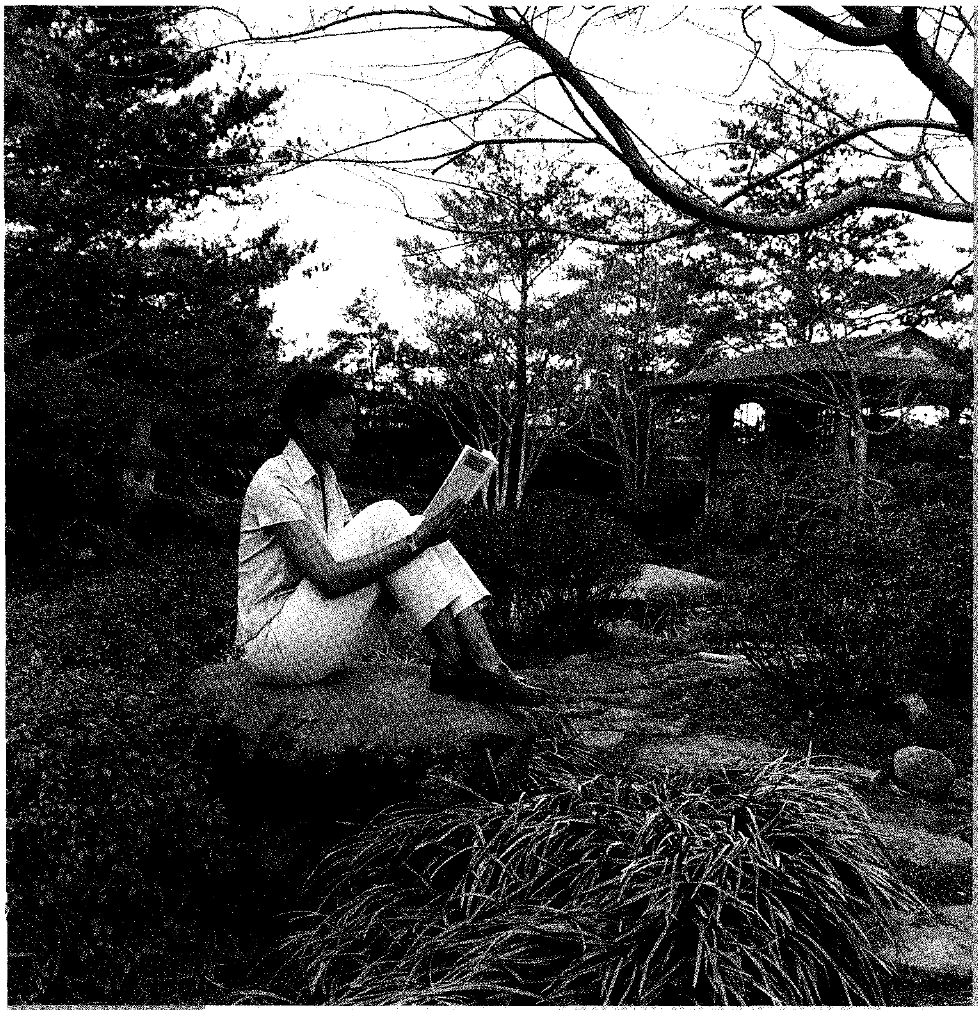
THERE IS A NEW WORLD

TO DISCOVER. UNLIKE

COLUMBUS, YOU HAVE TO DO

IT BETWEEN SEMINARS.

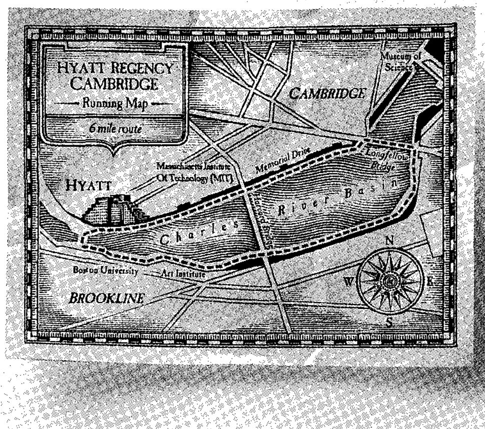
Hyatt Hotels and Resorts® encompasses hotels and resorts managed, franchised, or operated by two separate groups of companies— Hyatt Corporation and its affiliates and affiliates of Hyatt International Corporation. ©1999 Hyatt Cor



Given more time, you'd be quite the visionary. But in reality, you have only precious moments to explore. Which is why you need a hotel that shares your desire to see the world differently. In fact, every Hyatt is a reflection of the place that surrounds it, from the art to the cuisine. So instead of merely having travelled, you get the sense you've actually been somewhere. However briefly that may be.

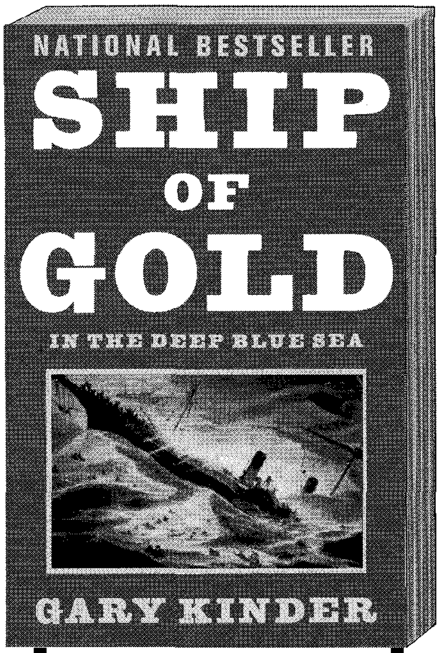
For reservations, call Hyatt or your travel planner.

A strange city can quickly become a second home with one of our jogging maps to guide the way.


HYATT REGENCY CAMBRIDGE
Running Map
6 mile route
CAMBRIDGE
Museum of Science
Longfellow Bridge
Memorial Drive
Massachusetts Institute Of Technology (MIT)
HYATT
Charles River Basin
Boston University
Art Institute
BROOKLINE
N
W
E
S

All things being equal, there's more. *1 800 233 1234 or www.hyatt.com*

HYATT
HOTELS & RESORTS®
Feel the Hyatt Touch®



"The summer's best... adventure story." –*Time*

"A ripping true tale of danger and discovery at sea." –*The Washington Post*

"White-knuckle reading...with generous portions of adventure, intrigue, heroism, and high technology interwoven." –*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"Compelling.... A tale dramatic enough to rival the Titanic disaster." –*The Seattle Times*

VINTAGE
Now in paperback
www.vintagebooks.com

THE NEW YORKER

MAY 24, 1999

THE MAIL 7

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
Comment Adam Gopnik on Columbine's culture vultures.
Et cetera Kosovo mood music; Pet Shop Boys v. the philosopher.

DEPARTMENTS

The Political Scene The Exterminator . . . . . *Jane Mayer* 32
Tom DeLay's career in Clinton hating.

The Wired World Stop Me Before I Shop Again! . . . . . *James Gleick* 42
It's so easy to become addicted to eBay.

Annals of Finance The Experiment . . . . . *John Cassidy* 48
Why Alan Greenspan let the good times roll.

SKETCHBOOK Saul Steinberg . . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 54

A REPORTER AT LARGE Head Found on Fifth Avenue . . . . . *Alexander Stille* 58
How did looted relics from Sicily find their way into some of our best homes and museums?

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION Hemingway Told Me Things . . . . . *Lillian Ross* 70
Notes on more than ten years of correspondence.

FICTION "Miss Mary's Sorrow" . . . . . *Ernest Hemingway* 74

THE CRITICS
The Current Cinema "The Phantom Menace" . . . . . *Anthony Lane* 80
Books François Truffaut's blows . . . . . *Richard Brody* 84
Briefly Noted 87
The Wayward Press Mike Royko's soul . . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 89
The Sky Line Charles and Ray Eames, multimedia pioneers . . . . . *Paul Goldberger* 92
The Theatre "Morning Star," "The Lonesome West" . . . . . *John Lahr* 99

POEMS
"Face to Face" . . . . . *Phillis Levin* 28
"To My Old Addresses" . . . . . *Kenneth Koch* 38
"To Sleep" . . . . . *Kenneth Koch* 66

CROSSWORD 8 x 10 Cryptic No. 89 101

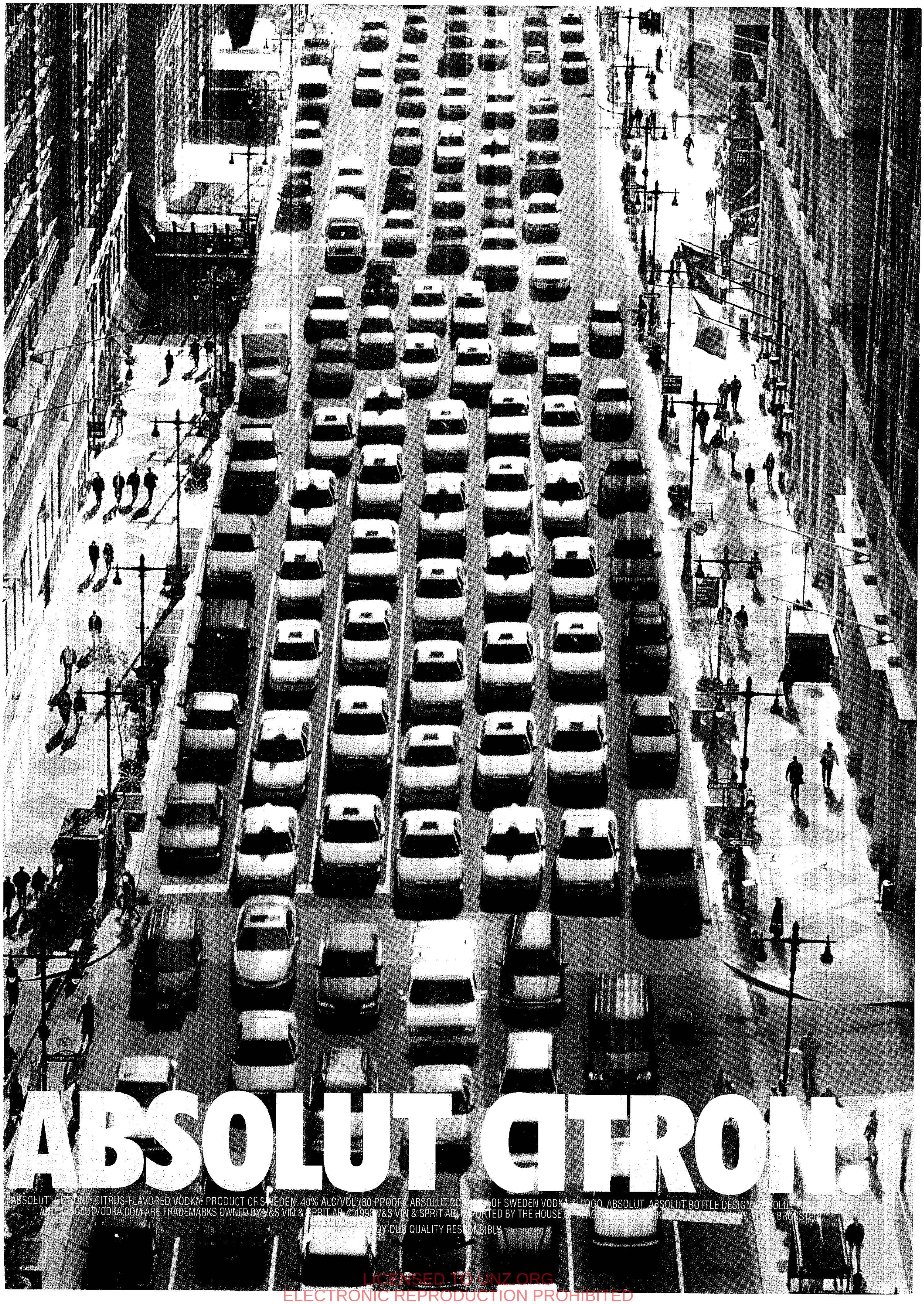
THE BACK PAGE The Hidden Steinberg 102

COVER *Here Now, by Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, Mick Stevens, Barbara Smaller, Danny Shanahan, William Haefeli, Gahan Wilson, Michael Crawford, Peter Steiner, Sam Gross, Leo Cullum, Frank Cotham, Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Mike Twohy, Tom Cheney, Victoria Roberts, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 22 & Mar. 1, Apr. 26 & May 3, June 21 & 28, Aug. 23 & 30, Oct. 18 & 25, Dec. 27 & Jan. 3) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXV, No. 12, May 24, 1999. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $42.00; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $90.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $112.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.


ABSOLUT CITRON.
ABSOLUT® CITRON™ CITRUS-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN, [illegible] AND ABSOLUTVODKA.COM ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1998 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.
ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY.

THE MOST MODERN OF SHIPS.
THE MOST ANCIENT OF WORLDS.

ASIA-SOUTH PACIFIC

This fall, Crystal Cruises invites you to explore the wonders of the Far East and the land down under. The Bazaars of India. The Temples of Thailand. The Opera House in Sydney.

Aboard Crystal Symphony, you will enjoy the uniquely friendly style of service that has earned us the designation of "Best Large-Ship Line" by the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* and "World's Best Large Cruise Line" by the readers of *Travel & Leisure*.

You'll also enjoy our acclaimed *Wine & Food Festival*, where internationally acclaimed chefs create special dinners and offer cooking demonstrations. You may also enroll in our very popular *Computer University@Sea* programs.

Exceptional savings are now available. To learn more about this unforgettable journey, please contact your travel agent or call 1-800-820-6663 for a free "Kingdoms of the Sun" brochure. Or visit www.crystalcruises.com.

CRYSTAL CRUISES

©1999 Crystal Cruises/Bahamian Registry

CONTRIBUTORS

SAUL STEINBERG (Cover; Sketchbook, p. 54, The Back Page, p. 102), who died last week, contributed eighty-six covers and six hundred and fifty drawings to *The New Yorker*. This week's cover and drawings are all previously unpublished works.

ADAM GOPNIK (Comment, p. 27, Sketchbook, p. 54) writes the Paris Journal for the magazine.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Fiction, p. 74) was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1954. His novel "True at First Light," unfinished at his death, has been edited by his son Patrick Hemingway, and will come out in July.

LILLIAN ROSS ("Hemingway Told Me Things," p. 70) first published her Profile of Ernest Hemingway in *The New Yorker* in 1950. Her book "Portrait of Hemingway" will be reissued in June.

ALEXANDER STILLE ("Head Found on Fifth Avenue," p. 58) is the author of two books on Italy, "Benevolence and Betrayal" and "Excellent Cadavers."

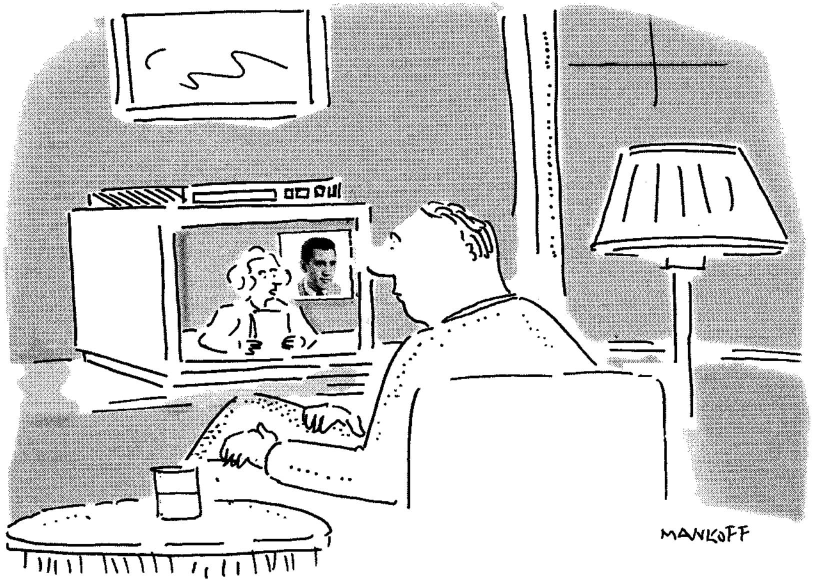
JOHN CASSIDY ("The Experiment," p. 48) writes about economics and finance for the magazine.

PAUL GOLDBERGER (The Talk of the Town, p. 30; The Sky Line, p. 92) is *The New Yorker's* architecture critic.

JAMES GLEICK ("Stop Me Before I Shop Again!," p. 42) is the author of the forthcoming "Faster: The Acceleration of Just About Everything."

JANE MAYER ("The Exterminator," p. 32) is a political correspondent for the magazine.

RICHARD BRODY (Books, p. 84) is an independent filmmaker. ♦



"And, in literary news, J. D. Salinger's privacy has been violated once again by his appearance in this cartoon."

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. David Carey, publisher; David M. May, associate publisher/Europe; Richard Skeen, advertising director; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Cristina Vittoria, advertising manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Theresa Gaffney, director of promotion. For advertising inquiries, please call Richard Skeen at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1999 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president; Catherine Viscardi Johnston, executive vice-president; Eric C. Anderson, executive vice-president/chief financial officer.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

THE MAIL

FOOD FIGHTS

As a vegetarian, I was disgusted but ultimately vindicated by Anthony Bourdain's culinary confessions ("Don't Eat Before Reading This," April 19th). Bourdain takes a good poke at vegetarians, and at vegans in particular, as "enemies of everything that's good and decent in the human spirit." Score one for the chefs. Then he proceeds to enumerate several reasons that I should be wary of where I eat: 1. The rumors that the leading occupation among inmates before they went to prison was "cook." 2. Four-day-old fish could be served on Mondays. 3. Refrigeration is nearly nonexistent in some restaurant kitchens. 4. The poor soul who prefers his food well done gets meat that would otherwise be garbage. 5. So-called dedicated cooks begrudge their customers breakfast. 6. What actually makes food taste good could be an entire stick of butter per meal (a criminal act if I ever heard of one). 7. Gloves? Hairnets? Fugeddaboudit. 8. Most "good" kitchens are far less antiseptic than my home kitchen.

I would have counted as the ninth point Bourdain's contention that "the professional kitchen is the last refuge of the misfit," except that, as a vegetarian and a freelance writer, I place myself in the "misfit" category. Yet even misfits do not have the right to poison their fellow human beings, either quickly, with old fish, or slowly, with butter!

TRISH STEINLEY DAVIS
Congers, N.Y.

Mr. Bourdain delivers a pithy description of restaurant hell. With the chaos and aggression that exist among the floor staff, the kitchen staff, and the ownership at most restaurants, it's a miracle that any diner has a pleasurable experience. Having moved up through the ranks while working for and with an assortment of egotists and sadistic maniacs, I was determined to run a sane and compassionate kitchen when my time came to be the boss. However, after being chef/owner of four restaurants I've come to the conclusion that such lofty ideals are unreachable. You can't work in a pressure cooker and not bounce off the walls.

DOUGLAS LARSEN
Crestone, Colo.

RELIGION AND THE TIMES

Susan E. Tifft and Alex S. Jones's "The Family" (April 19th), about how the Sulzberger/Ochs family's Jewishness has affected reactions to their stewardship of the New York *Times*, dipped a little too deeply into other people's religious proclivities. Who but the believer himself can say if his actions are right or wrong?

DENNY RILEY
Richmond, Calif.

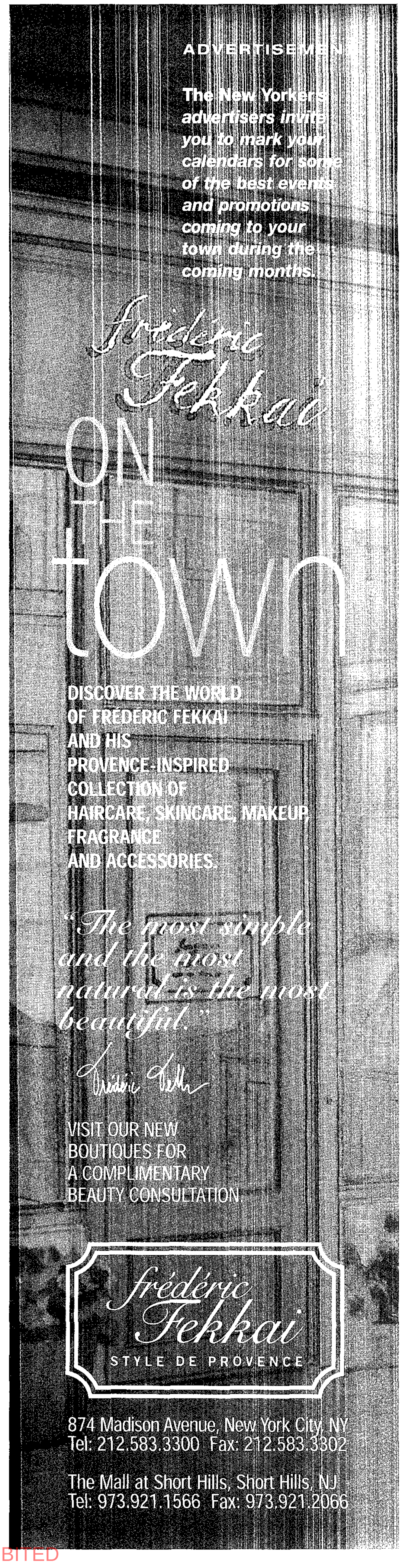
DOGS VS. PLASTIC

While I was reading Steve Martin's Shouts & Murmurs "Designer of Audio CD Packaging Enters Hell" (April 19th), my dog figured out how to break into the plastic bin where I keep her food. She then made short work of the shrink-wrap packaging on the rawhide bones and happily began gnawing away. These simultaneous events sparked a minor revelation: modern packaging was invented for dogs. A dog's specialized intelligence and built-in tools are perfectly suited for conquering plastic in all of its variations, even, perhaps, the torturous CD packaging that Martin lampoons. Shrink-wrap that defies human cutting implements? Dog teeth and claws applied judiciously provide easy entry. Childproof containers? One quick chomp pops the seal. Martin's clever and wonderfully lunatic essays always make me chortle. Now I owe him thanks for the realization that packaging, like so much of modern society, has gone to the dogs.

MARCIA YOUNGMAN
Bozeman, Mont.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-840-8489 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.



ADVERTISEMENT

The New Yorker's
advertisers invite
you to mark your
calendars for some
of the best events
and promotions
coming to your
town during the
coming months.

frédéric Fekkai
ON THE town

DISCOVER THE WORLD
OF FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI
AND HIS
PROVENCE-INSPIRED
COLLECTION OF
HAIRCARE, SKINCARE, MAKEUP,
FRAGRANCE
AND ACCESSORIES.

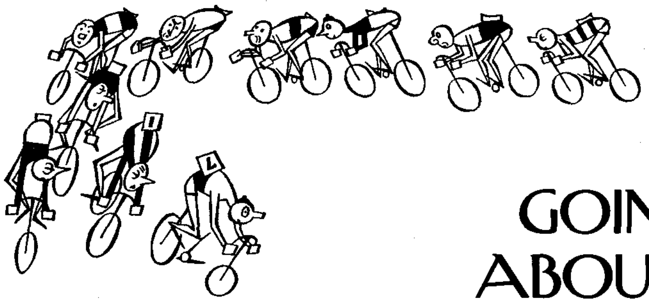
"The most simple
and the most
natural is the most
beautiful."

VISIT OUR NEW
BOUTIQUES FOR
A COMPLIMENTARY
BEAUTY CONSULTATION.

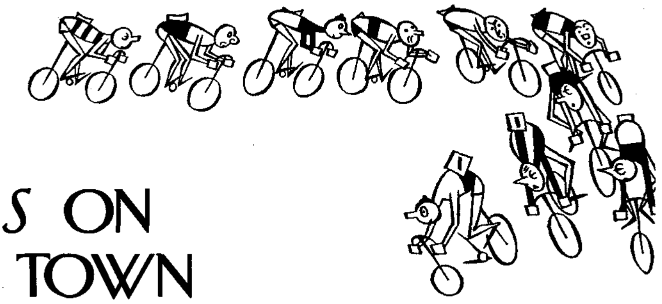
frédéric Fekkai
STYLE DE PROVENCE

874 Madison Avenue, New York City, NY
Tel: 212.583.3300 Fax: 212.583.3302

The Mall at Short Hills, Short Hills, NJ
Tel: 973.921.1566 Fax: 973.921.2066



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Acting Company—The touring troupe comes to New York, to present repertory performances of Molière's "Tartuffe" and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Performances begin May 19 at 11 A.M. and continue through May 29. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. For more information, call 279-4200.)

The Ages of Man—From the Willow Cabin Theatre Company, four one-acts by Thornton Wilder. In previews through May 22. Opens May 23 at 3. (Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. 886-1889.)

Civil Sex—The civil-rights activist Bayard Rustin, one of the organizers of the 1963 March on Washington, is the subject of this work in progress by Brian Freeman. May 19-21 at 8, May 22 at 2 and 8, and May 23 at 2 and 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

The Drama Dept.—Presenting one-acts by Richard Greenberg ("The Author's Voice") and Peter Hedges ("Imagining Brad"), directed by Evan Yionoulis. Preview on May 19. Opens May 20 at 8 and runs through May 29. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441.)

East Is East—The children of a Pakistani mother and an English father are torn between cultures, in a drama by Ayub Khan-Din. In previews through May 23. Opens May 25 at 6:45. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The second series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts begins May 19 at 7:30, with plays by Frank D. Gilroy, Susan Kim, Stuart Spencer, and Michael Louis Wells. The marathon continues through June 13. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982.)

Goodnight Children Everywhere—Richard Nelson's drama is set in London and concerns the reunion of four siblings separated during the Second World War. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Hurrah at Last—In Richard Greenberg's most recent play, a writer (Peter Frechette) is tortured by his family and his finances. A Roundabout staging. In previews. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 719-1300.)

If Love Were All—Twiggy and Harry Groener portray Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward, in a musical comedy adapted by Sheridan Morley and Leigh Lawson from Coward's works. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Jails, Hospitals & Hip Hop—Danny Hoch, in an encore engagement of his most recent one-man show. May 25 at 8:30. Continues through June 5. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

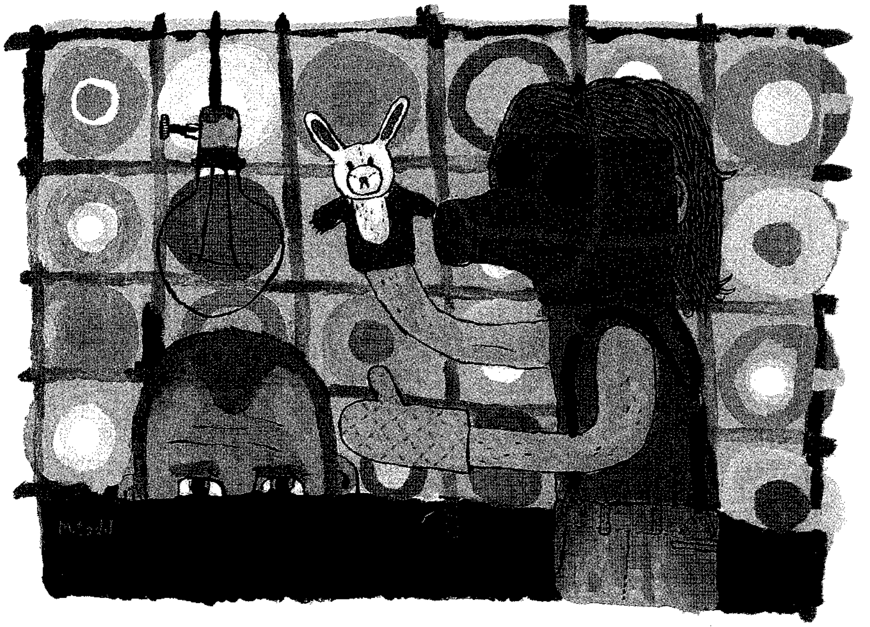
Offending the Audience—A Bat Theatre Co. staging of the Austrian playwright Peter Handke's accurately titled 1966 play. Fridays and Saturdays at 10. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 226-0051.)

Speed Freaks—A business called Paw-Paw's Famous Canned Peas runs into trouble with the narcs, in a thriller by Robert Cucuzza. Previews begin May 21. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

La Terrasse—In a comedy by the French screenwriter and dramatist Jean-Claude Carrière, a couple in the midst of a breakup must contend with apartment-hungry Parisians anxious to rent their place. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

This Lime Tree Bower—A drama about a trio of boozers involved in a heist, by the Irish playwright Conor McPherson ("The Weir"). Opens May 19 at 7. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Thwak—The Umbilical Brothers (the Australian performers David Collins and Shane Dundas) will move their comic acrobatics (both physical and vocal) to a new theatre beginning May 25. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)



Shane Dundas and David Collins, in "Thwak," at the Minetta Lane Theatre.

MARK TODD

OPENED RECENTLY

Amy's View—Dame Judi Dench is an amazing actress, but can she keep you in your seat for the duration of another one of David Hare's pompous plays? (Just barely.) This one claims to be about the tangled relationship between an actress from theatre's golden age and her modern daughter, who marries an arbiter of pop culture, but it's really about Hare's out-of-touch ideas regarding how today's audiences view theatre—meaning him. Directed by Richard Eyre. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Angel Street—Patrick Hamilton's 1938 thriller, on which the film "Gaslight" was based. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes May 23.)

Annie Get Your Gun—A terrific revival of Irving Berlin's solid-gold score. It's played for romance and sass, which the vulnerable and charming Bernadette Peters and the hunky, easygoing Tom Wopat deliver in spades. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 drama, set in London, about two working-class boys who fall in love. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's—Peter Parnell's adaptation of the John Irving novel. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

The Civil War—The musical. Frank Wildhorn wrote the music and book. Jerry Zaks is the director. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Closer—Patrick Marber's slick dissection of the anatomy of desire follows four characters (Natasha Richardson, Anna Friel, Ciaran Hinds, and Rupert Graves) as they meet, mate, and move on in a kind of algebra of solitude which is factored out before our eyes. Marber can be very funny, and his writing is tight and well paced, but his staging is not. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/5/99.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Couple of Blaguards—Malachy McCourt and Mickey Kelly perform Mr. McCourt's two-man autobiographical show, which he co-wrote with his brother Frank. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Death of a Salesman—The casting of this production of Arthur Miller's masterpiece is generally uneven, but the show still packs a wallop. Brian Dennehy is almost too strong and too solid in himself for the panic-stricken salesman, yet he makes Willy Loman's crazy competitiveness and his misguided love for his son Biff hurt like a punch to the heart. Elizabeth Franz turns in the most fully realized performance, as Wil-

Shopping **online** beats standing **in line.**

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS
www.landsend.com

From catalog to the web, the store is yours.™

1-800-881-6899/www.landsend.com

©1999 Lands' End, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly's beleaguered wife. She is as thin as Dennehy is large, yet she grounds the play and gives it a strong, almost stoic emotional center. (3/8/99) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Dreaming in Cuban—An evening of two solo acts, performed in a Cuban-café setting. In "Dreaming in Cuban," adapted from the novel by Cristina Garcia, Eileen Galindo portrays three women whose political differences (pro- and anti-Fidel) and accents (Spanish and Brooklyn) reveal the cultural effects New York has on a family transplanted from Havana. Galindo is transfixing, but she deserves a tighter monologue. Michael John Garcés wrote and performs the second piece, "Agua Ardiente," and though he tells a slighter story than Galindo he shares her ability to engage. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes June 13.)

Far East—A. R. Gurney's drama, set during the Korean War. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Fosse—This steamy revue of works by the choreographer Bob Fosse doesn't reveal anything new about the man behind the dances, but it does remind us why we won't be forgetting him anytime soon. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Gimmick—Dael Orlandersmith performs her new solo play, about two outcast kids who dream of ways to escape their lives in East Harlem. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes May 23.)

Las Horas de Belén: A Book of Hours—A Mabou Mines adaptation of poems by Catherine Sasanov, about a prisonlike sanctuary for women in Mexico City in 1863. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes May 30.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's despairing, four-and-a-half-hour drama about a barroom full of losers is no day at the beach. In this age of movies and television most people would rather get the "Iceman" Cliffs Notes, if they want to bother at all. For those who still care, though, this beautiful production is a rare opportunity to see a fully realized staging of a masterpiece by America's first great playwright. It has countless rewards, not the least of which is an outstanding ensemble cast that Kevin Spacey, in a brilliant performance as the crazily optimistic salesman Hickey, leads in a way that lights up all the other performances rather than overshadowing them. Howard Davies is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues—A marvellous collection of songs—ranging from traditional African chants and spirituals to Appalachian folk, country, traditional and modern blues, and pop—performed by a dynamic cast, in what turns out to be an oddly didactic cabaret act. The music alone could have showcased the influence of the blues, but instead the audience is subjected to explanatory notes and bad-talk-show banter. Fortunately, the blues triumphantly survives even this. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Jodie's Body— In her one-woman play, Aviva Jane Carlin portrays an artist's model living in London, who tells stories both light (art-class fidgeting) and heavy (apartheid-era South Africa), while working in the nude; Carlin affectingly moves from fat-girl humor to more abstract ideas related to the flesh (racism, beauty) without allowing her seriousness to jolt or become overbearing. (Arc-Light, 152 W. 71st St. 307-4100.)

Lake Hollywood—The Signature Theatre Company wraps up its John Guare season with a new work by the playwright. (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529. Closes May 23.)

The Lion in Winter—The late James Goldman's 1966 version of the royal quarrels of Eleanor of Aquitaine and Henry II, turned into a bourgeois family squabble, makes a solid high-camp vehicle for Stockard Channing and Laurence Fishburne. A well-managed waste of time. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300. Closes May 23.)

The Lonesome West—Two battling Irish brothers duke it out in Leenane, in a black comedy by Martin McDonagh. Directed by Garry Hynes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

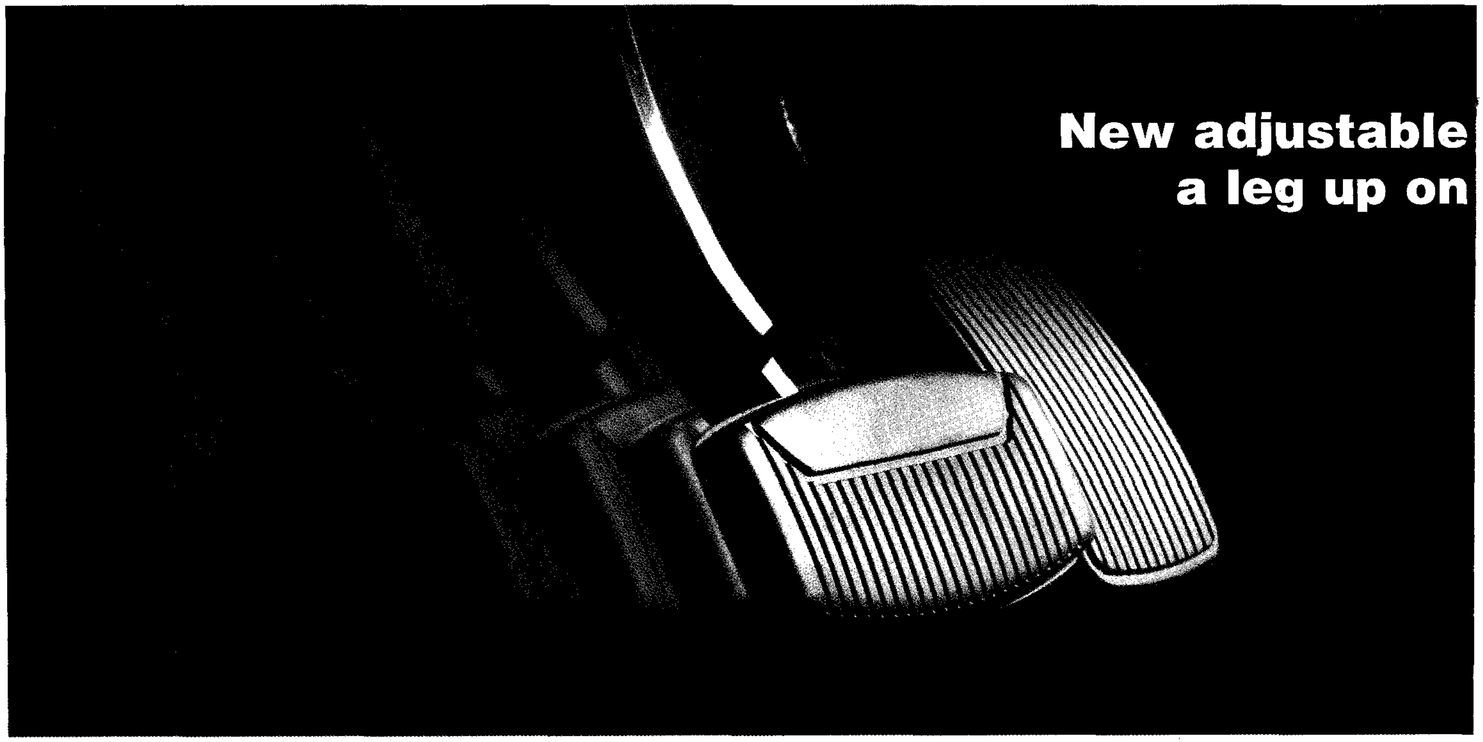
The Mineola Twins—Before the curtain goes up on Paula Vogel's satire on women's roles (how they have changed and how they have stayed the same over the past forty years), Doris Day songs are played in the theatre and an enormous image of a torpedo bra stares out at the audience—and that's as subtle and fresh as this work gets. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300. Closes May 23.)

Molloy—A stage adaptation of part one of Beckett's trilogy of the same title, performed by the Irish actor Conor Lovett. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 581-4125.)

Night Must Fall—The main problem with this National Actors Theatre production of Emlyn Williams's 1935 thriller is that the play was probably never that thrilling to begin with, and it certainly isn't thrilling in 1999. Big house, rich old lady in a wheelchair, charming stranger? *Please.* (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Not About Nightingales—The first play that Thomas Lanier Williams signed "Tennessee," successfully resuscitated by the Royal National Theatre. It's clearly the work of a tenderfoot, yet the choreographic panache of Trevor Nunn's production invests the script with a poetic stylishness the prose lacks. (3/8/99) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Peter Pan—The former Olympic gymnast Cathy Rigby is back in town to star in a limited engagement of the 1954 musical.



The running boards are lighted. The suspension lowers itself to help you enter and exit.* And now, at the proverbial push of a button, the brake and accelerator pedals inside Lincoln Navigator move closer or farther from you. Just to make you even more comfortable

*With available Control-Trac four-wheel-drive system. **Models built after 12/8/98.

(Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

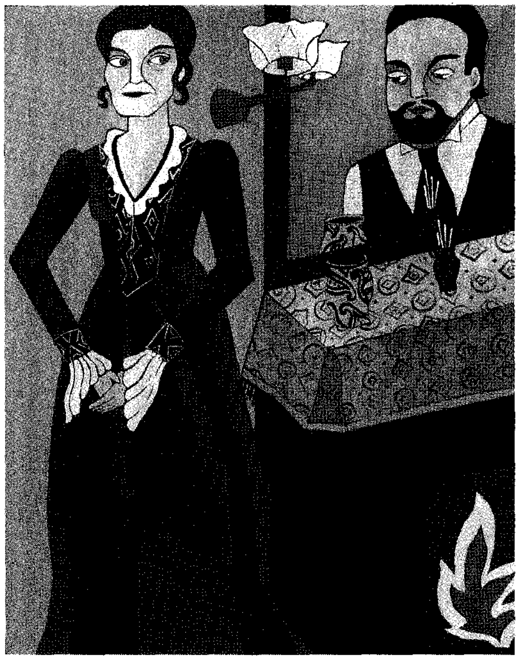
RING ROUND THE MOON—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Christopher Fry's 1950 adaptation of Anouilh's comedy "L'Invitation au Château." Gerald Gutierrez is the director. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

ROSE MCCLENDON: HARLEM'S GIFT TO BROADWAY—Vinie Burrows wrote and stars in this one-woman show about the celebrated black actress. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200.)

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN—Sean O'Casey learned a lot about subtlety and balance between 1923, when the Abbey Theatre produced this play, and the next year, when he wrote "Juno and the Paycock." Both are explorations of the Irish Civil War, but in this show there's too much farce, too broadly written, to justify the final tragedy. Nonetheless, it has some brilliant passages, and the fine Irish Rep company, led by Declan Mooney and with a delightful performance by Aedin Maloney, as a Republican sympathizer, makes the evening fun. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes June 6.)

SNAKEBIT—Two guys, a gal, and an AIDS test. With all the one-liners and dialogue cued by contemporary culture, this comedy-drama by the actor and first-time playwright David Marshall Grant, like a lot of new plays, seems like a sitcom rewritten for the stage (fewer jokes, more "issues"). The cast, though, is topnotch. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS REMEMBERED—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson recall their relationships with the playwright, in an evening directed by Gene Saks. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 307-4100.)



Carol Schultz and Richmond Hoxie, in "Angel Street," at the Pearl.

TRISHA KRAUSS

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T SAY PAST MIDNIGHT—A comedy by first-time playwright Peter Ackerman, set in the bedrooms of three Manhattan couples. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

THE 2.5 MINUTE RIDE—The comic actress Lisa Kron gets it: unless a personal story resonates with humanity, it alienates. In her solo show, a tale of her trip to Auschwitz with her father (who survived the Holocaust but whose parents did not), which is offset by extremely funny memories of her family's regular trips to an Ohio amusement park, Kron pulls off the impossible: she makes you feel something like compassion for a Nazi her father interrogated after the war; you still hate him, but he almost seems human. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

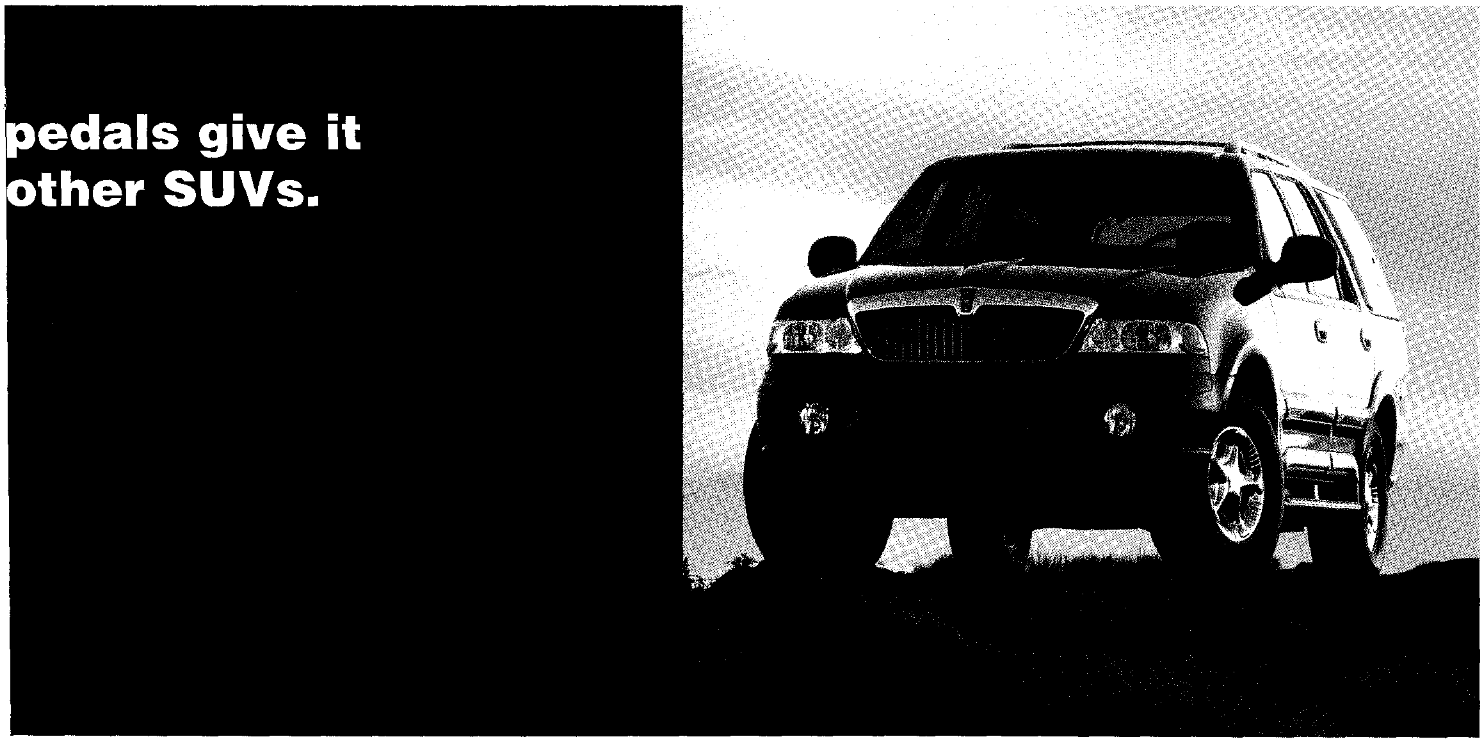
VIA DOLOROSA—Because David Hare's lively monologue about his first trip to Israel is about Israelis and Arabs, he sees this work as activism; the advertisements for the show refer to it as a "play." In fact, it is neither. It is a somewhat overproduced ninety-minute after-dinner speech that sheds no new light on the conflict. (3/29/99) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE WEIR—Conor McPherson's play takes place in the musty chill of a backwater Irish pub, where a handful of habitués chew the cud of their solitude, spinning ghostly yarns that fill the air with glimmers of fear and resignation. It has a bittersweet charm, but for all the well-crafted talk and the well-observed bonhomie, it is finally a shaggy-bog story. (4/12/99) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—A nothing burger for audiences of all ages. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ART: Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:**



inside that leather and wood-trimmed cabin. Lincoln Navigator. The world's most powerful luxury SUV** is also the only vehicle in the world with power adjustable pedals. Call 800 688-8898, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Lincoln Navigator. What a luxury [ ] should be.

Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.... **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.... **FOOTLOOSE:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200.... **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.... **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.... **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.... **KILLER JOE:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.... **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.... **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.... **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.... **THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.... **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.... **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.... **RAGTIME:** Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.... **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.... **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. (Closes May 30.)... **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200.... **SIDE MAN:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.... **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.... **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477.... **SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE:** HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.... **WIT:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

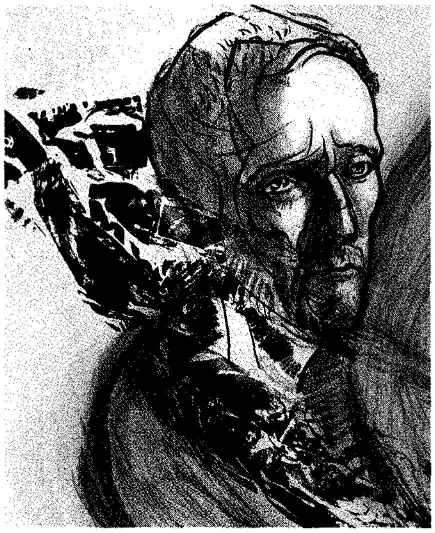
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—May 19 at 8: "Monumentum Pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Duo Concertant," the première of "Scènes de Ballet," and "Agon."... ¶ May 20 at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Circus Polka," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ May 21 at 8: "Circus Polka," "Danses Concertantes," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Stravinksky Violin Concerto," and "Firebird."... ¶ May 22 at 2: "Scènes de Ballet," "The Cage," "Norwegian Moods," and "Firebird."... ¶ May 22 at 8: A suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat," "Scènes de Ballet," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ May 23 at 3: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon."... ¶ May 25 at 8: "Serenade," "Mozartiana," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 27.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—May 19 at 2 and 8 and May 20 at 8: "La Bayadère."... ¶ May 21 at 8 and May 22 at 2 and 8: "The Snow Maiden."... ¶ May 24-25 at 8: "Le Corsaire." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 19.)

THE PARSONS DANCE COMPANY—In its first program of the two-week season, the eleven-member company presents "Fill the Woods with Light" and such repertory works as "Brothers," "Union," "Anthem," and "Caught." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 18 at 7:30, May 19-21 at 8, May 22 at 2 and 8, and May 23 at 2 and 7:30.)

"LIVE COMMUNICATION"—Savion Glover and fellow-tappers Ayodele Casel, Abron Glover, Jason Samuels, and Omar Edwards perform with an onstage quartet and a host of surprise guests who show up nightly to join in the big jam-session finales. (Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. May 17-21 and May 24-25 at 8 and May 22 at 6 and 10. Through June 19.)

"HEAVY"—The Australian choreographer Lucy Guerin presents a full-length quartet that contrasts the technological study of sleep, with its brain-wave monitors and polygraph machines, with the unchartable realm of dreams. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 18-23 at 8.)



DOWNTOWN PIONEER: *The sixty-year-old dancer Steve Paxton is unusually busy these days. "For some reason, improvisation is 'interesting' again," the originator of the form observed last week. The co-founder of the Judson Dance Theatre (renowned for introducing such ordinary movements as walking and eating into choreography) ends six months of touring with his performances this week at Danspace Project at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. His program of solos includes one work from 1964, "Flat," which he choreographed to a "score" comprised of photographs of athletes. ("I suspect Isadora was using Grecian urns as scores," Paxton remarks.) His other works are both improvisations, but, as in "Flat," their radical forms conceal acts of homage. "Some English Suites" (1991), set to Bach's keyboard music, grew out of Paxton's discovery of the composer's reputation as a master improviser, while "Ash" (1997), he says, is "about scattering my father."*

DAVID TOMB

STEVE PAXTON—The master improviser performs in Danspace's Silver Series. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. May 20-23 at 8:30.)

"PROJECT DESIRE: THE MOUNTAINS AND THE PLAINS"—The Canadian choreographer Brian Webb joins New York performance artist Jeff McMahon in an evening-length duet about desire and the middle-aged man, performed around a four-channel video installation. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. May 20-23 at 8:30.)

"TOWN: THREE DANCES FOR LARGE ENSEMBLES"—The choreographer Doug Varone presents works created for N.Y.U.'s Second Avenue Dance Company during his three-year stint as artist in residence. (Tisch School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. 998-1982. May 19-21 at 8.)

"RAMAYANA"—The fifteen-member dance troupe Shwe Man Thabin New York presents a Burmese dance version of the Hindu epic. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. For information about tickets, call 627-1076. May 22 at 8 and May 23 at 2.)

"TAP EXTRAVAGANZA"—The annual tap-dance showcase, which this year honors dancer-choreographer Brenda Bufalino and tapper Bunny Briggs, brings in eleven solo and group acts, including Jimmy Slyde, America Spirit Dance Company, Savion Glover, and Buster Brown. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 23 at 7.)

ICE THEATRE OF NEW YORK—The company presents five premières, including Peter di Falco's "Tango Images" and JoAnna Mendl Shaw's "Heart." (Sky Rink at Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. and Twelfth Ave. 336-6100. May 20-22 at 7.)

"KALEIDOSCOPE"—The ten-member company Waterworks performs aquatic choreography. Audience members are encouraged to bring bathing suits for a pool party following the matinée performance. (Manhattan Plaza Health Club, 482 W. 43rd St. 459-4154. May 22 at 2 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

JAZZ COMPOSERS COLLECTIVE—Saxophonist Ted Nash, an assured stylist, adventuresome composer, and staple of the Jazz Composers Orchestra, presents original works for an unconventional quintet that includes accordion, violin, percussion, and tuba. The big horn will be played by Wycliffe Gordon, a Wynton Marsalis bandmate, who will then spotlight his main horn, the trombone, in the second half of the evening. Gordon is joined by four other trombonists, as well as Nash, pianist Eric Reed, and drummer Carl Allen. (New School, 55 W. 13th St. 995-1552. May 20 at 8.)

VISION FESTIVAL—The New York jazz-festival season starts off with the edgiest musical cavalcade of them all. This festival, now in its fourth year, holds aloft the banner of avant-garde and free jazz. Each of the featured performers—among them Rashied Ali, David S. Ware, Joe Maneri, and Leroy Jenkins—is aggressively out of step with the neoconservative practices that have held the music in a tight grip for the past two decades. While their influences can be traced back to the pioneering breakthroughs of such now-legendary iconoclasts as Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Cecil Taylor, they're not trafficking in stale ideas; new inspirations and formal designs have kept the music fresh, and transgressive in its own way. In other words, this isn't your father's radicalism anymore. (St. Nicholas of Myra Church, 288 E. 10th St. For information, call 473-0043 or visit www.visionfestival.org. May 21-31.)

STEVE TURRE SEXTET—Performing the music of Rahsaan Roland Kirk. If you've ever seen master trombonist Turre blow the blues on his storehouse of specially tuned conch shells, you know he's still in touch with the visionary ways of his mentor Kirk. When he wasn't playing three or more saxophones at once, Kirk would be making sounds on everything from nose flutes to hubcaps. Some of this make-music-where-you-find-it aesthetic obviously rubbed off on Turre, who, like Kirk, combines hard-earned virtuosity with an anything-goes perspective. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. May 22 at 8.)

"MASTERS OF INDIAN MUSIC"—Classical music from the subcontinent, with Pandit Jasraj, Balamurali Krishna, Zakir Hussain, and Vikku Vinayakram. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 22 at 8.)

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND, SANTANA, THE ROOTS—A football field full of sensitivity for different tastes. In the spirit of Jerry Garcia, Mat-

Alone at last.

Business

Try Iberia's new Intercontinental Business Class and enjoy a world class experience on a world class airline. Discover the sense of privacy Iberia gives you with 52 inches of room between your ergonomically designed seat and the one in front. Relax in style and made-to-measure comfort wiling away the time watching films, sports or news on your individual video screen, make a call from your seat on your personal telephone or treat your palate to a Mediterranean Cuisine inspired choice of three menus, among many other possibilities. With daily nonstop flights to Madrid from New York, Chicago and Miami, and connecting services to over 95 destinations worldwide, as well as AAdvantage® miles wherever you fly Iberia, you'll have no doubt as to why Iberia is today one of the leading business airlines of the world. For reservations contact your travel agent, call Iberia Airlines at 1-800-772-4642, or visit www.iberia.com/ingles

IBERIA

THE BEST KEPT SECRET OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

Distance measured between rows.

American Airlines® and AAdvantage are registered trademarks of American Airlines, Inc. American Airlines reserves the right to change the AAdvantage program rules, regulations, travel awards and special offers at any time without notice, and to end the AAdvantage program with six months notice. AAdvantage travel awards, mileage accrual and special offers are subject to government regulations. American Airlines is not responsible for products or services offered by other participating companies.

thews has become the king of romantic instrumental noodlers; Carlos Santana, the perpetually passionate guitar master is hip yet again thanks to a high-profile appearance on Lauryn Hill's album; and the fractious hip-hop collective the Roots plays real instruments with a sensibility rarely found in rap. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. May 25-26 at 6.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—May 21-22: The **HERB POMEROY** quartet. Pomeroy isn't quite as famous as fellow-trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, or even Kenny Dorham, but, like them, he did play with Charlie Parker. Pomeroy popped up on all sorts of fringe recordings throughout the fifties and has been a Boston fixture for five decades. He's a living link to a golden era, and well worth rediscovering. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June 26, **BOBBY SHORT**. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through May 23: The **MC COY TYNER** trio, with **BOBBY HUTCHERSON.** Pianist Tyner and vibraphonist Hutcherson go way back—their sterling collaborations on Blue Note in the sixties, including Hutcherson's "Stick Up," are modal-jazz classics. They've made empathetic recordings since then that display their mutual feel for tumbling phrases, scurrying rhythms, and modern forms softened by romantic sensibilities. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

Jazz Standard, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—May 19-23: The **ANDY BEY** trio. Bey, the man who used to sing Horace Silver's love-peace-and-tolerance lyrics back in the seventies, has reinvented himself as an arch-romantic. Letting ballads soak luxuriously in his plush tenor voice and setting them off with just-right piano chords, Bey sets a deep-blue mood of languor, longing, and loss. Dining.

Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (539-8770)—May 20-21: **ANNE HAMPTON CALLAWAY,** one of the easiest-to-enjoy singers in the jazz-pop business.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—May 22: Having each spent serious time in the avant-garde/free-jazz trenches of the early sixties, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY,** saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP,** and bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** are a perfect threesome to revive those heady days of musical tumult and transcendence. May 25: Any trio that brings together drummer **BOBBY PREVITE,** saxophonist **TIM BERNE,** and guitarist **DAVID TORN** is ripe with potential. Previte and Berne are old buddies who by now can read each other's thoughts; Torn, an art-rock demigod, is the wild card. Expect the unexpected.

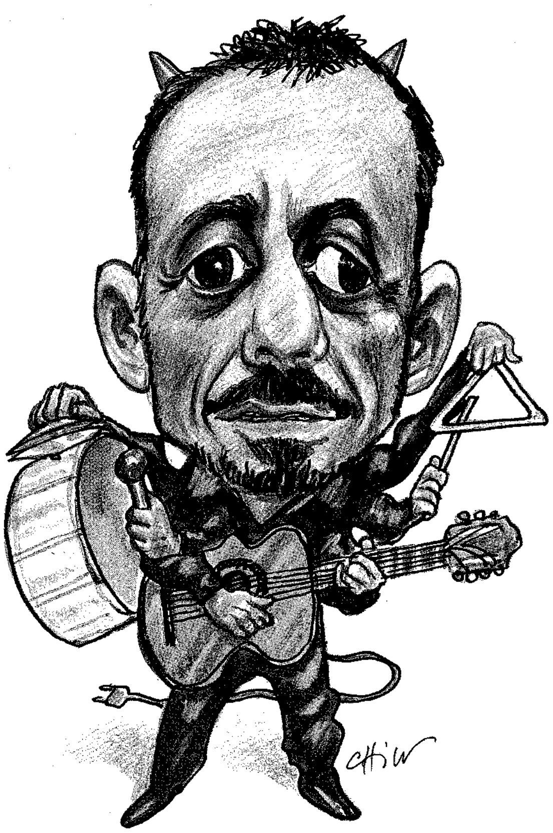
Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night. Stocked to the gills with exciting players, the **JASON LINDNER BIG BAND** holds court every Monday.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through May 23: The **JANE IRA BLOOM** quartet. A formidable improviser with a full-blooded tone that sets her apart from the lightweight and/or Coltrane-obsessed soprano-sax players clogging the airwaves, Bloom has been even more adventurous recently, testing herself against edgier players and succeeding admirably. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through May 23: The **BILL FRISELL** trio. Don't come to Frisell's excellent new recording, "Good Dog, Happy Man," expecting heavy jazz content. The brilliant, open-eared guitarist and composer has always had his hands in quite a few musical pots—lately, country, folk, and rock are commanding his attention. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ROCK, ETC.

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—May 21: **MAGNETIC FIELDS.** Fields mastermind Stephin Merritt likens his sophisticated, spare synth-pop to seventies-era Elton John and Abba. He's become one of New York's most respected underground artists and a reluctant antihero whose music is as catchy as his dour bons mots are clever. May 25: **FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE.** No sophomore slump here: "Utopia Parkway," the second album by this talented pop quartet, led by songwriters Adam Schlesinger and Chris Collingwood, is every bit as bright, funny, and addictive as their fantastic 1996 self-titled début. The themes are the same: unrequited love, suburban ennui, teen covetousness. But the nova luminosity of the first disk has dimmed a bit in favor of slightly more complex arrangements and more adventurous melodies. Live, a full set of the best Fountains of Wayne tunes should inspire immediate dreams of summer.



Underground man: Tom Zé, at Irving Plaza.

CHICO CARUSO

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—May 18-19: The James Taylor-with-fangs folk of **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III.** May 21: Led by Carol Lipnik, a singer with a five-octave range, **SPOOKARAMA** turns out original music rooted in the carny atmosphere of Lipnik's home, Coney Island. With **ABORIGINAL BLUEGRASS,** a didgeridoo-and-guitar duo. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Pop music is typically considered a youthful realm, but the latest hero of the underground is a sexagenarian Brazilian. **TOM ZÉ** (May 19) hasn't changed his ways since the late sixties, when he was one of the original fomenters of the intellectually rich mixture of psychedelia and traditional Afro-Brazilian music known as *tropicalia*, and now his style of cutting and pasting bossa-nova rhythms, fusion bass lines, and the sounds of power drills and floor polishers is in fashion. John McEntire, of the Chicago avant-rock band Tortoise (which is backing Zé on this tour), Sean Lennon, the High Lamas, and other pop stars have paid Zé perhaps their greatest compliment: they remixed the songs on his latest disk, "Fabrication Defect," for the tribute album "Tom Zé: Postmodern Platos." Zé's reaction to his newfound popularity? Last fall he told *Billboard* that he appreciated being "disinterred." With **VINICIUS CANTUÁRIA.** May 22: Formed in the early nineties as a postmodern northern-British collective partial to droll tape loops, dub, and the occasional Rush sample, **SAINT ETIENNE** has now morphed into a straight-faced disco act with the addition of willowy vocalist Sarah Cracknell. On its latest CD, the brief "Places to Visit," the group frequents landscapes lit by strobe lights and Lava lamps. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—May 19: The enigmatic singer Chan Marshall, who goes by the name **CAT POWER,** gives a solo show. May 19: **JULES SHEAR.** This perennial rock outsider, acclaimed for writing clever hit songs for other artists (including Cyndi Lauper and the Bangles), is also remembered for his work in the near-great outfit Jules and the Polar Bears, and for his brief romance with former 'Til Tuesday lead singer Aimee Mann. May 25: The exceptional Cuban singer **JUAN-CARLOS FORMELL** doesn't rest on the glory of his family's heritage. The son of Los Van Van leader Juan Formell (and grandson of legendary arranger Francisco Formell) moved to New York four years ago, and he's been reinvigorating traditional Cuban music with all his heart.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—May 19: **CHAMPALE.** Singer-songwriter Mark Rozzo has put together an unusually flexible and inventive septet (including Luna's drummer, Lee Wall, and Clem Snide's cellist, Jason Glasser) that brings his latest intriguing compositions to life. The band covers territory from meditative spaciness to full-bore freakout, sometimes in one tune. It's modern pop that's a bit retro, too, with just enough psychedelia thrown in to make you check your drink.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—May 19-21: Brazilian chanteuse **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** best known for her delicate, impromptu recording of "The Girl from Ipanema." May 25: Reggae legend **SUGAR MINOTT** celebrates his forty-fourth birthday, with the help of a few friends, including **FREDDIE MC GREGOR, GLEN WASHINGTON,** and **ERROL DUNKLEY.** Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—May 19: **SPLENDER.** May 20: **MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER.** Though "Party Doll," the title song of her new (sort of) greatest-hits package, was written by Mick Jagger, Carpenter is not an artist who solicits material. In addition to winning numerous awards for her knotty, new-country songwriting, she also pens charming children's books. May 24: **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** These space-age stowaways from Alabama play lo-fi surf music punctuated with sci-fi samples from the fifties; they are touring with a theremin and a six-foot-tall tesla coil. Drag racing, double agents, and interplanetary travel are among the many issues addressed in their instrumentals. With **BLONDE REDHEAD** and **LES SAVY FAV.**

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books from the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe." Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "Prayer for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne D'Évreux" takes advantage of the rebinding of the illuminated manuscript to display thirty-two images from the prayer book belonging to the fourteenth-century French queen. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ The Basilica of St. Francis, in Assisi, which was severely damaged by earthquakes in September, 1997, has sent its treasury on the road. It's a spectacular trove of Byzantine and early-Renaissance paintings, crucifixes, reliquaries, illuminated manuscripts, and books. Through June 27. . . . ¶ "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s in the Costume Institute." Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ "The Mirror of the Medieval World" presents two decades' worth of works acquired by the Cloisters and the Met's department of medieval art. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." Through June 6. . . . ¶ "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." . . . ¶ "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum." . . . ¶ The museum's roof garden has reopened with an installation of sculptures by Magdalena Abakanowicz which includes her solemn "Backward Seated Figures," with its twenty headless forms turned away from the viewer. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963-74." Through June 16. . . . ¶ "Projects 68: William Kentridge" presents "Stereoscope," a new eight-minute film by the South African animator, along with thirty of the sixty-five large charcoal drawings it was made from. The film's dreamlike narrative revolves around Soho Eckstein, a fictional Johannesburg businessman, but Kentridge's real subject is the difficult process of change in his homeland. It's a subject for which his laborious technique, with its ghostly, incomplete erasures, seems like a blunt and perfect metaphor. Through June 8. . . . ¶ "The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect." Through June 1. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000 (Part I: 1900-50)." The first half of America's mid-career retrospective, installed on all five floors, includes Grant Wood's "American Gothic," Ben Shahn's "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," Alfred Stieglitz's "The Steerage," Georgia O'Keeffe's "Summer Days," and Jackson Pollock's "Number 27." Through Aug. 22. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Through June 20. . . . ¶ "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn" is a homemaking-themed show by borough artists Ron Baron, Andy Yoder, Jean Blackburn, and Ann Agee. Through June 13. . . . ¶ "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream" offers computer-generated photographs and installations by the Japanese artist. Through Aug. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition" features more than a hundred and fifty stark and beautiful pictures taken by Frank Hurley, the photographer crewman on that 1914-16 adventure. Also on display are crew members' effects, including clothing and a diary, and the James Caird, the lifeboat in which Shackleton and five of his crew made their amazing eight-hundred-mile journey to South Georgia Island in order to get help and return to rescue the entire expedition—which they did. Surrounded by videos of rolling icy seas, the tiny boat makes the prospect of a sweltering New York summer suddenly delightful. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400)—"Dance for a City: Fifty Years of New York City Ballet" gathers costumes, design maquettes, film clips, photographs, stage props, pointe shoes, ticket stubs, playbills, and other dance ephemera from the company's first half century. Through Aug. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

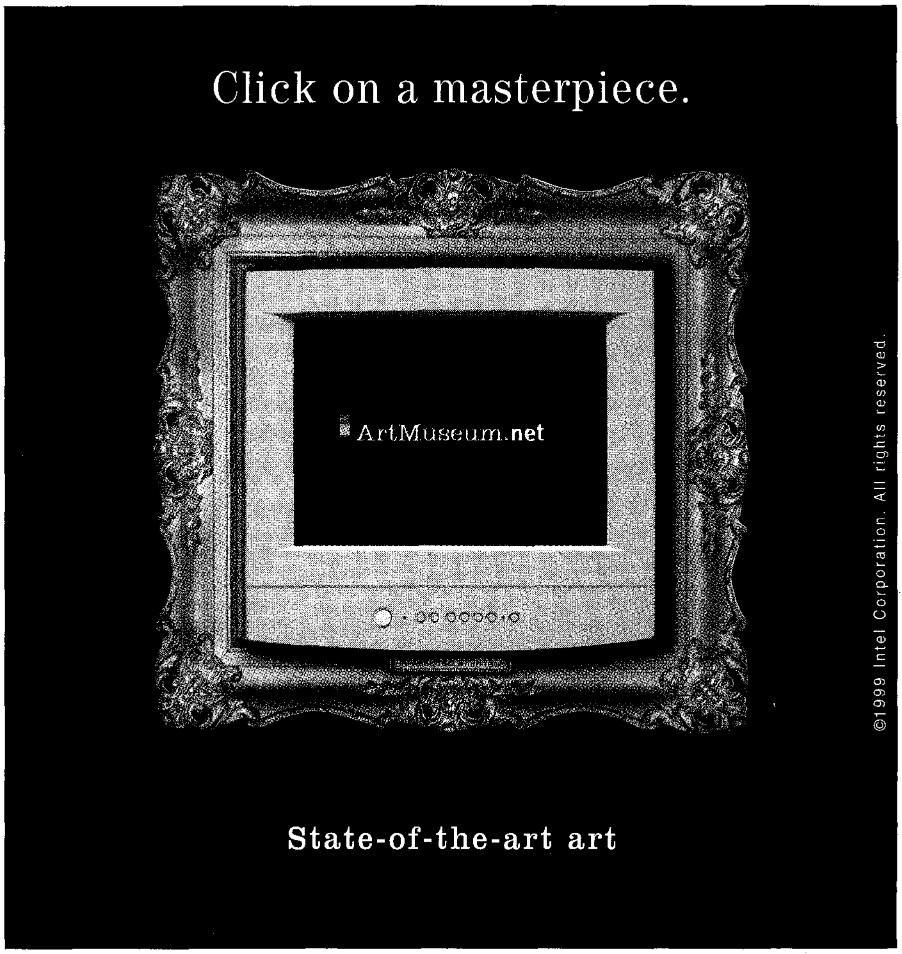
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

David Hockney—The artist's favorite subjects of late, his dachshunds Stanley and Boodgie, make a token appearance here in a few crayon sketches, but the showstoppers are the eleven pastels and two charcoals from his Grand Canyon series. They're undeniably spectacular, but Hockney's loving look into our national abyss isn't so different from his signature views of sunlit swimming pools. Despite the difference in scale, the effects—lush colors and shifting, fishbowl perspectives—deliver the same old reliable pleasures. Through May 28. (Gray, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 472-8787.)

Sean Scully—Two shows of stripe paintings, in the unique vein that this obstinate Irish-born painter has been mining for nearly twenty years. For all their familiar brawny good looks, Scully's works remain marvellously subtle and allusive. At Danese, his palette is dominated by stony grays and ochres, intimating colors of abrasion and austerity. At Lelong, larger works in pinks, blues, and sour greens glow with a strange brightness, like descendants of Marsden Hartley's bright but mournful abstractions. Both shows through June 11. (Danese, 41 E. 57th St., 223-2227; Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., 315-0470.)

Stanford White (1853-1906)—The notorious third of the architectural firm McKim, Mead, and White was also a vacation watercolorist. These examples, pulled from family albums, document his travels and show off his strong eye for design. Not surprisingly, the few architectural and sculptural images are his best—detailed recordings of a church door, a lavish tomb, and a graceful, distinctly Parisian park that is really a town common in Springfield, Massachusetts. Through June 11. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. 838-0333.)

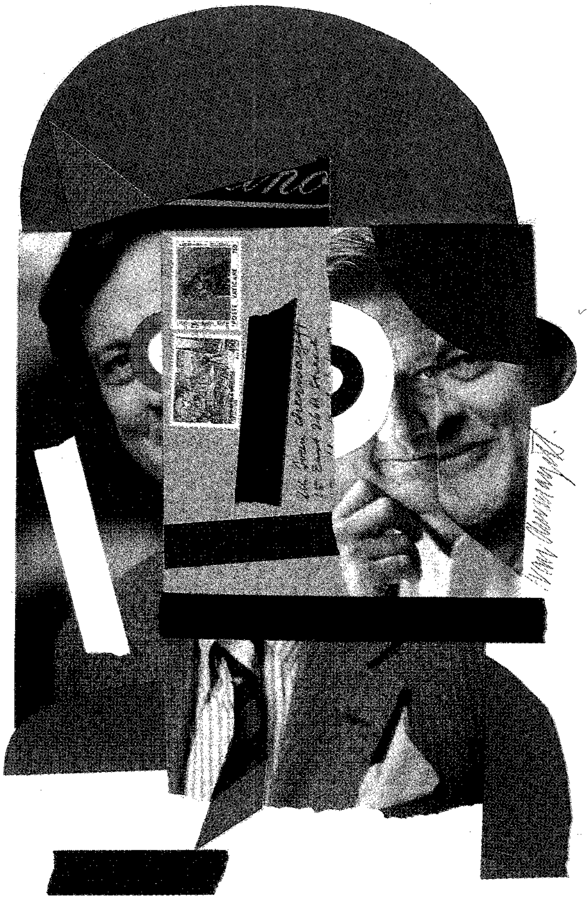
Short List—**joe andoe,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through June 5. . . . **brett bigbee,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through June 4. . . . **eric fischl,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through June 26. . . . **charles henri ford,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444. Through July 2. . . . **sergio hernandez,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510. Through June 4. . . . **ellsworth kelly,** Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400. Through June 26. . . . **per kirkeby,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through June 11. . . . **brice marden,** C & M, 45 E. 78th St. 861-0020. Through May 29. . . . **peter poskas,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through May 28. . . . **julian schnabel,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292. Through June 5. (See also Galleries—



Click on a masterpiece.

State-of-the-art art

©1999 Intel Corporation. All rights reserved.



Self-portrait by Ivan Chermayeff (Ricco/Maresca).

Downtown.) . . . **BERNARDO SICILIANO,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through June 11. . . . **SARAH SUPPLEE,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907. Through June 5. . . . **JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through June 5. . . . **CY TWOMBLY,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through June 12. . . . **DAISY YOUNGBLOOD,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951. Through May 29.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Ivan Chermayeff—Collages made from the contents of this well-known graphic designer's wastepaper basket. From envelopes, ticket stubs, and postcards, Chermayeff has assembled jaunty little portraits: a radiant blonde with Dutch stamps for eyes, a tuxedo-clad man whose face bears an invitation to an awards ceremony at the White House. Despite the party-trick flavor, most of the works are marvels of graphic ingenuity and wit. Through June 26. (Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.)

Sean Landers—Imaginary portraits, mostly of cretinous puppies and ducks with sexualized features; they could be children's book characters defaced by an older sibling in the first throes of puberty. As always, however, Landers' apparent fecklessness has an insidiously charming and even resonant side. These dazed obscene creatures (standing in clouds of dyslexic handwritten text) also suggest the old-fashioned vices that puberty unleashes—chiefly lust, sloth, and narcissism. Deep inside Landers' slacker heart, there's a spark of Bosch. Through May 22. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

Susan Leopold—Steel perspective boxes, lined with photographic panels, which one views reflected in mirrors. Looking into them is a slightly disorienting but ultimately calming experience, like regaining one's bearings in an unfamiliar building. The pictures of barren institutional spaces—school hallways, stairwells, an indoor public swimming pool—become fractured vistas, and one's eye ricochets from steel surfaces to glass reflections to "real" photographic imagery. With their teasing evocations of Donald Judd and Joseph Cornell, Leopold's boxes are a sombre delight. Through May 22. (Weber, 529 W. 20th St. 691-5711.)

Juan Uslé—Paintings composed of stripes, plaids, and squiggles, as though a team of abstractionists (or maybe fabric designers?) had played Exquisite Corpse. Sometimes, this whimsical strategy succeeds in giving Uslé's canvases a polyglot exuberance, at once decorative and perplexing. More often, though, their spontaneity feels contrived, and you wish that this resourceful but uncertain artist would stop showing us how many quirky patterns he can juggle. Through June 5. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Short List—**CHRISTOPHER BROOKS,** Goldsworthy, 453 W. 17th St. 414-4560. Through May 29. . . . **MARY CARLSON,** Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Through June 12. . . . **MARISA TELLERÍA DIEZ,** Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. 633-2276. Through June 30. . . . **JOY GARNETT,** Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 647-7080. Through June 5. . . . **GARY GISSLER,** Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930. Through June 5. . . . **RACHEL HARRISON,** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Through June 19. . . . **BOB KNOX,** Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through May 22. . . . **LIZ LARNER,** 303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Through June 19. . . . **SHIRIN NESHAT,** D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Through June 19. . . . **MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO,** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Through June 19. . . . **FIONA RAE,** Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100. Through May 28. . . . **CHRISTIAN SCHUMANN,** Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323. Through June 12. . . . **TONY SMITH,** Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Through July 15. . . . **RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through Aug. 31. . . . **TERRY WINTERS,** Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200. Through June 26.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Teresita Fernández—Five translucent cloth structures—hung from the ceiling, pinned to the floor, and lit from the inside—mix light sculpture and architecture. As in the tiny, flashlight-illuminated reading rooms of childhood (between the blankets and the bed) a warm glow draws viewers in. "Double Hatch Spill," a set of white rope ladders swinging from ceiling platforms in the next room, is less fetching but also strong. Through June 1. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

Lisa Krivacka—Oil-on-board paintings based on the sort of postcards that could once be bought at highway tourist attractions, e.g., "America's Tallest Radio Tower," "The Pennsylvania Turnpike," "The State Highway Building in Columbia, S.C." The Tennessee-born painter has captured the anonymity of such locales without compromising the touching earnestness of their chamber-of-commerce boosterism. Through July 3. (Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Peter Soriano / Tony Berlant—Strange, toylike resin sculptures, the kind of things you could expect to find in a K mart on Mars. The largest, "Polyester Points of Contact II," seems half organic, its big blue lily-pad feet anchored to the floor and walls as if it were a sort of device for eavesdropping on the architecture. Other works, all in bright, child-friendly colors, suggest cheerfully deformed lawn furniture. / Swirling kaleidoscopic abstractions made from pieces of commercially printed tin. The surfaces are seductive, glinting and dimpling with the hundreds of tiny steel brads that hold the tin in place. The images (enormous blowups of Berlant's fingerprints) are less riveting. Both shows through May 29. (Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. 941-0012.)

Short List—**ASHLEY BICKERTON,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. 966-6160. Through June 26. . . . **ERIC CHAN AND HEATHER SCHATZ,** Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831. Through June 5. . . . **TRACEY EMIN,** Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753. Through June 19. . . . **PAUL FEELEY,** Markey, 55 Vandam St. 627-4446. Through May 22. . . . **GUILLERMO KUITCA,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685. Through June 12. . . . **VIRGIL MARTI,** Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Through June 12. . . . **KASUO MISAKI,** Lamia, 670 Broadway. 533-7333. Through May 22. . . . **GREGORY LEE PICKARD,** Lubelski, 473 Broadway. 274-8993. Through May 22. . . . **NANCY RUBINS,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. 219-3219. Through May 29. . . . **HUBERT SCHMALIX,** Erben, 476 Broome St. 966-5283. Through June 12. . . . **JULIAN SCHNABEL,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224. Through June 5. . . . **LINDA STOJAK,** Haller, 560 Broadway. 219-2500. Through June 8. . . . **PHILIP TAAFFE,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Through June 19. . . . **FRANZ WEST,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through May 22.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—May 19: The concluding day of a contemporary-art sale. . . . ¶ May 21: The first installment of a single-owner collection of some fifteen hundred books about Native Americans. . . . ¶ May 22: Rare and collectible wines, including a luxurious seventeen-case lot of legendary vineyards, in fine vintages of the past fourteen years. . . . ¶ May 25: African and Oceanic art. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—May 19-20: Important contemporary works, including paintings, photographs, installation art, and video art. . . . ¶ May 25: Old Master paintings. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000. . . . **NOTE:** On May 25, Christie's also sponsors a wine auction at Windows on the World, 1 World Trade Center.) . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** American Indian art. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0430. May 25.)

Doyle—May 19: Sales of English and Continental furniture and decorative pieces and of Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ May 25: Garden furnishings. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730.)

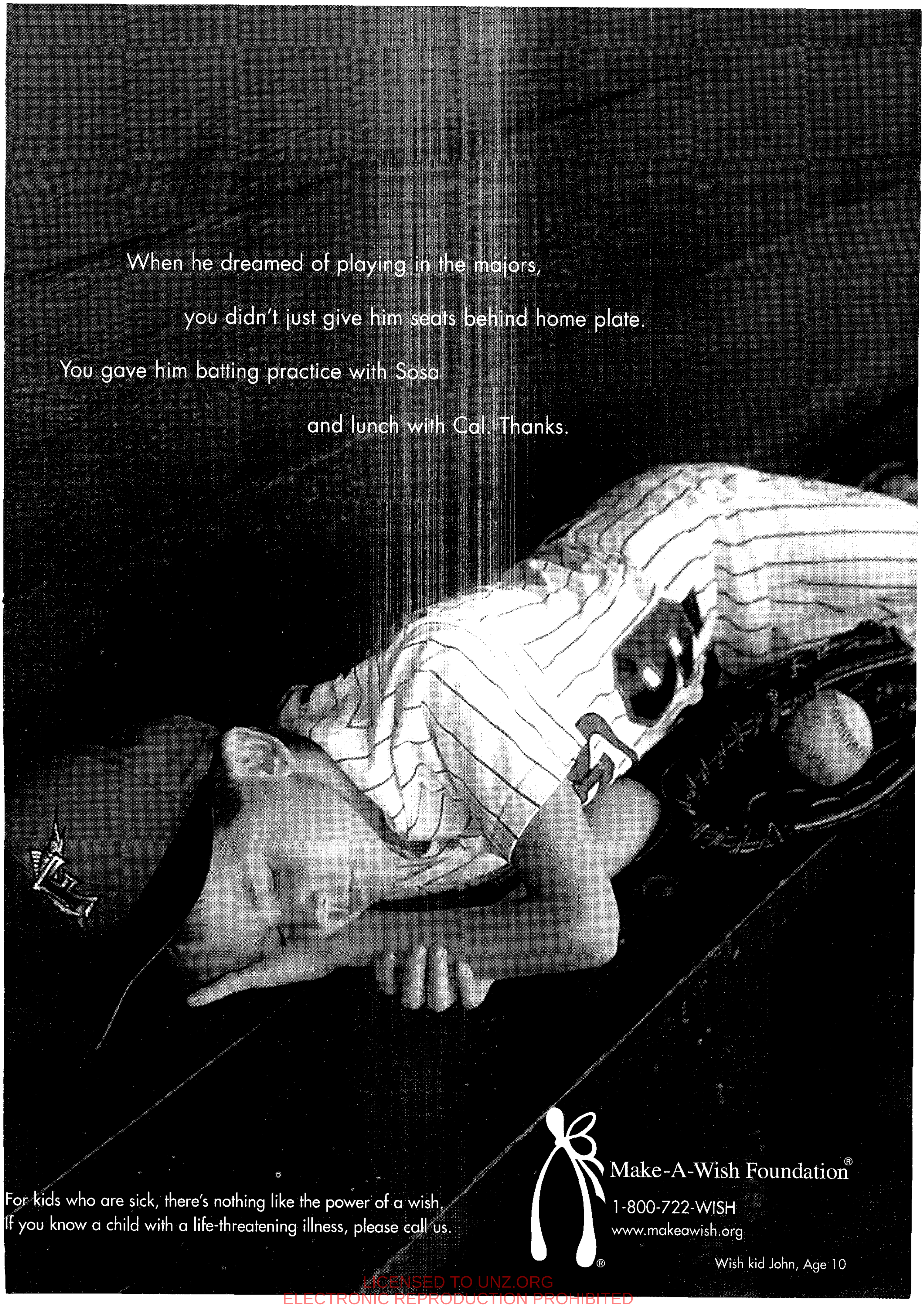
Morrell & Co.—The firm's last wine auction of the season. (Grand Havana Room, 666 Fifth Ave. May 22. For information, call 307-4200.)

SOFA 1999 NYC—That's the acronym for Sculpture Objects Functional Art, which sums up what visitors may expect to find at this fifty-nine-dealer exhibition; you might think of it as a gathering of very upscale craft pieces. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. May 20-23, with a benefit preview on May 19. For information about the show, and about related lectures and artist demonstrations, for which reservations are required, call 800-551-7632.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Leah Demchick / "Audrey Style"—Gum-bichromate color images of India. / Portraits of the girl everybody fell in love with, by such photographers as Cecil Beaton, Philippe Halsman, Raymond Voinquel, and Bob Willoughby. Both shows through June 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223.)

"Hungary Today: 5 Contemporary Photographers"—A survey of recent work by Gabor Kerekes, Zsolt Peter Barta, Lenke Szilagyi,



When he dreamed of playing in the majors,
you didn't just give him seats behind home plate.
You gave him batting practice with Sosa
and lunch with Cal. Thanks.

For kids who are sick, there's nothing like the power of a wish.
If you know a child with a life-threatening illness, please call us.

Make-A-Wish Foundation®
1-800-722-WISH
www.makeawish.org

Wish kid John, Age 10

Judit M. Horvath, and Gyorgy Stalter. Through June 12. (Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767.)

"Sex"—A somewhat leering exhibit of works by Robert Mapplethorpe which intersperses a few of his best self-portraits with many of his most explicit pictures. Through May 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

"To the Moon!"—Vintage NASA photographs from the space program. Through June 30. (Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363.)

International Center of Photography—"Newman's Gift: 60 Years of Photography," a retrospective of the portraitist Arnold Newman's career. Through June 6. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**MERRY ALPERN**, Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through July 1. . . . **DIETER APPELT** and **JOHN SZARKOWSKI**, Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Both shows through June 12. . . . **RALPH BARTHOLOMEW, JR.**, De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Through June 12. . . . **DAVID BERG**, Carter, 560 Broadway. 966-1933. Through June 12. . . . **FRANK GOHLKE** and **STUART KLIPPER**, Dorsky, 379 West Broadway. 966-6170. Through June 26. . . . **JOHN JONAS GRUEN**, Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through May 22. . . . **TIM MAUL**, Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450. Through June 12. . . . **ANDREA MODICA**, Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through June 26. . . . **TINA MODOTTI AND EDWARD WESTON**, Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through July 17. . . . **TRACEY MOFFATT**, Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2753. Through June 25. . . . **WILLIAM MORTENSEN**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through June 26. . . . **RAY MORTENSON**, Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through June 4. . . . **ARNOLD NEWMAN**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through June 19. . . . **FLIP SCHULKE** and **JOEL MEYEROWITZ**, Danziger, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 734-5300. Both shows through June 25. . . . **CINDY SHERMAN**, Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through June 26. . . . **TOSHIO SHIBATA**, Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930. Through May 27. . . . **PAUL WOLFF**, Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through June 19.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Center for Contemporary Opera—The ensemble offers fully staged productions of two one-act operas: the première of Jack Beeson's "Sorry, Wrong Number" (based on Lucille Fletcher's creepy radio thriller, made famous by Agnes Moorhead) and Elie Siegmeister's 1985 comic opera, "Angel Levine" (based on a short story by Bernard Malamud). (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 25-26 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Yakov Kreizberg conducts Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (featuring Mitsuko Uchida) and the orchestra's first-ever performances of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 11, "The Year 1905" (completed in 1957, and commemorating the events of an uprising that has been called a "dress rehearsal for the Russian Revolution"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. May 19-20 and May 22 at 8; May 21 at 11 A.M.; and May 25 at 7:30.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducts Franz Schreker's Chamber Symphony, Falla's "El Amor Brujo" Ballet Suite (featuring mezzo-soprano Kristine Jepson), and, with pianist Eugene Istomin, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 19 and May 22 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—André Raphael Smith conducts Prokofiev's two "Romeo and Juliet" Suites, Henri Tomasi's Trombone Concerto (with Colin W. Williams), and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in Ravel's orchestration). (Alice Tully Hall. May 20 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Greenwich Village Singers—Works by Copland, Ives, and Barber (his "Reincarnations"), with Mark Mangini directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. May 21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 642-8176.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman leads Mozart's Requiem and Haydn's "Theresienmesse." (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. May 21 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 9. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. May 22 at 2. For information about tickets for this benefit concert, call 799-1259.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin leads Verdi's Requiem, with soprano Indra Thomas, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe, tenor Philip Webb, and baritone Richard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 22 at 8.)

I Cantori di New York Chamber Chorus—Mark Shapiro leads Frank Martin's "Le Vin Herbé," a 1941 oratorio that recounts the tale of Tristan and Isolde; with tenor Steven Tharp as the former and soprano Laura Danehower Whyte as the latter. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St., at Central Park W. May 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 439-4758.)

New York Youth Symphony—Misha Santora leads this ensemble of accomplished musicians in David Mallamud's "Frenzy" (a première), Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (featuring Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, newly anointed with an Avery Fisher Prize), and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 23 at 2.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—The conductorless ensemble performs Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola (featuring Naoko Tanaka and Nardo Poy), and Kodály's "Hungarian Rondo." (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. May 23 at 3. For information about tickets, call 896-1704.)

Cerddorion Vocal Ensemble—Susanne Peck directs Ockeghem's "L'Homme Armé" Mass, Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," and Stravinsky's Mass. (St. Luke In-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. May 23 at 4. Tickets at the door.)

neXus—The new ensemble, which comprises singers, actors, and dancers, offers a multidisciplinary production of Handel's oratorio "Saul." (Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St. 684-4174. May 23 at 4.)

RECITALS

Omega Ensemble—Violinist Mark Peskanov, clarinettist Jean Kopperud, cellist André Tchekmazov, and pianist Doris Konig collaborate in a program comprising Beethoven's Violin Sonata in A Major (Op. 12, No. 2), Lutoslawski's "Dance Preludes," Schumann's Adagio and Allegro (Op. 70), and Mendelssohn's D-Minor Piano Trio. (Polish Consulate, Madison Ave. at 37th St. May 19 at 7:15. For information about tickets for this benefit concert, call 362-2723. . . . ¶ Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. May 23 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

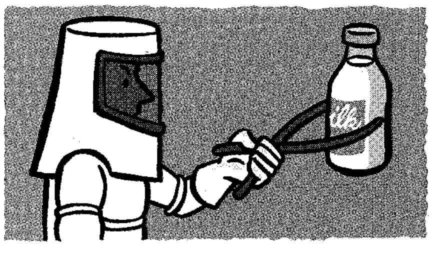
Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The group concludes its season-long exploration of the music of Beethoven and Shostakovich by performing the former's two Trios in B-Flat Major (Op. 97, or the "Archduke," and Op. Posth.) and his "Kakadu" Variations, as well as the latter's Viola Sonata. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. May 19 at 8.)

Giovanni Sollima—The Italian avant-garde cellist offers two go-rounds of two separate programs. In the first pair, he plays the premières of three of his solo-cello pieces in an hour-long recital. (Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St.,

BOOK CURRENTS

Unconventional Wisdom

You might not be able to fool all of the people all the time, but sometimes all of the people simply fool themselves. In Colonial days, tomatoes were widely thought to be poisonous, and it was not until 1820, when a daring New Jerseyite named Robert Gibbon Johnson ate a tomato in public and lived, that the accepted belief was proved wrong. These days, the more conventional way for freethinkers to defy conventional wisdom is to write a book.

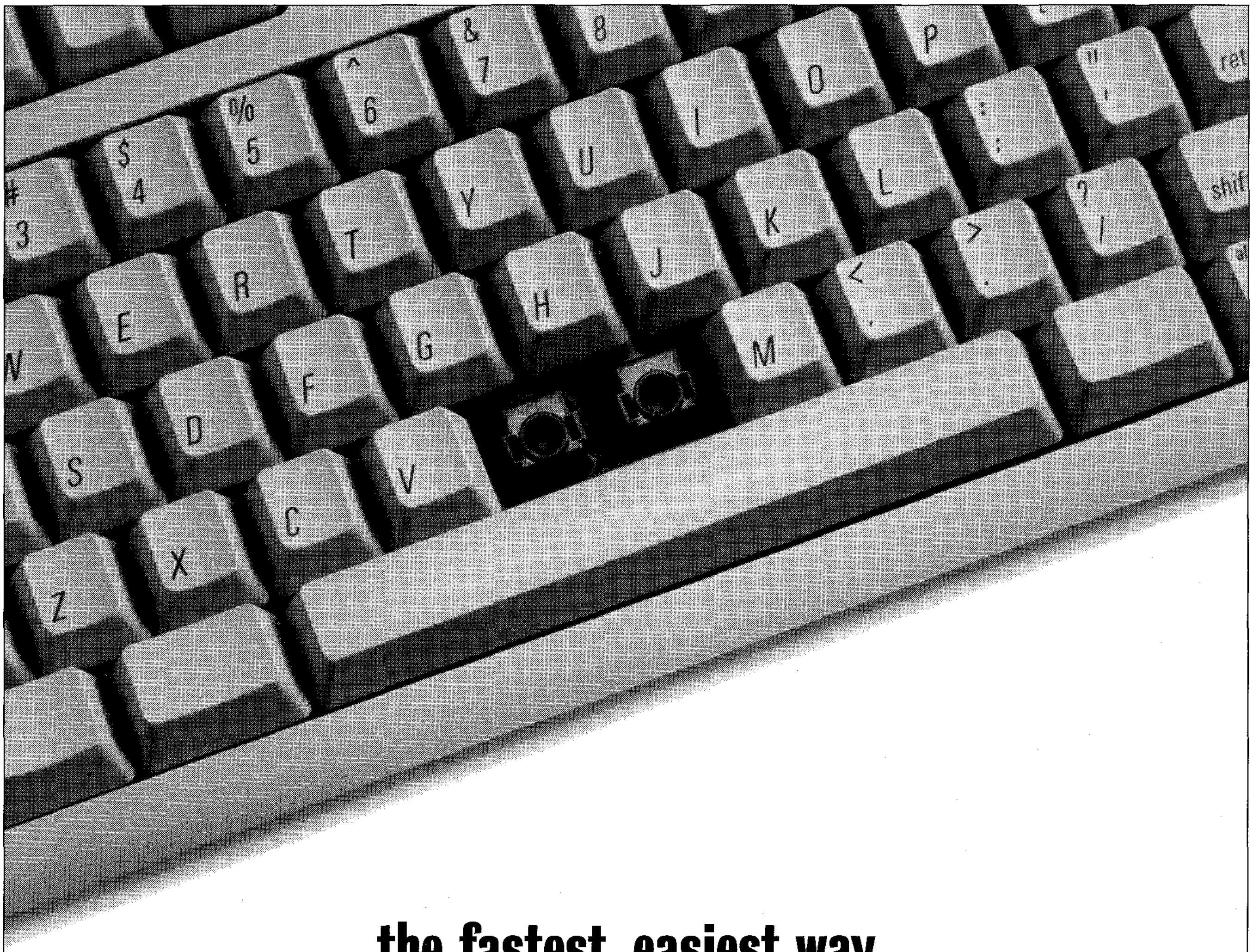


In **For Your Own Good: The Anti-Smoking Crusade and the Tyranny of Public Health** (Free Press), the syndicated columnist and *Reason* magazine editor Jacob Sullum defends the right to smoke, and denounces civic watchdogs who try to impose health-smart behavior on adults. Sullum, a nonsmoker, cites John Stuart Mill to support his belief in a citizen's entitlement to folly, and maintains that the dangers of secondhand smoke have been grossly exaggerated in order to alarm and galvanize the public.

Alarm the public is just what Robert Cohen means to do with his book **Milk: The Deadly Poison** (Argus). Like the late Dr. Benjamin Spock, Cohen believes that people who drink cow's milk and eat cheese and ice cream seriously jeopardize their health. "Milk proteins do not belong in human bodies," he writes. "We drink a tall glass of milk, unaware that we also are consuming powerful growth hormones, enormous quantities of dietary cholesterol, fat, allergenic proteins, insecticides, antibiotics, viruses and bacteria." The "beer belly," he says, is really a "milk belly."

After reading Cohen's book, dairy farmers might want to seek counselling, but they should fight the urge. In **Therapy's Delusions: The Myth of the Unconscious and the Exploitation of Today's Walking Worried** (Scribner), Ethan Watters and Richard Ofshe, specialists in social psychology, dismiss much psychotherapy as "little more than modern mesmerism," and explain that "we humans . . . are not very good at identifying the reasons for even our moment-to-moment thoughts and actions," much less untangling deeper motivations. In other words, not even a therapist can explain why people believe all the crazy things they do.

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN



the fastest, easiest way to get books online just got easier: just type B N .com

Now there's a simpler way to get to over eight million titles online. Just type in "bn.com". If we don't have your book, nobody does.

bn.com
BARNES&NOBLE
aol keyword: bn

©1999 barnesandnoble.com

at E. Houston St. May 20 at 7. No tickets necessary.... ¶ BAMcafé, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. May 22 at 9. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ For his final two concerts, Sollima is joined by seven colleagues to perform his rock-influenced chamber work "Aquilarco." (Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 219-3055. May 24 at 8.... ¶ Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. May 25 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Presenting string quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 74) and Smetana (his First, titled "From My Life"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. May 20 at 7:30 and May 23 at 4.)

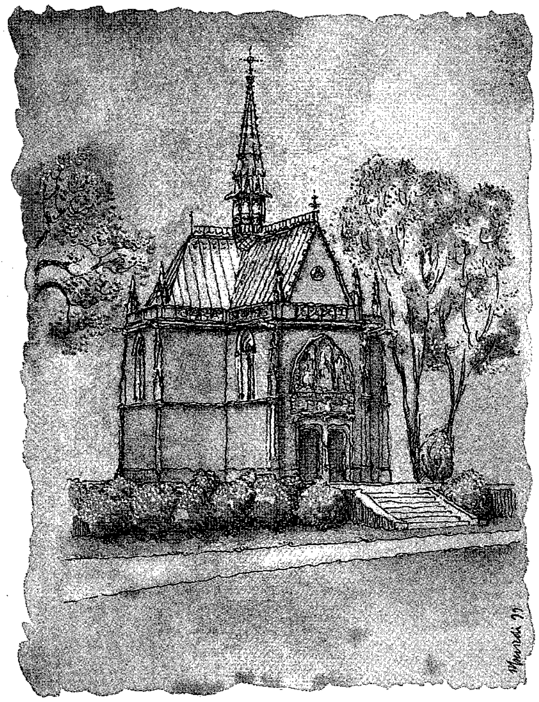
Ensemble Sospeso—The contemporary-music group performs Carter's "Syringa" (to a text by John Ashbery) and Joshua Cody's "La Rose des Langues" (to a poem by Michel Deguy), with both poets on hand to read their work. Jeffrey Milarsky conducts, and the soloists in both pieces are soprano Lucy Shelton and baritone André Solomon-Glover. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. May 20 at 8.)

CLASSICAL NOTES

Operatic High Jinks—How can it be that the centenary of Francis Poulenc, among the most audience-pleasing of all twentieth-century classical composers, is passing with little fanfare from the recording industry? No "complete Poulenc" edition seems to be in the works, nor even an exhaustive release of his songs, chamber music, or choral works. But at least one new Poulenc disk is destined to be a keeper: the dazzling performance (on Philips) of his 1944 opéra bouffe, LES MAMELLES DE TIRÉSIAS, with Seiji Ozawa leading the polished Saito Kinen Orchestra and a cleverly cast group of singers headed by soprano Barbara Bonney and tenor Jean-Paul Fouchécourt. No doubt the wackiest opera ever to cross the stage, it's adapted from Apollinaire's Surrealist dramatic poem of the same name, in which a liberated wife (Thérèse) decides to become a man (Tirésias), bursts her helium-balloon bosoms, and grows a beard to the strains of a *paso doble*, leaving to her husband the business of making babies (forty thousand in a single day), to the amazement of assorted journalists, bureaucrats, and street drunks.

Bonney is sublime as the evolving feminist, and Fouchécourt's skill as a singing actor makes listeners sympathize with his bizarre plight without getting too serious about it. The baritone Wolfgang Holzmair portrays an annoying gendarme with unwavering sternness, and he fills out the disk with a terrific performance of Poulenc's Dadaist chamber song cycle "Le Bal Masqué." Ozawa may have his limitations as an interpreter, but this repertoire finds him right on the mark. The classic "Tirésias" recording, featuring Denise Duval (who introduced the opera in both Paris and New York), will never grow obsolete, but this sonically up-to-date version lives up to its predecessor's high standards. Listening to this with a straight face is as inconceivable as not sharing it with a good friend—perhaps even with a younger listener who doesn't yet understand how naughty, subversive, and laugh-out-loud funny classical music can be.

American Festival of Microtonal Music—Listeners who enjoy discerning tiny intervals and unusual scales get plenty of opportunities to stretch their ears in this year's festival. May 20 at 8: Works by Ed Sanders (employing a thirty-one-note scale), Johnny Reinhard (the festival's organizer), Philip Corner, and Giacinto Scelsi, among others. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, enter at Broadway at 116th St. Tickets at the door.) ... ¶ May 23 from 10 to 9: A "micro-thon," with hour-long meal breaks at 1 and 6, including works by Harry Partch, John Cage, and three dozen other composers. (Physics Auditorium, New York University, 6 Washington Pl. Tickets at the door. The festival runs through May 27.)



The Belmont mausoleum, in Woodlawn Cemetery, in the Bronx (see Above and Beyond).

MATTEO PERICOLI

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing Stephen Hartke's "The Horse with the Lavender Eye" (for clarinet, violin, and piano), Mozart's G-Minor String Quintet, Judith Weir's Piano Trio (which the composer says suggests impressions of her travels to Venice and Africa, as well as around her native Scotland), and Mendelssohn's Octet. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 21 at 8 and May 23 at 5.)

My Lord Chamberlain's Consort—The early-music group performs Dowland's "First Booke of Songes or Ayres of Foure Parts," published in 1597. (Nour Foundation, 322 W. 108th St. May 22 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Don Hulbert—The flutist, with several colleagues, presents works by two sets of teachers and pupils: J. S. Bach and his students C. P. E. Bach (also his son) and Carl Friedrich Abel, and Albert Roussel and two of his counterpoint students in Paris, Varèse and Martinů. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. May 23 at 2. For information about tickets, call 316-3321.)

Western Wind Vocal Ensemble—Performing Renaissance madrigals and works by William Bolcom and Bobby McFerrin (a première). (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. May 23 at 4. For information about tickets, call 873-2848.)

David Golub—The pianist, who has recently become increasingly active as a conductor, performs piano works that clarify how he believes the two disciplines enrich each other. (BAMcafé, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. May 23 at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Mordecai Shehori—The pianist, born in Israel but long a resident of New York, can be counted on to offer an annual recital of unusually probing programming. Last year's installment was even more surprising than planned, as he suffered a stroke while playing. But he has since completely recovered, and he's now eager to take a tour of that free-wheeling genre the fantasy, performing examples by Beethoven (in G Minor, Op. 77), Schumann (in C Major, Op. 17), Chopin (in F Minor, Op. 49, plus his "Polonaise-Fantaisie" in A-Flat Major, Op. 61), and Balakirev (the knuckle-busting "Islamey: Fantaisie Orientale"). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 24 at 8.)

Ghena Dimitrova—The large-voiced Bulgarian soprano performs arias by Verdi, Rossini, Tchaikovsky, and Borodin, with Franco Bertacci conducting the Lyric Theatre Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 25 at 8.)

David Hurd—Organist, playing works by Nicolaus Bruhns, Jan Zwart, Bach (his F-Major Toccata), and Alexandre Guilmant (his Sonata No. 8), in addition to his own Arioso and Finale. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. 807-6799. May 25 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

EXCURSIONS

Relax in Peace—In a city where open space is at such a premium, it might seem unfair that some of the largest expanses of greenery are designed for those who have long since stopped breathing. Former New Yorkers Ethelwynne Jones, Letitia Tyson, and Rathbone Bacon, for example, permanently enjoy the four hundred acres of rolling lawns, towering evergreens, and, at this time of year, blossoming purple-and-white magnolias, crimson Japanese maples, and pristine dogwoods of Woodlawn Cemetery, in the Bronx.

One of the great charms of visiting cemeteries is that their residents aren't going to bother you. No car alarms. No panhandlers. No garbage trucks. The rustling of the breeze through the leaves is the loudest sound around, leaving you free to contemplate the lives of the folks beneath your feet. At Woodlawn, this can be a highly entertaining prospect. Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, Herman Melville, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are among the dozens of notables buried here. Not to be missed are the elaborate mausoleums that dominate the west side of the cemetery, including the tomb of the financier Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, who died in 1908—a towering replica of Leonardo's Chapel of St. Hubert at Château Amboise, in France, marks his resting place. (Webster Ave. at 233rd St., the Bronx. 718-920-0500.)

•

Readings—May 20 at 7: By poet Robert Pinsky. (Borders, Park Ave. at 57th St. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ May 23 at 7: By Tristan Egolf, from his novel "Lord of the Barnyard," and Kevin Baker, from his novel "Dreamland." (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ May 23 at 7:30: By David Grand, from his novel, "Louse," and Barry Yourgrau, from his work of fiction, "Haunted Traveller: An Imaginary Memoir." (Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—May 20 at 6:30: Zoologist Kenneth A. Chambers discusses the explorer Ernest Shackleton and then screens archival footage of Shackleton's 1914-17 Endurance expedition. (Melville Gallery, 213 Water St. For reservations, which are required, call 748-8786.) ... ¶ May 22: The Mercantile Library presents a daylong conference on New York City and the mystery novel, with talks by Edward ("Murder at City Hall") Koch, Assistant District Attorney Linda ("Likely to Die") Fairstein, and a host of other mystery novelists. (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St, at Central Park W. For more information, call 755-6710.)

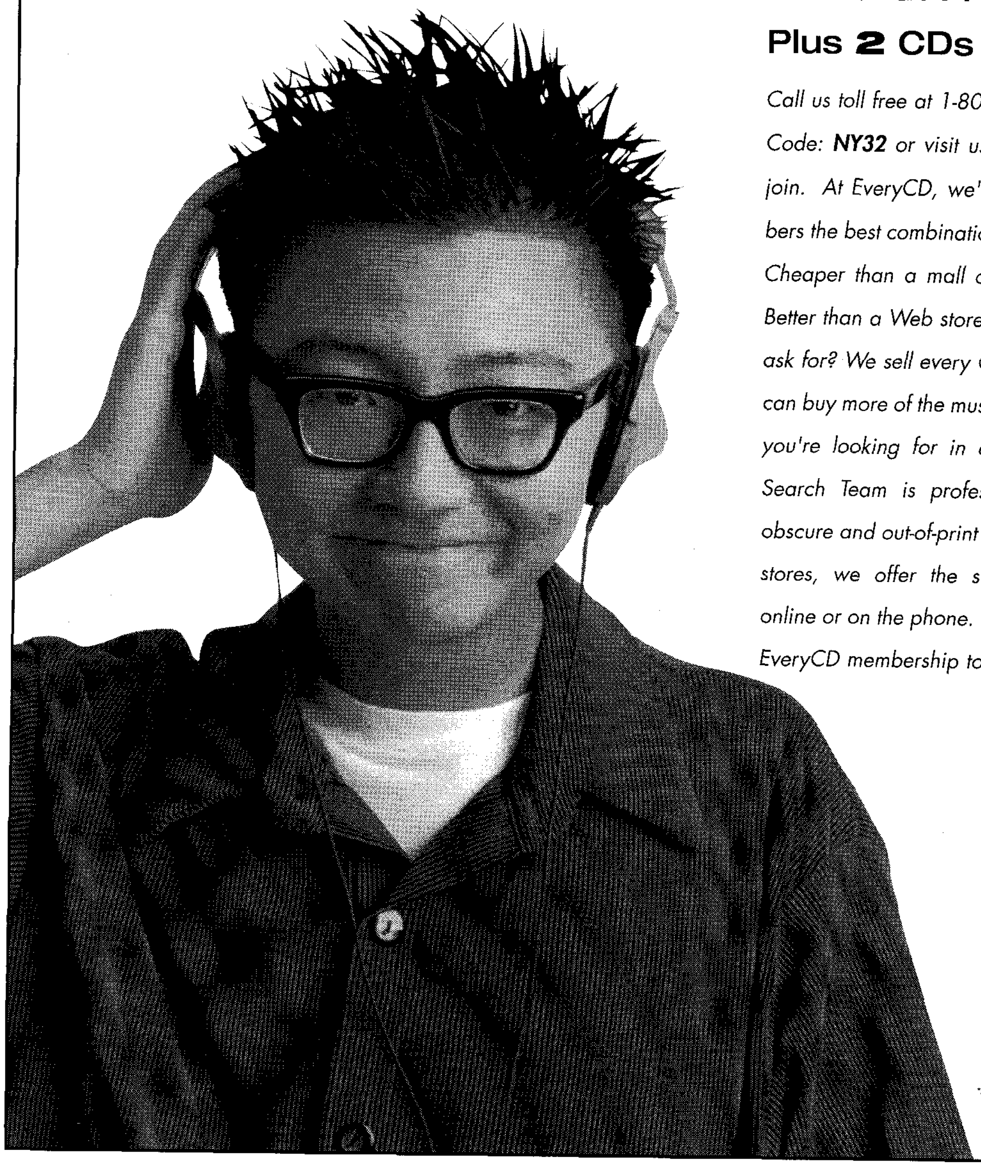
EVERYCD

➤ A Little Secret Other Music Stores Don't Want You to Hear . . .

Wholesale Music Sounds Better

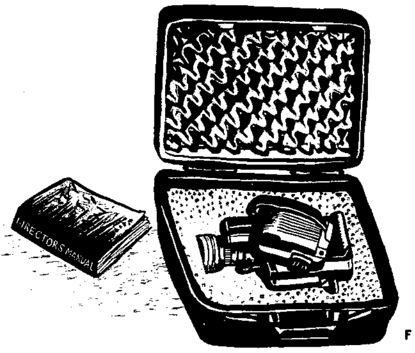
Join Now and Get a 3-Month FREE Membership Plus 2 CDs for $10*

*Call us toll free at 1-800-EVERY-CD** and mention Promo Code:* **NY32** *or visit us at* *www.everycd.com/ny32* *to join. At EveryCD, we're committed to giving our members the best combination of value, selection and service. Cheaper than a mall outlet. Bigger than a music club. Better than a Web store. What more could a music lover ask for? We sell every CD at our cost, which means you can buy more of the music you love. If you can't find what you're looking for in our comprehensive catalog, our Search Team is professionally trained to hunt down obscure and out-of-print recordings. And unlike most web stores, we offer the same friendly, professional help online or on the phone. Begin enjoying the full benefits of EveryCD membership today.*



1-800-EVERY-CD
www.everycd.com

Offer expires 8-31-99
*$5 per CD, up to $17.98 retail value ($13.50 EveryCD price) for each CD
**Outside the US, call (203) 363-0519
© 1999 EveryCD, Inc.



THE MOVIES

OPENING

Besieged—A love story, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Opening May 21. (Angelika Film Center and Paris.)

Frogs for Snakes—A black-comic thriller about a group of New York actors, with Barbara Hershey, Robbie Coltrane, Lisa Marie, and John Leguizamo; directed by Amos Poe. Opening May 21. (Quad Cinema.)

The Love Letter—A film, based on Cathleen Schine's novel, about the arrival of a mysterious letter in a New England village. Directed by Peter Ho-sun Chan, with Kate Capshaw. Opening May 21. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening May 19. (First & 62nd Cinemas and Ziegfeld.)

Trekkies—A documentary about the fans of the "Star Trek" television shows and movies, directed by Roger Nygard. Opening May 21.

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

After Life—Newly dead people assemble in a kind of limbo (it looks like an old school) and are asked to choose, after a polite interview, a single memory of happiness. A celestial film crew then makes a movie of that moment, and the shade is allowed to live with the memory for all eternity. In this sombre, delicate Japanese fantasy, written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu (a former documentary-maker), the light is gray and even, the emotions tranquil, the politeness exquisite. Hirokazu has no interest in orgiasts or roller-coaster riders: the cherished moment, it turns out, may be nothing more than a passing mood of pleasure—a breeze felt at a window—or a pleasure given rather than one received. The picture raises a marvellous, fanciful question: Are all movies simply the favorite dreams of the dead? With Naito Taketoshi as a fastidious elderly man whose life was too uneventful to yield an easy choice. In Japanese.—*David Denby* (Film Forum.)

Cookie's Fortune—Robert Altman, in a benevolent mood, has made a lovely ensemble comedy from Anne Rapp's original screenplay about the fate of an inheritance—the house and jewels left behind by one Cookie Orcutt (Patricia Neal), a fine old lady in a small Mississippi town who misses her dead husband so much that she refuses to spend any more time away from him. Cookie's mad nieces (Glenn Close and Julianne Moore) rearrange the evidence of Cookie's suicide so that it looks like a murder, allowing suspicion to fall on a hard-drinking but amiable black man (Charles S. Dutton) who lives in Cookie's guest house. But the movie is not the usual protest against racism; on the contrary, the town works like the kind of happy, quarrelsome extended family in which people have put up with one another's foibles for years.—*D.D.* (4/12/99) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

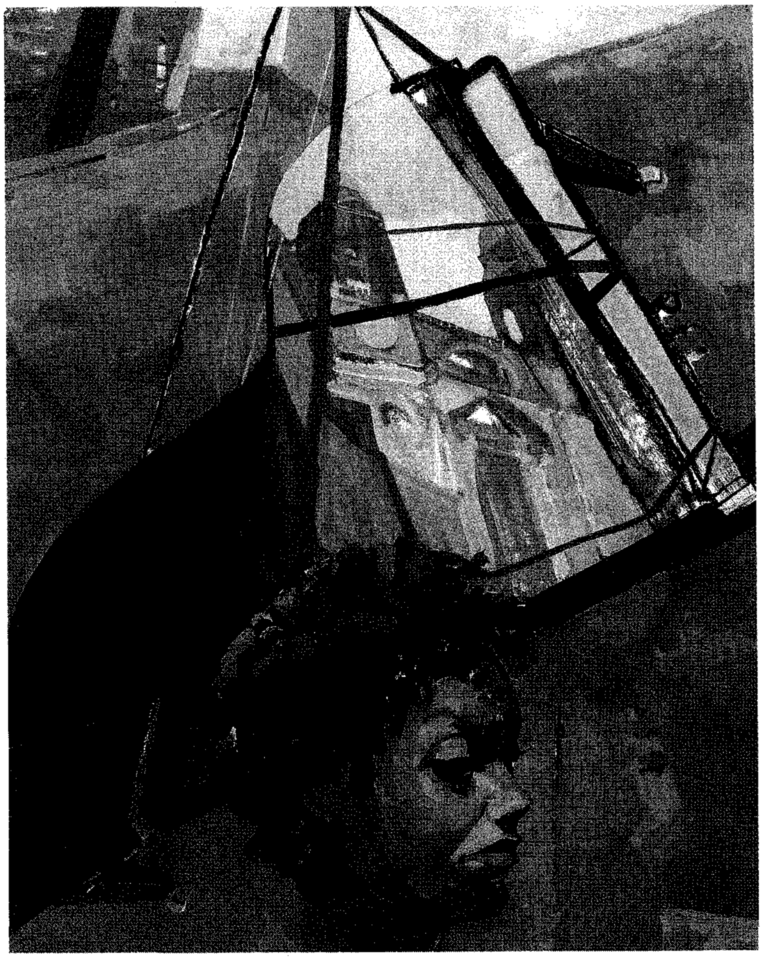
Election—To become president of the high-school student body, Tracy Flick (Reese Witherspoon) gathers signatures, bakes cupcakes, and uses everyone; she's a cross between Pat and Richard Nixon. Her fair-minded teacher, Mr. McAllister (Matthew Broderick), develops a surprising obsession with Tracy—something about her bland dynamism aggravates his boredom with his own life, and he tries to stop Tracy cold. This remarkable satirical comedy, written by Jim Taylor and directed with deadpan cool by Alexander Payne, uses the school election as a prism for an analysis of success and failure in American life.—*D.D.* (4/26 & 5/3/99) (Coronet Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Endurance—Co-produced by Terrence Malick and directed by the British documentarian Leslie Woodhead, this is a serious and surging account of the life and times of the Ethiopian track star Haile Gebrselassie. The times in question are world records; Gebrselassie is, by common consent, the finest distance runner of all time. Americans had their fill of him in 1996, when he took the gold in the 10,000 metres at the Atlanta Olympics, an event that is split into fragments and dotted throughout Woodhead's film. The rest tells of the athlete's childhood in rural Ethiopia, and his determined rise, against the wishes of his father, to the peak of his profession (it feels more like a calling). These scenes are a curious but winning weave of factual history and fictional technique; the young Haile, for instance, is played by the adult Haile's real nephew, and his late mother by his sister. There are moments here that are perhaps too ravishing for their own good—the beauty of the domestic scenes inside the family hut is like an antidote to the brute facts of poverty—and yet, finally, it is impossible not to be stirred by the fluid, frictionless travelling shots of Gebrselassie in motion.—*Anthony Lane* (BAM Rose Cinemas and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Entrapment—Jon Amiel's slack and predictable caper, with Sean Connery as a master thief and the gorgeous Catherine Zeta-Jones as an insurance investigator out to bring him down. The stars lack any sort of chemistry, which is too bad, since the script, by the always unreliable Ron Bass (with William Broyles), is intended as a romantic cat-and-mouse fantasy. The film wants to bring to mind such lighthearted, gallant heist flicks as Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief," but it doesn't. A slight—and claustrophobic—entertainment.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

eXistenZ—Once again, David Cronenberg uses a movie to play with our minds, and to make us feel disgusted about having a body. Jennifer Jason Leigh, in one of her more somnambulant moods, plays an interactive-game designer named Allegra, who is attacked while showing off her new creation, eXistenZ. From here on, she is guarded by the justifiably frightened Ted (Jude Law), whom she shyly introduces to the delights of her game. It doesn't look like a best-seller; once you're plugged in, all you appear to do is hang around in a game store and get your hands covered in blood at a virtual fish farm. Cronenberg is so busy plying his in-jokes and drilling his psychosexual meanings into the viewer's brain, or whatever other organ takes his fancy, that he somehow neglects to tell a decent, entertaining story. The movie may be a grim warning against the perils of technology and its ability to spew alternative realities, but Cronenberg himself can hardly claim to have his feet firmly planted on the ground.—*A.L.* (5/10/99) (Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Freshman (1925)—"I'm just a regular fellow—step right up and call me Speedy." Harold Lloyd's title character


Opening May 21, Thandie Newton in "Besieged."

RICCARDO VECCHIO

steals that salutation from a Joe College movie he's seen six times. It provides the lanky comedian with a sturdy running joke—he does a scissor-legged jig each time he repeats it—and a true signature line, summing up the desperate normalcy of his star persona. Lloyd comes to college so determined to be a B.M.O.C. that he tries to buy his way into popularity, treating his schoolmates to everything from ice-cream cones to a formal-dress Fall Frolic. His one real friend is the lovely girl (Jobyna Ralston) who tends his room in her mother's boarding house. This breezy comedy soars when Lloyd shows off his acrobatic mastery of slapstick. In the funniest set piece, he tries to act the gracious host and dance in a basted tuxedo, with his dizzy tailor in tow. It's a gleefully extended nightmare striptease; as the seams come apart, so does Lloyd. Silent.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum 2; May 24.)

Go—A crowded new movie from Doug Liman, who made the indie hit "Swingers." This time he has chosen to tell three overlapping stories, all of them starting from the same point: Christmas Eve on the seedy side of Los Angeles. First, a checkout clerk (Sarah Polley) attempts to turn drug dealer, with limited success; second, an English friend of hers (Desmond Askew) pays an incendiary visit to Las Vegas; third, a couple of soap actors are forced to lend their services to a narcotics sting. Liman's structure feels complicated rather than fruitfully complex, and the picture works best as a scattering of light comic observations.—*A.L.* (4/19/99) (84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Grifters (1990)—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. Huston is astounding, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—*Pauline Kael* (Walter Reade Theatre; May 19-20.)

The Matrix—We are all living, it turns out, in "the matrix"—a seeming reality controlled by artificial intelligence and policed by vicious men in black. Keanu Reeves eventually joins the few free people left and becomes a liberator. He fights the bad guys by flying through the air and engaging them in a rhythmic version of kung fu. The movie is nonsense, but it does achieve a brazenly chic high style—black-on-black, airborne, spasmodic. Written and directed by Larry and Andy Wachowski.—*D.D.* (4/26 & 5/3/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, and Union Square.)

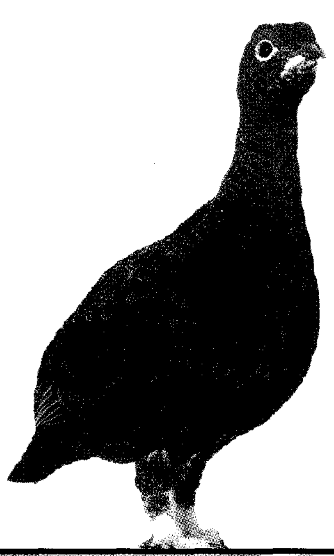
A Midsummer Night's Dream—Kevin Kline does his best movie work yet as Nick Bottom, the weaver and amateur actor, who gets "translated" into an ass and then enjoys the infatuated caresses of Titania (Michelle Pfeiffer), the deluded queen of the fairies. Chest hair aroused, donkey teeth protruding, Kline luxuriates gloriously in Pfeiffer's arms. But in most other ways, this "Midsummer Night" is hard to endure. Director Michael Hoffman has transferred the setting from Shakespeare's ancient, myth-haunted Athens to the Tuscany of 1900; the production is sunshiny, lavish, and busy, but to no particular purpose, and the Italian opera that Hoffman pours on is too openly emotional for the play's delicate madness. Hoffman's work lacks taste and rhythm, and it hits bottom when two young women (Calista Flockhart and Anna Friel) wrestle in a mud pond. With Dominic West and Christian Bale as the ardent young men, Rupert Everett as Oberon, Stanley Tucci as a rather muscular Puck, and David Strathairn as a businesslike Theseus.—*D.D.* (5/17/99) (East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 34th Street Showplace, and Union Square.)

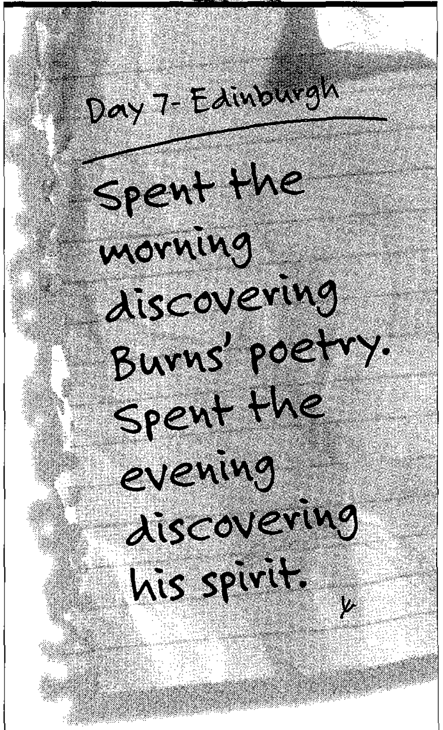
The Mummy—In the nineteen-twenties, in a fabled city in the sands of Egypt, in a hidden tomb, a beefy American adventurer named O'Connell (Brendan Fraser) goes looking for buried treasure. With him are a studious but sultry librarian (Rachel Weisz) and her dim but cowardly brother (John Hannah). We already know that the tomb is booby-trapped by all manner of ancient curses, and, soon enough, the massed ranks of special effects arrive to take revenge. Stephen Sommers's movie has the courage of its own clichés; he piles the silliness on with such speed that you don't have the time to notice how dead and dusty most of his themes are. The characters barely make it to two dimensions, and the Arab figures that crop up at regular intervals are a disgrace; this is the most unapologetically racist comedy that Hollywood has produced in a long while. What redeems it is the presence of Fraser, who is having a ball just now; after his subtle, unshowy performance in "Gods and Monsters," he now successfully demonstrates how to be lusty and affable at the same time.—*A.L.* (5/10/99) (Astor Plaza, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Waverly, and Union Square.)

Rope (1948)—In this impressive, atypical Alfred Hitchcock movie, the brilliant homosexual thrill killers Leopold and Loeb became Brandon (John Dall) and Philip (Farley Granger), Manhattan dandies who murder a member of their social set and dump the corpse into a chest that soon becomes the centerpiece of a dinner party. The guests include the dead man's family, fiancée, and romantic rival, as well as the unholy duo's former prep-school teacher (James Stewart), who has unwittingly inspired them by preaching Nietzsche. The action unfolds tensely in real time—the eighty minutes of the crime, the party, and the aftermath—but the movie's depth charge comes from its peculiar modern ghoulishness. Dall's rabid intensity energizes the drama, and the actor disguises Brandon's aestheticized sadism and malice with an oily solicitude. The director shot the film in intricate ten-minute takes, editing only to connect them; the camera, like Dall's Brandon, seems to pulse with adrenaline while icily surveying the disaster.—*M.S.* (Film Forum 2; May 21 and May 23.)

This Is My Father—The brothers Quinn (actor Aidan, cinematographer Declan, and writer-director Paul) get a chance to do some heartfelt work together in this period love story about a man (James Caan) who takes a trip to Ireland to uncover secrets about his father's past. The modern-day framing device—in which Caan gathers information about life in a County Galway village in the late thirties—slows the film down, but when the focus is on the main story, the poetic photography and attention to atmospheric detail combine to weave a sad and sensitive tale. Aidan Quinn and Moya Farrelly bring considerable warmth and intelligence to their roles as star-crossed lovers, and the film's bittersweet conclusion is sharply observed and well earned.—*B.D.* (84th Street Sixplex and 19th Street East 6.)

The Winslow Boy—Before the First World War, an English naval cadet, accused of forging and cashing a five-shilling postal order, is expelled from school. His father (Nigel Hawthorne) believes him innocent and empties the family coffers in an attempt to clear the boy's name. David Mamet has adapted and directed Terence Rattigan's 1946 play, which was based on a true story, with a fidelity so profound that one doesn't know whether to be amazed or depressed by it. Like Rattigan, Mamet ignores the question of the





Day 7- Edinburgh

Spent the morning discovering Burns' poetry. Spent the evening discovering his spirit.

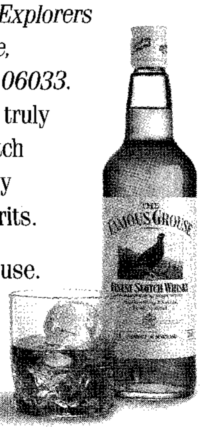
If you're logging your newest discovery, make sure to log onto *www.famousgrouse.com/explorers,* the home of the Loyal Explorers of The Famous Grouse. Or write us at:

Famous Grouse Explorers
99 Citizens Drive,
Glastonbury, CT 06033.

You'll discover a truly remarkable Scotch and some equally adventurous spirits.

The Famous Grouse.
Scotland's
favorite Scotch.

The Famous Grouse® Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof)
©1998. Imported by Palace Brands, Hartford, CT.



boy's guilt or innocence, and he reduces the public agitation surrounding the case to an off-camera rumble. The movie concentrates on Rattigan's specialty—the intense self-control of the boy's upper-middle-class family. Every scene is a tense struggle between anger and reticence, between love and self-suppression, and after a while the entire enterprise seems slightly mad. Is British reserve really such a superb moral achievement? With Rebecca Pidgeon and Jeremy Northam.—*D.D.* (5/17/99) (Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

by the Sea
Love

Opening May 21, Kate Capshaw in "The Love Letter."

ROBERT DEMICHELL

XIU XIU: THE SENT DOWN GIRL—The actor Joan Chen's directorial début is set during the grim period of rustication, in the nineteen-sixties, when millions of Chinese teen-agers were taken from their families and sent to work in the countryside. The virginal, stuck-up heroine, Xiu Xiu (Lu Lu), ends up in a deserted corner of western China sharing a tent with Lao Jin (Lopsang), a Tibetan horse herder. He's kind and manly, but because of some rotten luck thirty years ago he's not fully a man; meanwhile, in her desperation to get back home, Xiu Xiu begins to offer her body to local officials. The film takes a strangely old-fashioned view of sex, one that seems more Western than Chinese—there's even a crudely symbolic scene in which Xiu Xiu eats an apple, signifying her first step down the path of perdition. But the haunted landscape and the two natural leads bring the corny story to life; what starts out as a light coming-of-age tale hurtles toward its climax like a tragic opera. In Mandarin.—*Sarah Kerr* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Metro Cinema, and Village East Cinemas.)

ALSO PLAYING

AFFLICTION (reviewed in our issue of 1/11/99): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **ANALYZE THIS:** Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **BLACK MASK:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **THE CASTLE:** Cinema I, 84th Street Sixplex, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **CENTRAL STATION** (11/30/98): The Screening Room. . . . **THE DREAMLIFE OF ANGELS** (4/5/99): BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema. . . . **EDGE OF SEVENTEEN:** Quad Cinema. . . . **ELIZABETH** (11/16/98): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE FACULTY:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **GET REAL:** Angelika Film Center, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6. . . . **GODS AND MONSTERS** (11/9/98): Quad Cinema. . . . **HANDS ON A HARD BODY:** BAM Rose Cinemas. . . . **HIDEOUS KINKY:** Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema II, and Metro Cinema. . . . **IRIS BLOND:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **THE KING OF MASKS:** Cinema Village and 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **LEILA:** Cinema Village. . . . **LIFE:** Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, State, and Union Square. . . . **LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL** (11/16/98 and 3/15/99): Guild, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS** (3/8/99): Village Theatre VII. . . . **NEVER BEEN KISSED:** Union Square. . . . **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PUSHER:** Cinema Village. . . . **SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE** (12/21/98): Kips Bay Theatre, Sutton, and Waverly. . . . **SHE'S ALL THAT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **TEA WITH MUSSOLINI:** Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square. . . . **TESTAMENTO:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE THIRD MAN** (1949): Film Forum. . . . **THREE SEASONS:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **TRIPPIN':** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **TRUE CRIME** (3/29/99): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **A WALK ON THE MOON** (4/12/99): Art Greenwich Twin, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Union Square. . . . **WINDHORSE:** The Screening Room.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Films directed by François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles. May 19: "The Wild Child" (1970). . . . May 20-23: "Stolen Kisses" (1968). . . . From May 25: "Fahrenheit 451" (1967). . . . ¶ Two films by Harold Lloyd. May 24: "The Freshman" (†) and "Doctor Jack" (1922).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films directed by Alfred Hitchcock. May 20 at 2:30: Three short British-government films made by Hitchcock, "Bon Voyage" (1944), "Aventure Malgache" (1944), and "The Memory of the Camps" (1945). . . . May 20 at 6 and May 21 at 11: "Lifeboat" (1944). . . . May 21 at 2:30 and May 22 at 5:45: "Notorious" (1946). . . . May 21 at 6 and May 23 at 2:30: "Rope" (†). . . . May 21 at 8 and May 23 at 5: "The Paradine Case" (1947). . . . May 22 at 1: "Spellbound" (1945). . . . May 22 and May 24 at 2:30: "Stage Fright" (1949). . . . May 24 at 6: "Under Capricorn" (1949). . . . May 25 at 2:30: "Strangers on a Train" (1951). . . . May 25 at 6: "I Confess" (1953). . . . ¶ May 20 at 6:30 and May 21 at 3: "On the Heights All Is Peace" (1998, Yervant Gianikian and Angela Ricci Lucchi). . . . ¶ May 21 at 7: Two Andy Warhol films, "The Velvet Underground" (1966) and "Outer and Inner Space" (1966). . . . ¶ May 22 at 5: "The Last Clean Shirt" (1964, Alfred Leslie) and "10 Screen Tests" (1966, Warhol). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2 and May 24 at 6: "The Interview" (1997, Harun Farocki). . . . ¶ May 23 at 5 and May 24 at 6: "Drawing the Thinking Hand" (1998, Judith Wechsler).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—"Bunco: The Art of the Con," a series of films focussing on the con game. May 19 at 2 and 7 and May 20 at 9: "Jackie Brown" (1997, Quentin Tarantino). . . . May 19 at 4:50 and 9:50 and May 20 at 2: "The Grifters" (†). . . . ¶ May 21 at 2 and 6:15, May 23 at 6, and May 24 at 2 and 6:15: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1964, Wojciech Has; in Polish). . . . ¶ May 22-23 at 2: "Peter's Meteor" (1998, Joe O'Byrne). . . . ¶ May 22 at 4 and 8, May 23 at 4, and May 25 at 2 and 4: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1986, Alexei Guerman; in Russian).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of Fred Astaire films. May 22 at 2: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1937, H. C. Potter). . . . May 22 at 4: "A Damsel in Distress" (1937, George Stevens). . . . May 23 at 2: "Easter Parade" (1948, Charles Walters). . . . May 23 at 4: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949, Walters).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—May 20-21 at 6 and May 22-23 at 2: Alfred Hitchcock's television work, featuring "Four O'Clock" (1957), "Bang! You're Dead" (1961), and "The Crystal Trench" (1959).

SYMPHONY SPACE, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A program of films featuring Marcello Mastroianni. May 25 at 7: "I Don't Want to Talk About It" (1993, Maria Luisa Benberg; in Spanish). . . . May 25 at 9: "La Notte" (1961, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 25 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Les Cousins" (1959, Claude Chabrol; in French).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On May 23 at 7, the feature will be "Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!" (1965, Russ Meyer).

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of films by Tai Kato; in Japanese, with English subtitles. May 21 at 6:30: "Blood of Revenge" (1965).

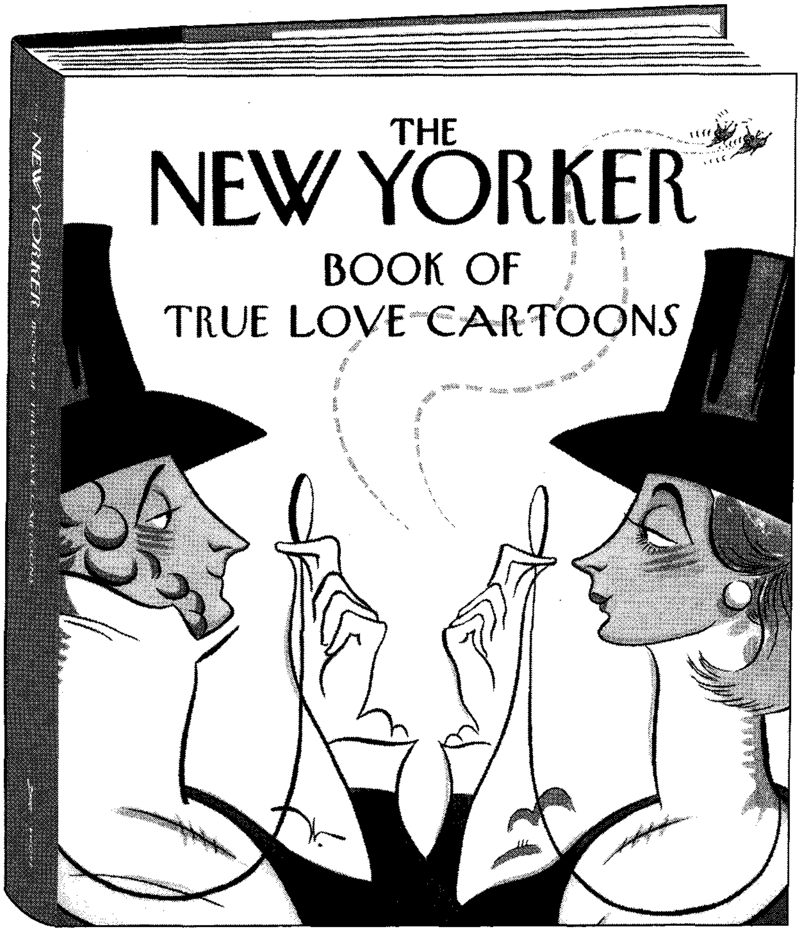
THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM ROSE CINEMAS, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
BEEKMAN, Second Ave. at 66th St.
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd St.
CHELSEA WEST, 333 W. 23rd St.
CINEMA I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
CORONET CINEMAS, Third Ave. at 59th St.
CRITERION CENTER, Broadway at 44th St.
EAST 85TH STREET, First Ave. at 85th St.
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, Broadway at 84th St.
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, Third Ave. at 86th St.
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th St.
FILM FORUM, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd St.
GOTHAM CINEMA, Third Ave. at 58th St.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th St.
KIPS BAY THEATRE, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, Broadway at 63rd St.
LINCOLN SQUARE, Broadway at 68th St.
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, Broadway at 99th St.
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th St.
NEW YORK TWIN, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19TH STREET EAST 6, Broadway at 19th St.
OLYMPIA I AND II, Broadway at 107th St.
ORPHEUM VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th St.
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th St.
THE SCREENING ROOM, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd St.
64TH AND 2ND, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72ND STREET EAST, Third Ave. at 71st St.
STATE, Broadway at 45th St.
SUTTON I AND 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th St.
UNION SQUARE, Broadway at 13th St.
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, Second Ave. at 12th St.
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
WAVERLY I AND 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th St.

What's funny about true love?


THE
NEW YORKER
BOOK OF
TRUE LOVE CARTOONS
NEW YORKER

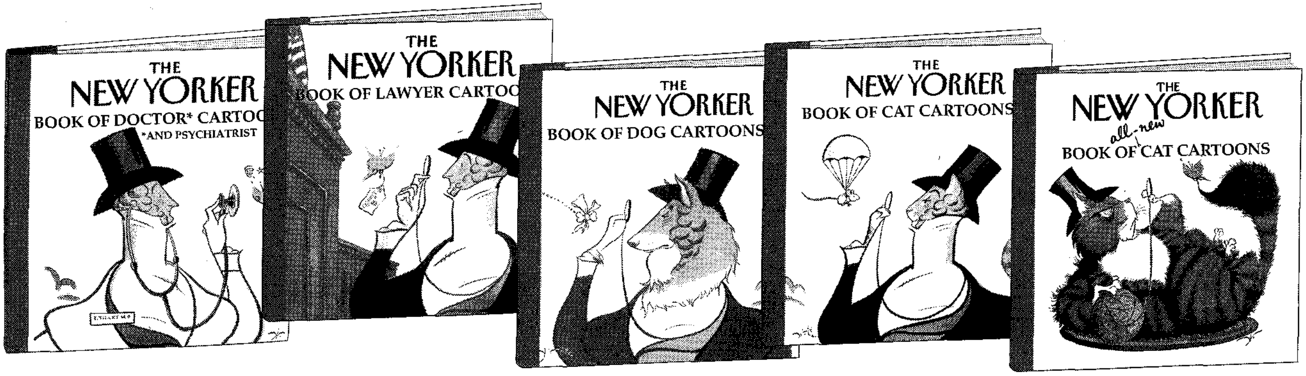
EVERYTHING: meeting, wooing, dating, mating, talking, not talking, proposing, refusing, marrying, unmarrying, remarrying...

And it's all here— the dance of love captured at its most outrageously funny moments in 102 cartoons by all the New Yorker greats from James Thurber to Roz Chast, from Charles Addams to Victoria Roberts.

Here is meeting made easy at the "Mate Mart"... here is Rilke as an aphrodisiac... marriage as a daunting threshold ("And do you, Rebecca, promise to make love only to Richard, month after month, year after year, and decade after decade, until one of you is dead?").

Here is love between a vampire and a lady ("I think I can change him"), between Narcissus and himself, between thee and the Unattainable She or He. Don't write a love letter. Send *The New Yorker Book of True Love Cartoons.* Anything can happen.

What else is funny?


THE
NEW YORKER
BOOK OF DOCTOR* CARTO
*AND PSYCHIATRIST
THE
NEW YORKER
OOK OF LAWYER CARTO
THE
NEW YORKER
BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS
THE
NEW YORKER
BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS
THE
NEW YORKER
BOOK OF all-new CAT CARTOONS

At all bookstores • Published by Knopf

GO NAKED

shopping.yahoo.com

TO THE MALL

Too busy to hit your favorite stores? Shop on-line with Yahoo!® Shopping.
With more choices of everything from flowers to jeans, stereos to jewelry.
It's fast. It's safe. It's a shopper's paradise.

VISA

Worldwide. Webwide. Visa® It's everywhere you want to be®

© 1998 Visa U.S.A.

www.visa.com

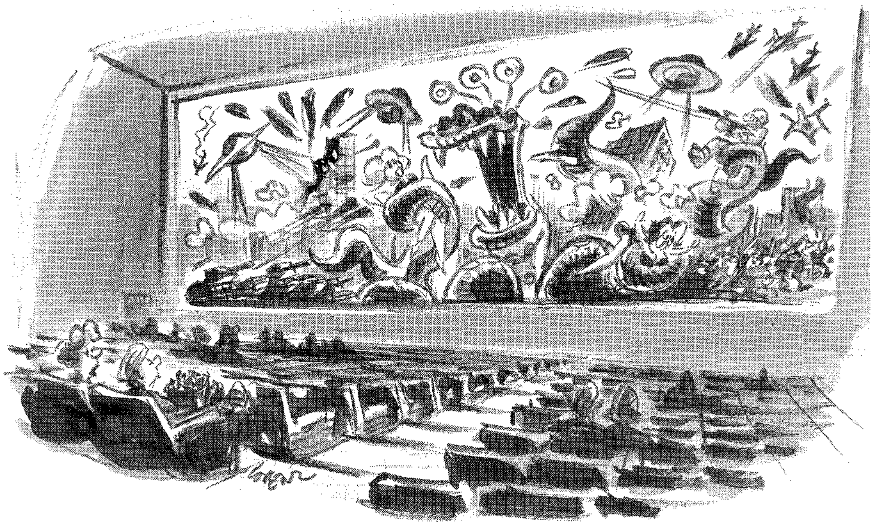
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

Culture vultures.

ONE word runs throughout the analyses, indictments, and explanations that have appeared in the wake of the Columbine High School massacre, and that word is "culture." The problem we've got, the media insist—in the cover stories of the newsweeklies, in the waves of editorials, in the mouth of every professional talker—is, above all, a cultural problem. A recent summary of expert opinion noted that Bill Kristol had distinguished himself by blaming "the violence on America's secular culture," while "most of the self-styled psychologists, surgeon generals, and policy experts fault a national culture." (How would you tell the difference?) Add the culture of violence, the media culture, kid culture, gun culture, and jock culture, and you've got more cultures in one country than would fit in a petri dish. The G.O.P. has summoned a National Conference on Youth and Culture, and you can bet that various cultures will be exhumed and condemned: the Internet culture, the Goth culture, the culture that can make a hero out of O.J. Simpson and Marilyn Manson, and so on.



"Same old same old."

One of the things that the new culture vultures have in mind is the way violence in the popular arts has changed. The wrong people always seem to be saying it, but they're right. It used to be that murder in the movies was ugly but redemptive. Only a quarter century ago, the murder of the bad cop and the mobster by the Al Pacino character in "The Godfather" was freighted with all the signs of moral significance, from closeups to brooding music. Since then, there has been a constant inflation of violence in movies, and this has been accompanied (though whether leading or following is anybody's guess) by a new "culturalist" rationale. Acts of extraordinary cruelty, taking place at an astonishing rate, are now good for a laugh—celebrating the incredible lightness of non-being. The violence in most movies today—New Line slasher flicks and Miramax art-house fare alike—doesn't pretend to be a study in the redemption of individuals. It's just there. The only transformation the characters undergo is that there aren't as many of them in the end, and they have fewer arms and legs.

In the past couple of decades—let's say from mid-period Brian De Palma—the defense of this kind of violence in the arts has come to rest on the notion of style. Only liberal simpletons or conservative censors couldn't see that as long as the violence in pop genres is sealed off from the world by an aesthetic formula—"stylized" is the word—it can't hurt us. And so a whole generation of critics has been trained to write about "balletic violence," "beautifully composed action stabbings," and the like. "Style," in this usage, can be a pretty elusive concept. Everyone recognizes the unreality when Wile E. Coyote falls off the cliff and waves bye-bye, and the anvil attached to his foot follows him down all the way, floating above his head until it clobbers him on arrival. What makes that kind of violence stylized, though, isn't what we know about cartoons but what we know about high places, animals, and anvils: what's shown happening couldn't happen. We give works of art the credit that is due them. Someone who is shocked or alarmed by Wile E. Coyote's falling off a cliff has failed to understand "Road Runner." Then again, someone who is not disturbed by the torture of Dumbo's mother has failed to understand "Dumbo."

Yet most recent movie violence, despite the breezy rhetoric, isn't stylized at all. When someone gets shot in the groin or stabbed in the throat or has her limbs hacked off with a chain saw, what happens is exactly what *would* happen. Blood flows, people fall screaming, life ends. So when people say that movie violence is stylized, they simply mean that it's generic—that it can be parsed with reference to other works of pop entertainment. In Quentin Tarantino's "Pulp Fiction," for instance, all the horrible things we witness—the taunting of murder victims, the grotesque cruelty—are held to be innocuous, because they can be shown to be a quotation from another violent movie. ("It's studded with references to the whole history of genre violence," one critic wrote approvingly.) In fact, critics who celebrate sensation are trivializing the form they hold dear. If movies and TV didn't affect us, they wouldn't be used to sell action figures. Make-believe matters not because it says "Not so" but because it asks "What if?"

The actor Michael Masden, in an interview, talked about having been asked to play the part of the crook who tortures a cop in Tarantino's "Reservoir Dogs": "We were up in this warehouse doing improvs, trying to figure out how to play that whole scene. The cop was in the chair. I had the lighter and I was going to light him up. He said, 'Don't burn me! Don't burn me! I've got a kid!' I said, 'Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute.' Then I turned to Quentin Tarantino and said, 'Quentin, I'm not going to do that. He can't say that. Don't let him say that because I cannot fucking torch him after he says that to me. If he says that to me I ain't gonna light him on fire.' And Quentin says, 'No, no, I think it's great! I think it's wonderful! It brings a whole new element to it!' " The line stayed in.

Who in that exchange has a better grasp of the relationship between art and reality: the stylish director who thinks it's wonderful or the actor who says "Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute"?

BUT most often by "culture" we pop sociologists don't even mean violence in movies and TV and video games. We just mean—well, nothing, really. It's just décor. The only difference between saying that America is a violent country and that it has a "culture of violence" is that the second has a comforting, classy tone, and gives the illusion of depth. By appending the word "culture" to an observation, you somehow promote it from a description to an explanation. That's probably why the idea of culture as the essential force in human affairs has now spread from academe to become a commonplace of journalism. The prizes, both in the classroom and on the cable box, go to people who can claim to have detected the underlying trend, of which the particulars are merely a symptom. In the past few decades, everyone has read or seen an endless number of books devoted to the culture of narcissism, of disbelief, of desire, or whatever. The argument in these books is always the same: what you imagine are your well-founded beliefs or preferences turn out to be nothing more than a set of reflexes implanted in you by the hidden assumptions of your "culture." You're not a skeptic about religion because you don't believe in the story of Noah and the Ark but because you are a member of the culture of disbelief.

Well-meaning people turn to culture to explain violence because they want a deeper explanation than "The boys were sick, and they bought bombs and guns." It helps elevate the conversation, directing it away from those superficial, humdrum, Band-Aid-level fixes that make liberalism seem so fatuous. (It's true that there is no explaining Evil, but there *is* explaining why in every other Western country Evil at seventeen has a hard time getting its hands on an assault rifle.) Finally, though, to insist that violence be interpreted culturally is to divorce it from human experience. By making violence into a subject for culture, you make pain into an object of culture. And pain is not an object of culture. It is an object of consciousness. It happens to people, one by one.

Every age has a term to explain things that resist explanation. The Elizabethans had Fate; the Victorians had History; we have Culture. We got over thinking that you could explain things by invoking history when it occurred to us that everything that happens is part of history. The same is true about culture. The right reaction to Littleton may be the most superficial one: grief and gun control. To seek to anthropologize or philosophize it away—to seek a "deeper" or "hidden" explanation—is to rob the event of its significance, which is the pain it caused. It is even, in a way, to rob the parents of their sorrow, which, in its nature, has no meaning and can't be cultured away.

—ADAM GOPNIK

FACE TO FACE

I sing of love, sacred and profane,
Of knowledge lost, strangely found again;
And time that travels with us till we die,
Boarding the train, waving a last goodbye.

What I have learned appears on every leaf,
For the first sign of growth is belief;
The countersign of life is a lie,
Following fast after No and Why.

I have believed in truth, beholding it,
And many times have been deceived by it;
For love is double, even when it joins,
And dispossesses everything it owns.

—PHILLIS LEVIN

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

Scoring the Kosovo conflict.

TELEVISION viewers watching CNN's reports on Kosovo might find themselves feeling differently about the conflict from the way they felt about the United States' other recent military outing, the bombing of Iraq last December. In addition to the obvious reasons for this, there is an artistic reason: the music the network is using to score its special Kosovo coverage, "Strike Against Yugoslavia," is quite distinct from the tune it used for its "Strike Against Iraq" segments. The Iraq-bombing music was martial: angry, confidently charging strings, ending in such a climactic crescendo that viewers might well have expected the dogs of war themselves to come crashing through the screen. But the music behind the network's Kosovo coverage, not unlike America's commitment to the conflict, is foggy and irresolute. It is a cloud of synthesized sound, softly flickering chords, and murmuring drums that rumble like faraway thunder.

Shelly Palmer, a composer who has written scores for NBC, CNBC, MSNBC, and other television clients, put it this way: "The Iraq music was classic war music. It was 'Hunt for Red October'; it was 'Patton' and 'Victory at Sea.' It was very much 'Let's go kick Saddam Hussein's ass.' The Albanian music is ambivalent. It can't make up its mind. It says that there's something bad here, but we don't know what it is."

The music that accompanies television news is sometimes tailored to the show or the segment, but more often than not it comes from a library of stock-music CDs. Jim Rich, the music-library coördinator for Turner Studios, frequently works with CNN's news-production supervisors to gather snippets of stock background music for the network's producers to choose from. Rich said the other day that if, for example, a producer needed music for Kosovo "you might want music that would cover images of refugees, of people fleeing—you're going to think death and destruction. You want to talk about the strength, the might, and the power involved in the attack."

Neither Rich nor Steve Stahl, one of the CNN news-production supervisors he works with, thinks that the music for "Strike Against Yugoslavia"—a composition called "Enya's Head Trauma," from VideoHelper's CD No. 10, entitled "Relax or Die"—is part of a conspiracy to influence public opinion. Stahl says that he thinks the piece is actually quite similar to the Iraq theme—"Emergency Service," from the "Action, Drama, Suspense" CD produced by Atmosphere Music. Both the Kosovo music and the Iraq music have what he calls "a heavy sort of percussion bed," which gives the pieces drama and tension.

Within the industry, stock music is thought of as second-rate, but occasionally a track will make it really big and "burn itself into the minds of the audience," as Rich put it. The selection that CNN used for its coverage of the O. J. Simpson case was a little-known work called "World Conflict" from a CD entitled "News Media 2," a collection of themes for news, current affairs, documentaries, and talk shows. "During the trial," Rich said, "the network got a lot of calls from people who wanted to buy the music, but it wasn't ours to sell." The Kosovo and Iraq themes haven't attracted the same kind of following; Stahl says there have been no calls about either of them.

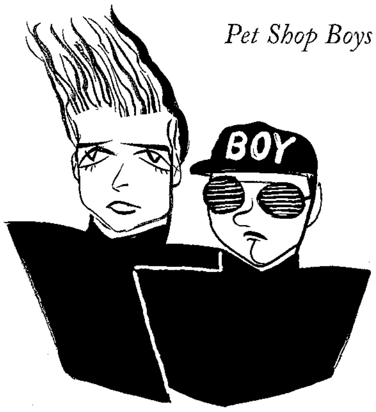
—Adam Lehner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

THE BENCH

A pop duo with wounded pride takes on the Ivory Tower.

Roger Scruton is probably Britain's most famous philosopher. Aside from furiously red hair and a strangely affectless manner of speaking—"robotic" is the usual description—he is famous principally for his right-wing agenda. The particular brand of romantic Toryism that he favors (pro-fox hunting, hanging, and hereditary privilege; anti-homosexuality, immigration, and feminism) once prompted Ted Honderich, a professor of philosophy at University College London, to dub him "the unthinking man's thinking man." It's not so surprising, then, that news of a libel suit being brought against Scruton by the British pop duo the Pet Shop Boys has been met with excitement and delight in the ranks of liberal British journalism. "O frabjous day, calloo callay," began one reporter's gleeful account of the legal contretemps.



Pet Shop Boys

The suit, which promises to provide a vivid tableau of the low-high culture war, is a response to a passage in Scruton's latest book, "The Intelligent Person's Guide to Modern Culture." In this characteristically combative volume Scruton attacks various excrescences of "moronic" modern culture. The French philosophers Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault are accused of "doing the work of the devil," contemporary art is dismissed as "not a new form of art but an elaborate pretense at art," and popular music is reviled as an "unreal ecstasy which also penetrates and pollutes what is real." Scruton is particularly appalled by the "melodic paucity" of pop compositions. This lack, he contends, deprives listeners of "one of the most important gifts of folk music—the gift of song," and makes it "almost impossible to sing the typical pop-song unaccompanied."

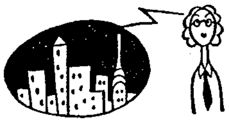
He continues, "Sometimes, as with the Spice Girls or the Pet Shop Boys, serious doubts arise as to whether the performers made more than a minimal contribution to the recording, which owes its trademark to subsequent sound engineering, designed precisely to make it unrepeatable." Thus far, the Spice Girls have maintained a dignified silence on the subject of this slur, but the Pet Shop Boys—otherwise known as Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe—are irritated enough to have demanded up to fifty thousand pounds in damages. Tennant and Lowe, who write and produce all their own music, joined forces in 1981, after bumping into each other in a hi-fi shop. They achieved their greatest commercial success later that decade, with a series of electronic disco songs, including "West End Girls," which was a No. 1 hit in the United States in 1986 and proved, despite Scruton's critique, to be eminently catchy—even hummable.

Scruton, speaking from his farmhouse in Wiltshire last week, expressed wounded astonishment that the two pop stars had taken legal recourse: "I certainly think it's incredible that they're suing. I don't know why they are." Their reaction was, he suggested, unduly sensitive—but in keeping with a society that has become uncritically relativist. "People who are seriously concerned about the intellectual life and the state of culture ought to comment more about such things," he said. "But now there's this sense that anything goes, and that there isn't any point in making criticism. If intellectuals started suing each other every time one of them said something unfavorable about the other in print, all the learned journals would go out of business tomorrow." Here there was a crackly pause on the phone line. "But perhaps," he added, "that wouldn't be such a bad thing."

Happily, despite his concerns about the debased quality of contemporary music and its effects on the younger generation, Scruton is perfectly confident that his own son, seven-month-old Samuel, will emerge from childhood unscathed by the Pet Shop Boys or any other manifestation of "yoof" vulgarity. In a recent newspaper article, outlining the precepts by which he will be rearing young Master Scruton, he promised that, unlike most children, who are brought up by newfangled methods and are "not, on the whole, very likable," his son will grow up with a firm faith in God, a respect for classical literature and music, and an appropriate sense of his own subordinate status. "It goes without saying," he wrote, in his winningly glacial way, "that Sam will not enjoy his childhood . . . . But that is not the point. Childhood is not an end in itself but a means of growing up." —ZOE HELLER

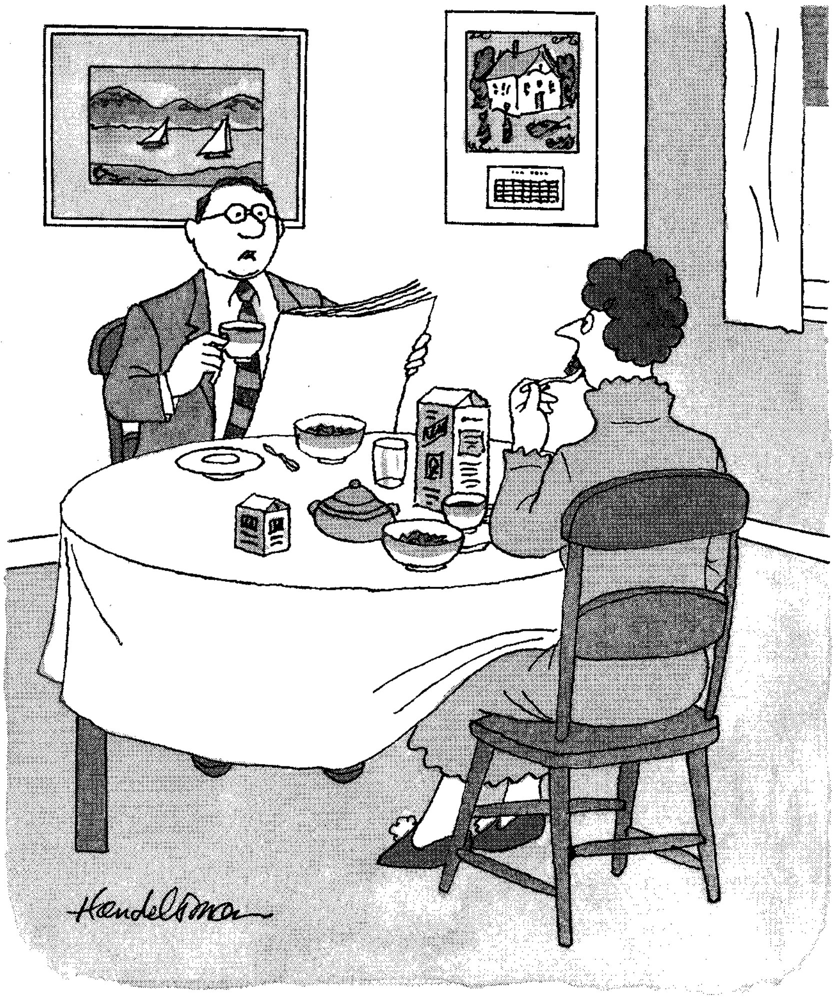
RIGHT TIME, RIGHT PLACE

An erstwhile architect gets a major commission over dinner.



When Wendy Evans Joseph was seated next to the president of Rockefeller University at a dinner party a few years ago, she knew that it had nothing to do with her skills as an architect. She had been placed there because the university was hoping to extract a sizable donation from her husband, Peter, a merchant banker. Mrs. Joseph, who had spent twelve years working with I. M. Pei before quitting to raise her children, was not prepared for the fact that Torsten Wiesel, the Nobel Prize-winning neuroscientist who was then the university's president, had an obsession with a bridge.

During dinner, Wiesel told Joseph about his frustration at the way his campus was bisected by East Sixty-third Street, which functions as an on-and-off ramp for the F.D.R. Drive. Ever since Weisel became president of the university, in 1991, he had hoped to link the two huge residence towers on the south side of Sixty-third Street to the rest of the campus with a bridge. But the only way to make a bridge across Sixty-third Street, the university had been told, was to build a giant supporting stanchion inside the lobby of one of the towers which would run down into the foundation. It would not only ruin the lobby but cost a few million dollars. And Wiesel did not have that kind of money to spend on a bridge.



"We don't need NATO. We need Tito."

"I knew instantly that there was another solution," Joseph, a trim, well-dressed woman with dark, straight hair, said the other day, recalling the dinner party. Over dessert, just as the conversation might have turned toward fund-raising, she told Wiesel that she had an idea for a bridge with a single support, cantilevered from the north side of Sixty-third Street. "I said to him, 'If you can give me two weeks and some drawings of the existing buildings, I can give you a design,'" she said. Wiesel told her to go ahead.

Though Joseph had never designed a bridge, the next day she called a structural-engineer friend, Matthys Levy, and he told her that her notion was sound. "So I hired two people, and we got to work at my dining-room table," Joseph said. "You can imagine what the university planning office thought—some woman calls and says she had dinner with the president and he said to give her all the drawings of the campus. But they did."

With Levy's help, Joseph came up with a cable-stayed bridge, with an eight-foot-wide walkway. It is an exceptionally graceful design, supported by a single tower made up of two poles, which lean outward, forming a V. The bridge is to leap across Sixty-third Street from the Weiss Research Building, one of several large, bland buildings that give the newer, south end of the Rockefeller campus the air of a government institution, altogether different from the lushly landscaped grounds of the university's older sections, farther uptown. When the university decided to go ahead with Joseph's plan, Robert M. Bass, a member of the Rockefeller board of trustees, volunteered to pay for it and for some related improvements to an adjacent plaza. Construction began last month, and the bridge will be finished in September.

Wendy Joseph has expanded her architectural office into two rooms of her apartment and has taken on, among other projects, the design of a women's-history museum in Dallas. She has come to think of the bridge as something of a memorial to her husband, Peter, who died of cancer last June.

"Peter was at Sloan-Kettering, across the street from the university, and I got him a pass to come onto the campus," Joseph said. "He would come over in his bathrobe and sit in the gardens—he said he needed me to take care of him but that I had to do one other thing, and that was to build this bridge."

—PAUL GOLDBERGER

DOCUMENT FILE

The following internal E-mail was sent last week to a number of State Department employees.

Subject: Defense Intelligence Agency Geographers Seek Ground Truth

To All:

In an effort to avoid another mistaken targeting of an ostensibly friendly embassy or other international office in Belgrade, DIA has asked the Department for assistance in identifying a number of locations in the capital and elsewhere in the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia.

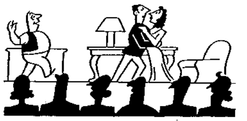
The Kosovo Task Force has invited DIA geographers to the Principals' Conference Room on Wednesday, May 12 from 12:00 noon until close of business to consult with Embassy Belgrade evacuees and any other personnel with experience on the ground in the FRY. The Task Force has contacted many evacuees directly, but may have missed some appropriate personnel. If you think you can contribute to this exercise, please visit the Principals' Conference Room (opposite the Operations Center) any time after noon today.

Thanks for your help.

Sure, but can they find the Operations Center?

DEPT. OF FINALES

"Melrose Place," 1992-1999, R.I.P.

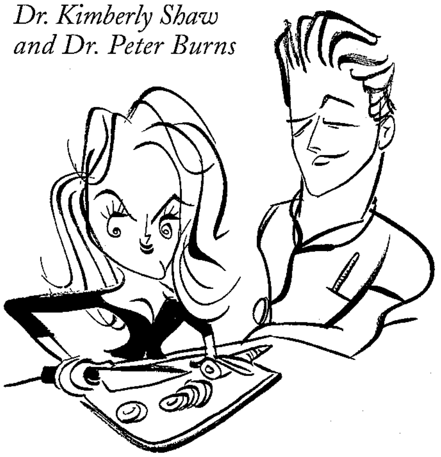


DURING the 1995-96 season of "Melrose Place"—unquestionably the finest in the seven-year run of the prime-time soap, which comes to an end this week—the winsome redhead known as Dr. Kimberly Shaw experienced a sudden breakthrough in her therapy with Dr. Peter Burns, whom, according to the convolutions of the Melrose narrative, she happened to be living with at the moment. Burns was also acting as her lawyer and guardian, in addition to being her lover and therapist, although those last two descriptions are not quite accurate, since Kimberly and Dr. Burns weren't sleeping together at the time of her therapy breakthrough and, what's more, Burns wasn't really a therapist. From all appearances, he was actually a surgeon, or—since he also treated the show's central figure (and his future lover), Amanda, when she had her cancer scare—an oncologist, or, at the very least, a hunky guy with a stethoscope and a pager, which, in the Melrose universe, is all you really need to be to pass your medical boards.

In any case, in the first or second session between Kimberly and Dr. Peter Burns—her lawyer, suitor, guardian, nontherapist therapist, landlord, and roommate—Kimberly realized that the reason she had been exhibiting strong homicidal tendencies was that she had been suppressing the childhood memory of having killed a very evil man who bore a distinct resemblance to a ferret. In a daring plot twist, Michael and Sydney—Kimberly's ex-lover and her romantic rival, respectively—got hold of a sketch she had made of her ferret-faced tormentor and hired an actor to impersonate him in an effort to make Kimberly think that she was still as crazy as ever. And that's exactly what happened, until Kimberly, toward the end of one episode, confronted the actor playing the ferret man and peeled off his prosthetic makeup, vanquishing her personal demon once and for all.

If you talk to aficionados of "Melrose Place," they will tell you that the ferret-man moment, more than any other, captured what was truly important about the series: here was an actor playing a doctor, in therapy with another actor playing a doctor who was himself impersonating a therapist, confronting an actor playing an actor playing her own personal demon, and when she unmasked him she found . . . that he was just another actor! Or something like that. The wonderful thing about "Melrose Place" was that just when you thought that the show was about to make some self-consciously postmodern commentary on, say, the relationship between art and life, it had the courage to take the easy way out and go for the laugh.

"Melrose Place" was often, mistakenly, lumped with its sister show on Fox, "Beverly Hills, 90210," which, like "Melrose," was an Aaron Spelling production. At one point, Fox even ran the two shows back to back on Wednesday nights. But they were worlds apart. "90210" was the most conventional kind of television. It played to the universal desire of adolescents to be grownups, and it presented the world inside West Beverly High as one driven by the same social and ethical and political issues as the real world. "90210" was all about teens behaving like adults. "Melrose" was the opposite. It started with a group of adults—doctors, advertising executives, fashion designers—and dared to have them behave as foolishly and as naïvely as adolescents. Most of them lived in the same apartment building, where they fought and drank and wore really tight outfits and slept together in every conceivable permutation. They were all dumb, and the higher they rose in the outside world the dumber they got when they came home to Melrose Place.



Dr. Kimberly Shaw and Dr. Peter Burns

In the mid-nineteen-nineties, when a generation of Americans reached adulthood and suddenly realized that they didn't want to be there, the inverted world of Melrose was a wonderfully soothing place. Here, after all, was a show that ostensibly depicted sophisticated grownup society, and every viewer was smarter than the people on the screen. Could anyone believe, for example, that when Kimberly came back from her breakthrough session with Peter Burns and went home to make dinner for Peter Burns, and Peter Burns sidled up to kiss her as she was slicing carrots, bra-less, he never stopped to think that here was his client and patient and tenant and analysand—a woman who had just tried to kill all kinds of people—and she was in his kitchen holding a knife? Peter! You moron! Watch the knife!

—MALCOLM GLADWELL

All aboard the

for an Asian Odyssey.

THIS unforgettable journey through Southeast Asia begins in Singapore, a bustling metropolis where skyscrapers jostle for space with traditional shop-houses.

NEXT, you'll board the deluxe Eastern & Oriental Express for Thailand, a country of legendary temples and infectious smiles.

ALL land arrangements will be under the expert guidance of Abercrombie & Kent, known for an unfailingly high level of service since 1962.

AN added incentive: for departures before 9/17/99, we'll treat you to a stay at the fabulous Oriental Hotel in Singapore and Bangkok. Certain restrictions apply.

Call your travel agent or

800.524.2420

Singapore NEW ASIA
So easy to enjoy.

www.singapore-usa.com

amazing THAILAND
www.tourismthailand.com

THE POLITICAL SCENE

THE EXTERMINATOR

How did Tom DeLay become the real power in the House?

BY JANE MAYER

At about eight-fifteen on the evening of April 28th, the House of Representatives voted on what was meant to be a symbolic, bipartisan measure in support of the NATO airstrikes against Serbia. The Speaker of the House, Dennis Hastert, had assured Democrats that they could expect easy passage, and he himself supported it. But the vote took an unexpected turn, and ended in a humiliating 213–213 tie.

With that, America got another glimpse of who's in charge in the House. It was not Speaker Hastert, the ex-wrestling coach, who remained silent, but the House Whip, Tom DeLay, the former pest exterminator from Sugar Land, Texas. Not only did DeLay speak out against United States policy, in a departure from the support traditionally shown when American troops are engaged in military action; he and his deputies persuaded Republican representatives to switch their votes and join the opposition. While Democrats chanted "Shame! Shame!" Republicans who had been lobbied voted against the war.

In the House Republican hierarchy, the Whip ranks third, after the Speaker and the Majority Leader. But most Democrats and Republicans agree that DeLay, who runs the most effective Whip operation in memory, is the real power—able to mobilize his sixty-two deputy and assistant whips with precision and discipline. Indeed, Speaker Hastert was once a DeLay deputy, and it was DeLay who promoted him for the Speakership when Robert Livingston (who was chosen to replace Newt Gingrich) announced his resignation. What's more, several of Hastert's top aides, notably his spokesman, his chief of staff, and his policy director, previously worked for the Whip.

DeLay's power, though, extends beyond Capitol Hill. He is the top liaison to business lobbyists and Party activists, which means that, more than any other member, DeLay controls the money that flows from the Party's corporate and ideological backers to individual congressional campaigns. Even Thomas Davis, the new chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, which is the outside fund-raising operation for Republican House members, is indebted to DeLay: a member of the Whip's staff ran Davis's campaign for the post, and is now his executive director. David Keene, the chairman of the American Conservative Union, says that DeLay, because of his reach, "has swept the field," adding, "He is no longer first among equals. He's it."

When the roll call on the war resolution was completed, a hundred and eighty-seven Republicans and twenty-six Democrats had voted against it. DeLay portrayed his position as a matter of principle and conscience; the conditions set by the West during failed talks in Rambouillet, France, he said, put the Yugoslav President, Slobodan Milosevic, "in a very untenable situation." But two Democrats who overheard DeLay after the vote say that his attention seemed to be less on foreign policy than on domestic politics—in particular, his loathing of President Clinton. DeLay, they say, was delighted by the embarrassment he had caused the White House. "He had this wide smile," one eavesdropper told me, "and he was saying, 'I can't wait to see what the press will do to him' "—Clinton—" 'tomorrow.' "

This hatred of the President found its most public voice during the impeachment fight, last fall and winter. On September 17th, as national support was growing for censuring, rather than impeaching, the President, the Republican leadership in the House met with conservative activists. One of the participants in the meeting, Paul Weyrich, says that he himself implored the Republicans to foreclose this "dodge," begging them to "please kill censure." He says that Gingrich, who was then the Speaker, promised to take care of it, but that Gingrich's "people got nervous," whereupon DeLay stepped into the vacuum, and agreed to deliver Clinton's head.

An aide to DeLay says that Weyrich's account is overblown, and that DeLay had come out for Clinton's impeachment well before the meeting. But Weyrich is convinced that the Whip was doing his bidding. He says admiringly, "DeLay doesn't let people down." (That is not a universal feeling. A Republican close to Gingrich said of DeLay, "We never trusted him. He would support us in something but an hour later if a position turned out to be unpopular he would say he'd forgotten it.") Still, after last fall's elections, when other Clinton opponents lost their appetite for impeachment, DeLay drove it forward almost single-handed. Representative Peter T. King, a Republican moderate from Long Island, says that a member of DeLay's staff warned him that if he bucked the Party line DeLay would make "the next two years the longest of his life." In the end, King did vote against impeachment; since then, he says, DeLay, in revenge, has personally tried but failed to take away his prized chairmanship of a subcommittee.

The Whip's hatred of the President is undiminished. One moderate Republican says, "I think for DeLay Kosovo is Act II of impeachment."

MANUELLO PAGANELLI

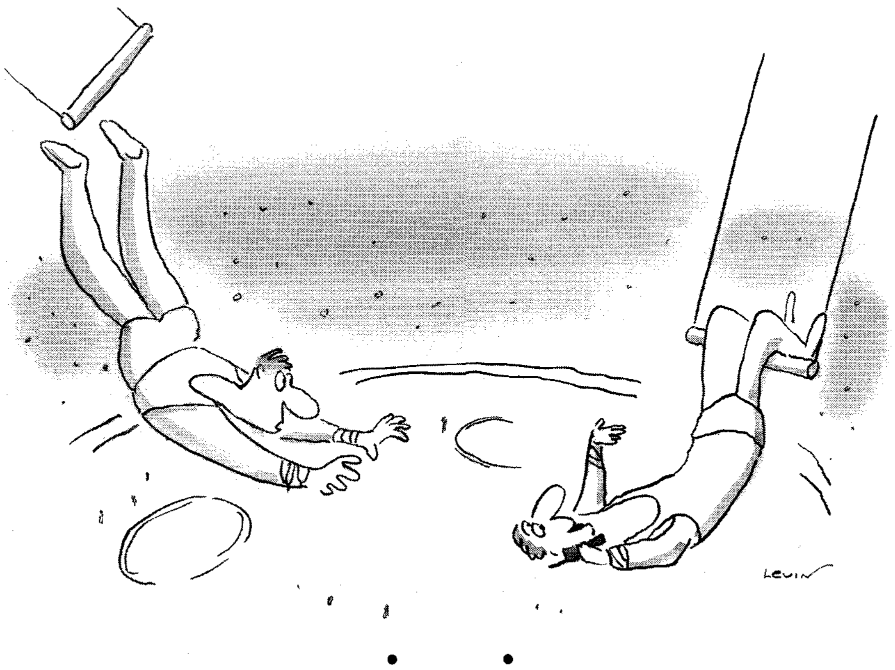
King believes that DeLay never accepted the public's verdict that Clinton's lies and misdeeds did not merit removal from office. When Republican members caucus together, DeLay makes it clear that "it's personal," King says. "He regrets every hour that we still have Bill Clinton as President." Thus, King says, DeLay has led the effort to brand the strikes against Serbia "Clinton's war." The strategy, King says, "is that if it goes bad, he"—Clinton—"gets blamed." And the assumption, King concedes, "is it will go bad." King, in short, sees DeLay as a man with a new set of issues, but an unchanging target. "I think for DeLay, Kosovo is Act II of impeachment," he says.

DeLay's tactics and his undying hatred of Clinton endear him to the G.O.P. activists who give money and vote in primaries. But his combativeness is risky for a party that has a narrow, six-seat majority in the House, with a Presidential election eighteen months away. The impeachment fight, after all, drove public support for congressional Republicans to record lows. As Barney Frank, the Massachusetts Democrat, puts it, "DeLay exemplifies the dilemma. What helps you with the base hurts you with the general public." Pete King, unhappily, agrees. "We've divided our own party and unified the opposition," he says, and he worries that DeLay has no sense of the Republicans' being a national governing party: "We'll have a rock-hard base, but rock sinks."

Some who share DeLay's views have similar worries. For example, the political consultant Ralph Reed, who was formerly the head of the Christian Coalition, admires DeLay but nonetheless, after the impeachment fight, urged that he take a quieter approach. "It's certainly been my advice that DeLay not allow himself to be demonized as the next Newt Gingrich," Reed told me. But among conservatives the Republican consultant Frank Luntz, who says that he "loves" DeLay, is probably more typical. He believes that DeLay is "the conscience of the Party" and predicts that any public-relations damage from the impeachment imbroglio will evaporate by the next election. DeLay himself believes that the impeachment fight will prove to be a triumph for the Party. "When the sun rises following the election of 2000, I think we will control both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue because of it," he said earlier this year.

Yet Clinton has often been lucky in his enemies, and a number of Democrats suggest that DeLay proves the point. Some Democrats close to the House leadership say that they like to have DeLay appear on the Sunday-morning talk shows, because, in their view, he is abrasive and counterproductive. Doyle Reynolds, a Republican swimming-pool contractor who lives in DeLay's district, and is one of his best friends and a golfing buddy, admits, "I'm a bit ticked off, because I see this is hurting the Republican Party."

In Texas, many DeLay backers aren't surprised that his attacks on Clinton have been so harsh. What does surprise some of them is that he has framed the battle in such moral terms. During the impeachment fight, DeLay said, "*I* wouldn't be sitting in the President's shoes and defending myself in a criminal investigation, because *I* wouldn't have been doing the things that the President is being accused of," and,



"Anyone who would lie to his wife would lie to the American people." At one point, he described the battle as a struggle of "relativism versus absolute truth." Yet in many ways DeLay's life is strikingly similar to Clinton's, and because of his role as the leading opposition figure his record is being given scrutiny comparable to Clinton's. "Tom knows that he's walking around with a target on his back," his friend and deputy whip, Representative Robert L. Ehrlich, Jr., of Maryland, says. DeLay is not pleased by this sort of attention. "I am the most investigated man in America. They're trying to bring me down!" he told the Houston *Chronicle* recently, perhaps forgetting that his claim of victimhood gives him something else in common with the President he detests.

DELAY has said of himself, "I don't talk about personal things," and, through his office, he declined several requests I made to interview him; his office confirmed some biographical and other details. Glory Hopkins, the Republican District Clerk in DeLay's district, Fort Bend County, who was for years his next-door neighbor and is still a friend, says, "I never met anyone in his family. I can't remember his ever talking about them." Thomas Dale DeLay was born in 1947 in Laredo, Texas, one of four children in a family of strict Baptists with roots in Louisiana. His father, Charles DeLay, flew escort planes in the Army Air Forces during the Second World War. After the war, he settled in Mirando City, Texas, a tiny oil-patch town, to break horses and to run a tool shop for oil-drilling machinery. Then he moved the family to Arkansas and tried ranching. That venture went bust, and to pay off debts the DeLays moved to Venezuela. There Charles DeLay worked as a drilling superintendent for oil companies. By the time Tommy, who was the second-oldest child, reached high school, his father was doing well enough to move the family back to Texas, and into one of the biggest houses in a suburb of Corpus Christi called Calallen. DeLay later became president of Storm Drilling, an oil-exploration company; his children were seen as among the most privileged in town.

Marvin Chancellor, a colleague at Storm Drilling and a friend of the family, describes Charlie DeLay as "a very strong character" who was also "a kind man and a good one." Others, though, remember him as a bit of a bully. Mary E. Kenney, a former mathematics teacher at the Calallen High School, recalls that DeLay, who was on the school board, "drank too much and got into some knock-down-drag-outs, and real fisticuffs," in taverns on the edge of the town, which was dry. J. T. Ellison, another former high-school teacher, who is now a justice of the peace, says, "Everyone knew that you just didn't cross Charlie. Charlie was going to win. He'd won all his life. He was old-school, he drank hard, caroused hard, and stood up for what was right. And if you crossed him the battle was on." At home, Ray DeLay, the Congressman's older brother, says, "Dad enforced his values with the belt."

High-school yearbooks show Tommy DeLay as a confident-looking teen-ager with jug ears and a bemused smile; despite his small size, he managed to make the football team and, in his senior year, got elected president of his class of fifty-one students. Ellison, who taught DeLay political science, recalls him as "a brilliant student." Mrs. Kenney, who taught him trigonometry, describes him as an easygoing, natural leader, who amused everyone by exchanging wisecracks with her at the start of each class. Edwin Cann, a classmate, remembers one such exchange: "He told our trigonometry teacher he was going to be President some day," Cann says. "You've got to get out of high school first," the teacher replied.

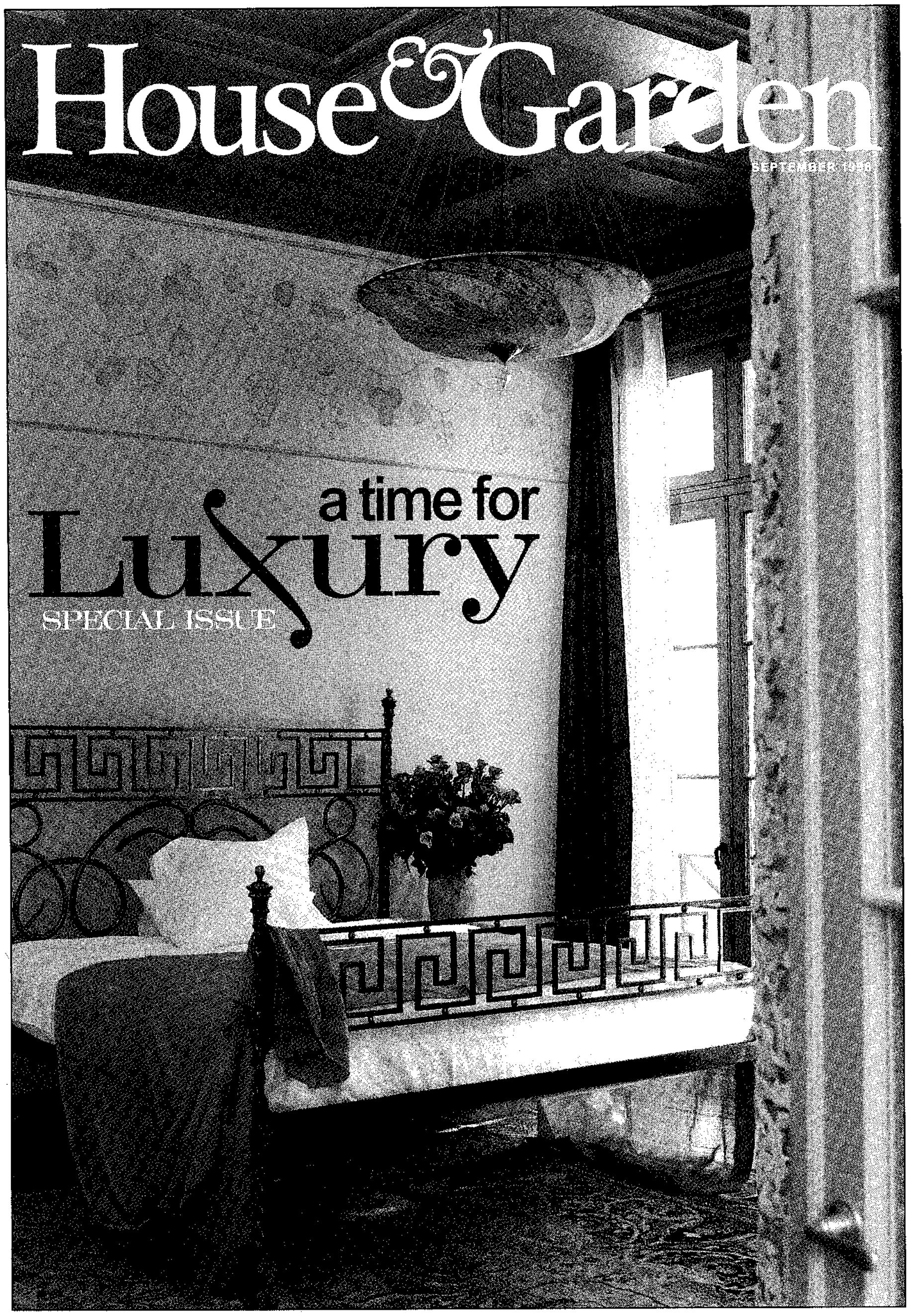
Marvin Chancellor told me about a hunting trip he'd gone on with the father and son when Tom was still in high school. At one point, Tom went out into a field alone. "I saw him," Chancellor recalls, "and I said something's gone wrong." The youth had stumbled on a yellow-jacket nest and was covered by a swarm. He turned out to be highly allergic to the stings, and he was rushed to the nearest hospital. "His throat was completely closed," Chancellor says. "He was near death. But as soon as they gave him a shot of antidote a smile came over his face. He was told never to go into any area where this could happen again without carrying medication." With this history, Chancellor says, he found it "unusual" that DeLay later became an exterminator.

DELAY left home in 1965 to attend Baylor University, in Waco, and there he apparently got into trouble with a prank that involved defacing buildings at Baylor's rival, Texas A. & M. That and other infractions resulted in an early departure from the school. Ray DeLay, who was at Texas A. & M. at the time, recalls that the family thought Baylor had been too harsh. A former Texas journalist recalls that even decades later DeLay was still complaining about his treatment.

After leaving Baylor, DeLay married Christine Furrh, a high-school classmate he'd been dating since his teens, and he transferred to the University of Houston, a commuter school. It was there, accord-

INTRODUCING

House & Garden



Discover
the spectacular
new magazine
that helps you see
like a designer,
visualize like
an architect,
think like a
landscaper,
shop like
a decorator
&
live the life
of your dreams.

Send no money

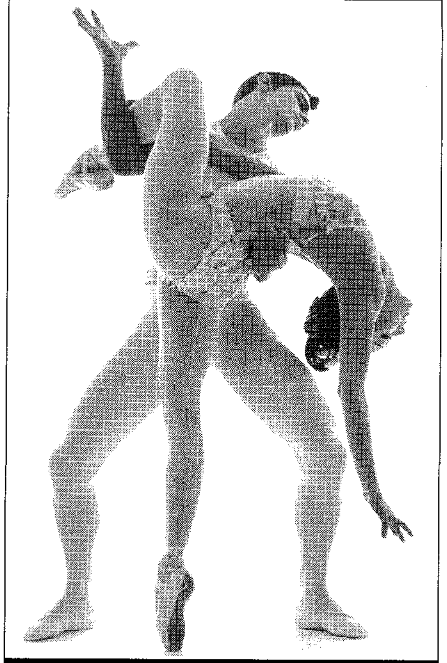
You'll get the next issue of House & Garden as soon as it comes off the press. And for just $1 an issue.

A year of House & Garden is just $12 plus $3 postage and handling. That's just $1 an issue. You save 64% off the cover price!

JUST $1 AN ISSUE

If the card is missing write to: House & Garden, P.O. Box 56145 Boulder, CO 80322-6145

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

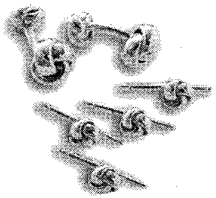


50th Anniversary Celebration
Spring Season
April 29-June 27,1999

Call (212) 870-5570
www.nycballet.com

ALLEGRA KENT AND EDWARD VILLELLA IN *BUGAKU*. PHOTO BY BERT STERN, 1963.

A far cry from the typical Father's Day tie.



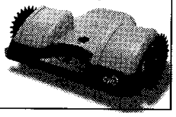
18k tricolor gold. Studs, $1,100. Links, $1,495.
Call 1-800-5-HAMILTON for overnight delivery.

HAMILTON
FAMILY-OWNED JEWELERS SINCE 1912
PRINCETON LAWRENCEVILLE PALM BEACH PALM BEACH GARDENS

TENTH SEASON
OK MOZART Festival

JUNE 11-19, 1999
BARTLESVILLE, OK
RANSOM WILSON,
Artistic Director
SOLISTI NEW YORK ORCHESTRA
Phone: 918.336.9900
www.webtek.com/okmozart

SMART TOYS
MONDO-TRONICS' ROBOT STORE
Cye™ home & office robot system for PC. $695.00 plus S & H.
FREE 48 page catalog with over 300 robot kits, books, toys, videos & more!



www.RobotStore.com
Toll Free 800-374-5764

ing to Ray DeLay, that Tom gave up an ambition that his father had had for him: to attend medical school. Instead, after receiving a bachelor-of-science degree in biology, he went to work for a local insecticide manufacturer.

People who knew DeLay during his youth remember him as highly competitive—driven to win and, if thwarted, determined to get even. "He'd talk 'em into it or fight 'em into it," J. T. Ellison recalls. But they saw few signs that he would become one of the most powerful men in American politics. He has depicted himself as a cultural conservative, who was "totally, totally" repelled by the peace and free-love movements in the sixties, and in 1995 he told the Washington journalist Fred Barnes that he had been a hawkish supporter of the Vietnam War and had attended campus anti-war rallies to protest the protesters. Yet several of those who were involved in the anti-war movement at Baylor and also at the University of Houston question DeLay's memories. "There were no meetings, no protests he could have gone to," David McHam, a faculty member at Baylor during those years, told me. Nor did DeLay serve in the war. He received a student deferment and, later, a high lottery number. He told Tim Fleck, of the Houston *Press*, that there had been no room for middle-class boys like him, because too many poor and minority youths eager to escape the ghettos had volunteered first.

In the seventies, DeLay wore a mustache and bell-bottom pants, and became, in his own words, "the best weasel killer in Houston." On being denied a promotion, he has said, he bought his own exterminating truck and founded a company called Environmental Services. He lived outside Houston in a ranch house with his wife and a daughter, Danielle. Charlie Howard, a local Republican who knew him then, says, "He had no bent toward politics per se. He was happy being a small businessman."

TEXAS, like most of the South, had been Democratic since the Civil War, but the Republican Party, which had been dominated by the Eastern establishment since the McKinley era, was being transformed by the candidacy of Barry Goldwater, in 1964, and, four years later, by Richard Nixon's Southern strategy.

The nomination of George McGovern, in 1972, alienated many Texas Democrats, such as Leonard Scarcella of Fort Bend County, who is now the mayor of Stafford. "McGovern might just as well have been from Mars," Scarcella says. In 1978, DeLay, angered by federal regulators who he thought had mistakenly banned DDT and other pesticides, ran for the state legislature, becoming the first Republican from Fort Bend County in this century to win a seat. Scarcella himself voted for DeLay, who was, he says, "a perfect fit for his time." DeLay not only disliked federal regulations but was apparently aggrieved by the tax system. In 1979, 1980, and 1983, the Internal Revenue Service had placed liens on him and his company for not properly paying income and payroll taxes for his employees.

DeLay served three terms in the Texas legislature, which in those years—from 1978 to 1984—was dominated by Democrats. He is remembered as an affable back-bencher, good at bringing highway money into the district and tending to constituents. But Carl Parker, a Democrat who retired in 1995, after serving thirty-three years in Austin, says, "he didn't stand out in any regard. He didn't do any work. He was never a part of the inner circle." Scarcella's enthusiasm for DeLay vanished after 1978. Scarcella had been trying to find a way to get public transportation for poor and largely minority students, who had to walk across highways and railroad tracks to get to school but lived too near to qualify for busing. Scarcella says that DeLay had promised to support a new municipal school district, but after winning office "he fought us at every juncture." Eventually, the federal courts ordered relief for the students. DeLay denies making such a promise.

In Austin, DeLay was called Hot Tub Tom, a reference to a house that he shared during the legislative session with several other male members, which they dubbed Hot Tub Heaven. (During previous legislative sessions, he had lived in a house known as Macho Manor.) The oil boom was in full swing, and Hot Tub Heaven was considered the party house. Beverly Carter, a Fort Bend County Republican who backed DeLay for many years, describes him as a "fun" person who "smoked, drank, and raised hell." Doyle Reynolds, DeLay's golf partner, sees the House Whip as "just a good ole boy when it comes down to it," and explains, "He'll get mad and cuss, have a beer with you, and he's funny as hell."

Some of the people who had known DeLay in Austin and remembered his raffish ways were baffled by his censoriousness during the impeachment proceedings. Nick Kralj, a former bar owner who is now a lobbyist in Austin and is known for his encyclopedic memory of legislators, suggests, "Maybe he saw the light, but he didn't read the whole Bible. He forgot the part about living in glass houses and casting stones." Several of DeLay's friends say that he has, in fact, become more religious. He attends a Baptist church in Sugar Land on most Sundays and is part of the congressional Bible-study group that meets each week on Capitol Hill. When he got to Congress, another member lent him a videotape featuring James Dobson, an evangelical family authority, and he has said that it deeply affected him. Dobson preaches in favor of strong, Christian fatherhood, and against workaholism, which he identifies as a major threat to American families.

Beau Boulter, a former Texas representative who served with DeLay in Congress, says that he "has grown by leaps and bounds in his Christian faith," and adds, "He gets his strength from prayer." Boulter pointed out that DeLay is a foster parent to two adolescents, who live with his wife in a home newly built by the couple on the edge of a country club in Sugar Land. DeLay, Boulter says, "doesn't just talk the talk, he also walks the walk." (DeLay has long been the subject of a nasty, and apparently false, rumor that one of his foster children is actually his own illegitimate child. Following the impeachment proceedings, he called a meeting of his top lieutenants in order to deny it.)

In a speech a few months ago, DeLay said that one reason he became a Republican was that the Party "believes in the American family as the foundation of our society, and how important it is to hold these families together." At the same time, within the DeLay family itself there have been various estrangements. Last February, DeLay, in an interview that appeared in the magazine *George*, described his older brother, Ray, as a "real skid-row type," whose whereabouts were unknown. Yet Ray DeLay lives a few miles from his brother and is listed in the Houston phone book. He is now an evangelical minister in the Harris County jail system.

In "testimony" faxed to me on the letterhead of Viray Ministries, Ray said that "the sin of self-centeredness" had led to "alcohol addiction," which, in turn, had "led to ruined lives, emergency rooms, treatment centers, state hospitals, jails, and ultimately to prison," and he added that his brother—Randolph—in "an act of true love," was the one who "turned me in." A spokesman for the South Dakota Department of Corrections confirmed that Ray DeLay served two years of a three-year sentence, from 1993 until 1995, in the state peniten-

A love story that will rock the world.

SALMAN RUSHDIE'S

THE GROUND BENEATH HER FEET

"Smashing. An ambitious, playful marvel...joins a body of work that may well last as long as the mythologies it celebrates." —DAVID KIPEN, *SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*

"Magnificent, monstrously inventive....The book has a druggy, dizzying power.... The most playful of masterpieces." —WILL BLYTHE, *MIRABELLA*

"Exuberant and elegiac. Rushdie is a real writer, and in this book he...makes us laugh with the sheer proliferating energy of his call." —MICHAEL WOOD, FRONT PAGE, *THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW*

"Completely seductive. This is Rushdie at his absolute, almost insolently global best."—TONI MORRISON

"The best thing ever written about rock and roll. It is rock and roll."—MICHAEL PAKENHAM, *THE BALTIMORE SUN*

ALREADY IN ITS FOURTH PRINTING

Henry Holt and Company
www.groundbeneath.com

A selection of the Book-of-the-Month and Quality Paperback Book Clubs

tiary in Sioux Falls, after pleading guilty to a second felony conviction, grand theft—stealing a Chevrolet pickup, two rifles, and other items. In an interview, Ray said that he was "born again" five years ago, and he credits this with turning his life around. As for his famous brother, he says, "Tommy? I've tried to reach him for the past several years. He hasn't responded." Ray says that he has no idea why. "You have to ask him. I've tried to reach him. But he never gets back. I guess he's a busy man."

According to Ray, Randolph also struggled with alcohol; he eventually became a lawyer and lobbyist and an enthusiastic supporter of substance-abuse programs. DeLay has said that to avoid conflicts of interest with Randolph's lobbying business he has seen his brother only in chance encounters at airports. Randy DeLay would not be interviewed for this story; a sister, Tena, could not be found. DeLay has also been estranged from his widowed mother, who lives in the area. (Charlie DeLay was killed in a freak accident at his home, in 1988.) According to Ray DeLay, when Danielle was married, last July, the Congressman's mother was not invited. Nor did a five-hundred-and-fifty-word announcement submitted by the family to the local paper mention her. "She was very upset," Ray says. "It was terrible for her." On being asked what caused the rift, he says, "You got to ask Tom DeLay about that."

DELAY was elected to the House of Representatives in 1984, in Ronald Reagan's landslide reëlection, and has been returned with huge margins ever since. The Twenty-second Congressional District, which he represents, is a microcosm of the rightward shift nationally in the G.O.P.'s power base, and, by casting himself as a social and religious conservative, DeLay positioned himself perfectly. Moderate Fort Bend Republicans such as Beverly Carter, who owns a newspaper and a cable-television station in DeLay's district, blame themselves for letting what Carter calls "radical right-wing Christian groups" take over the local G.O.P. Now, she says, they dominate local precinct elections, controlling the nominating process much the way the left took over the Democratic Party during the seventies. DeLay has served these interests assiduously. Indeed, Randy Tate, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, has likened him to a Domino's Pizza delivery man. When the group needs help, "he's there in thirty minutes or it's free," Tate says.

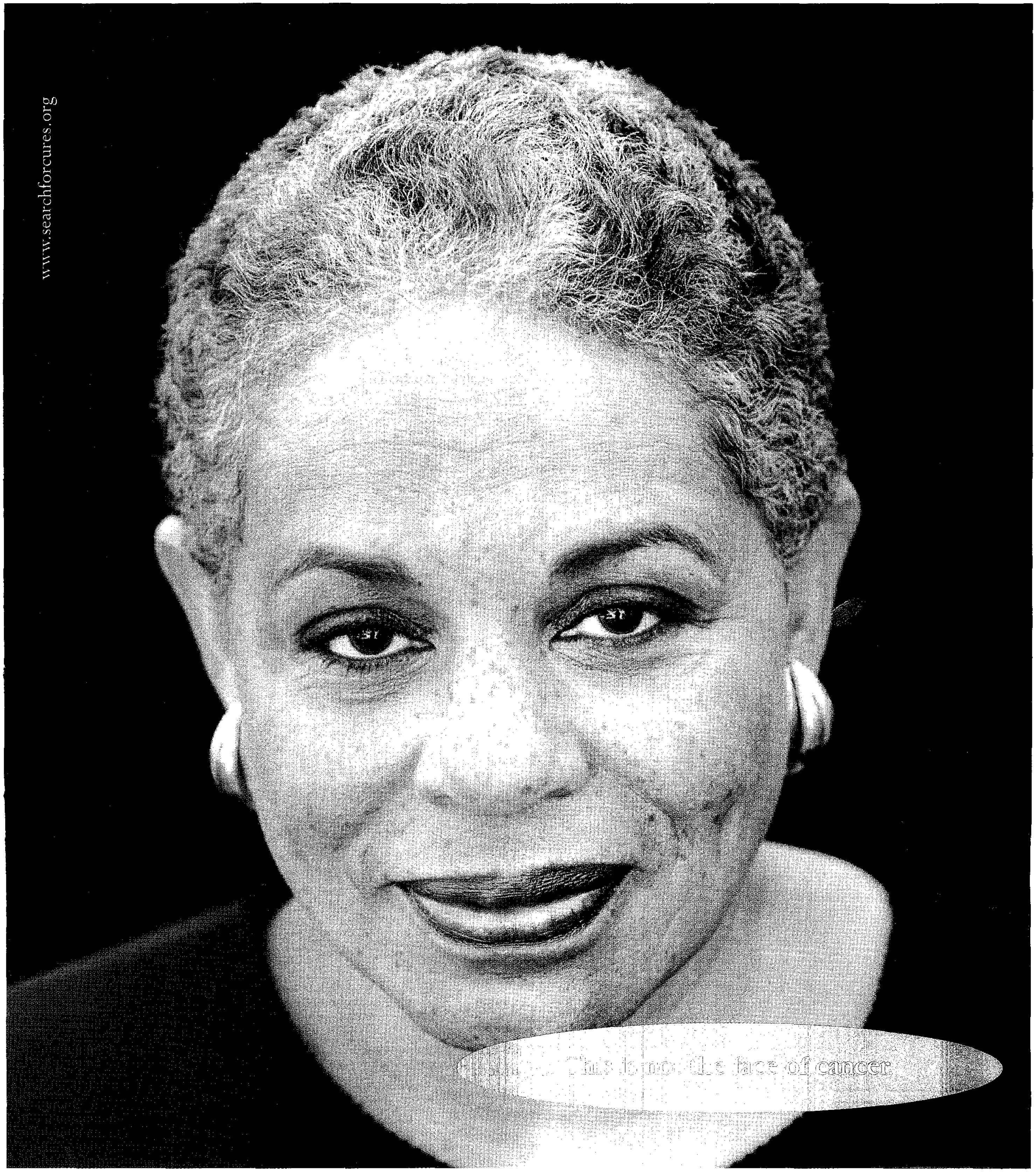
DeLay soon allied himself with Gingrich and his "nuts in the wilderness," as one supporter fondly recalls them, who jeered, disrupted, and in other ways displayed a sort of open contempt for their opponents, which separated them from the G.O.P.'s Old Guard. At one point, DeLay compared the Environmental Protection Agency to "the Gestapo," and tried to attach seventeen riders to cut the agency's appropriations. Even after the rebels became the majority, in 1994, they continued to act like an obstructionist minority, even forcing the government to shut down during a 1995 budget stand-off with Clinton. DeLay has cited his negotiations with Clinton during the government shutdown as the origin of his distrust of the President, but he began denouncing Clinton even before Clinton won the White House. Recently, DeLay said, "We have a President I don't trust, who has proven my reason for not trusting him." This reflects not only his position on the Kosovo crisis but a longtime refusal to accept Clinton as a legitimate leader.

TO MY OLD ADDRESSES

Help! Get out of here! Go walking!
Forty-six (I think) Commerce Street, New York City
The Quai des Brumes nine thousand four hundred twenty-six, Paris
Georgia Tech University Department of Analogues
Jesus Freak Avenue No. 2, in Clattery, Michigan
George Washington Model Airplane School, Bisbee, Arizona
Wonderland, the stone font, Grimm's Fairy Tales
Forty-eight Greenwich Avenue the landlady has a dog
She lets run loose in the courtyard seven
Charles Street which Stefan Volpe sublet to me
Hotel de Fleurus in Paris, Via Convincularia in Rome
Where the motorcycles speed
Twelve Hamley Road in Southwest London O
My old addresses! O my addresses! Are you addresses still?
Or has the hand of Time roughed over you
And buffered and stuffed you with peels of lemons, limes, and shells
From old institutes? If I address you
It is mostly to know if you are well.
I am all right but I think I will never find
Sustenance as I found in you, oh old addresses
Numbers that sink into my soul
Forty-eight, nineteen, twenty-three, O worlds in which I was alive!

—Kenneth Koch

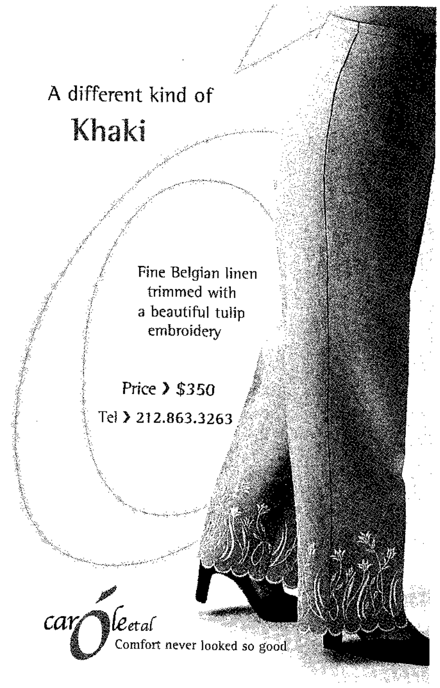
DELAY tends to divide people into categories: he and his allies are on a great crusade, and his opponents are blood enemies. This intense partisanship has caused trouble for him in the House: last week, the ethics committee issued a rare rebuke, chastising DeLay for his attempt last fall to punish a lobbying group for hiring a Democrat. Still, those who are on DeLay's side defend him vigorously. Houston's former mayor Bob Lanier, a Democrat, says, "When he's with you, you get a hundred per cent. If I was down in the trenches, I'd just as soon have Tom DeLay as anyone I know. He's dogged and courageous, and he doesn't mind taking a stand." Lanier also maintains that DeLay is "a nicer guy by far than people think," and that view is shared by many of his colleagues. Barney Frank told me that last year, during funeral services for the Capitol policeman who was killed by a deranged gunman outside DeLay's office, the Whip was positively squishy, and asked Frank to "give me a hug." But, Lanier says, DeLay also has "a great


www.searchforcures.org
This is not the face of cancer.

It's the face of Alexine Clement Jackson. Mother, grandmother and national president of the YWCA. At 50, she found out she had breast cancer, a disease that killed her mother when Alexine was only 4. She credits 12 years in remission to her doctors and advanced medicines developed by America's pharmaceutical company researchers. And pharmaceutical researchers will never stop looking for better medicines and ultimately a cure. It gives people like Alexine hope for the future and the future of their families.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures

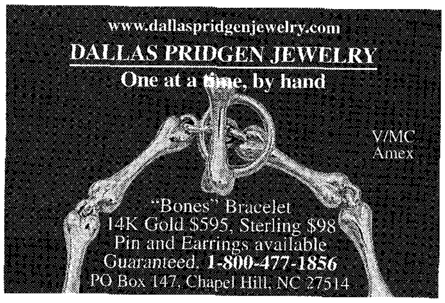

A different kind of
Khaki

Fine Belgian linen
trimmed with
a beautiful tulip
embroidery

Price › $350
Tel › 212.863.3263

carOle etal
Comfort never looked so good

For Dad...
It's a big universe out there... check it out with this hand polished brass EXPLORER™ telescope. Crystal clear 8x-power refractor magnification optics produces bright and crisp images. Adjustable focus scope is complete with brass dust cap. Oversized & adjustable mahogany tripod legs with carry strap and handsome wood storage box. Brass surveyor feet for stability. A useful and decorative addition to your home, office or beach house. 32" Tube, 60" high. Imported in partnership with Two's Company Gaze into the millennium, or the harbor, with this beautifully crafted instrument.
One-year warranty.
#TS110. Price $495.
ORDER TODAY!
Toll Free: 877.844.GIFT (4438)
www.midnight-pass.com
Box 489, Marshfield Hills, MA 02051 USA
Ad Code:TNY03


www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
V/MC
Amex
"Bones" Bracelet
14K Gold $595, Sterling $98
Pin and Earrings available
Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

JIM COPP & ED BROWN
RECORDS
"for small fry and sophisticated adults"
CD's, Tapes & some LP's
Playhouse Records, Box 36061, Los Angeles, CA 90036
http://members.aol.com/playhytone
Phone orders: 800-613-6968

SOCK GARTERS Handmade in England.
Keep your socks up where they belong.
Perfect Father's day gift. $33.50 delivered.
Fig 1.
Raresilks, extremely stylish gear
To order: 1 800 816 2303 www.raresilks.com

ability to take out political enemies."

A prime example may be Jacqueline Blankenship, a Republican activist who has been a precinct chairman in DeLay's district, is on the committee of the Texas Federation of Republican Women, and was once a volunteer in DeLay's office. In 1993, her husband, Robert, a partner in DeLay's pest-control company, was fired by DeLay, and thereupon sued him. As Michael Berryhill, of the Houston *Press*, first reported, DeLay eventually agreed to pay the Blankenships an unspecified sum in an out-of-court settlement. But the acrimony went on for years.

Jacqueline Blankenship, who works as a campaign and mediation consultant, says that DeLay has tried to ruin her professionally. She jokes that she is the "Victims of Tom DeLay poster child," but she is serious when she says, "He will not leave me alone." In 1994, she recounts, DeLay persuaded a candidate she was advising to ask her to step down. Another candidate, Milton Wright, whose campaign for sheriff she was managing, told me that a member of the board of the National Rifle Association had called him from Washington and warned him that if he didn't fire her DeLay would support his opponent's campaign and withdraw promised backing from the N.R.A. Wright says that he told DeLay's ally to "kiss my ass." Immediately afterward, he says, DeLay gave an estimated seventy thousand dollars to the rival campaign. DeLay also funded a "push poll" that asked potential voters how they would feel if they knew that Wright had no "local law-enforcement experience." Wright, who spent fifteen years as a Texas Ranger, told me, "I was irritated for a day or two. But it put a little fire up my butt." With a chuckle, he said that DeLay "is just five foot seven if he's wearing high heels," and added, "Some of this may be attributed to the small man's ego."

After Wright won, DeLay said that he had supported the rival only because he was a friend. But Beverly Carter, for whom Blankenship works part time, says DeLay admitted to her that Blankenship was the real problem. "Politics is personal with him," she says. Blankenship says she worries that "people don't know how brutal he is." She goes on, "He doesn't just have an enemy. He wants to stomp them."

DeLay's legal squabbles with the Blankenships left an embarrassing trail of court documents, particularly after DeLay had accused Clinton during the impeachment hearings of lying under oath and "trying to use legalese and lawyerese to do two-steps around the questions." In a sworn deposition in 1994, DeLay claimed that he was not an officer of Albo Pest Control, the company that he, Robert Blankenship, and a third partner owned, nor had he been an officer during the past two or three years. Yet, on his congressional financial-disclosure forms, which he had to sign, he listed himself during the years in question—1991, 1992, 1993, and 1994—as the chairman of the company's board. There were also several other inconsistencies between his congressional filings and his sworn civil deposition.

When the discrepancies emerged, earlier this year, the Houston *Chronicle*, which has always endorsed DeLay, called on him to explain his actions publicly. So far, he has addressed the concerns only in a closed meeting with his top deputies and in a written statement, released by an aide, denying any wrongdoing and arguing that a "clarifying document" had been overlooked by his "enemies."

Last fall, a wealthy Republican campaign contributor in Orange County, in southeast Texas, charged that DeLay and several associates directed him to launder campaign contributions. In 1996, this man, Peter Cloeren, who is a plastics manufacturer, wanted to help a conservative Republican candidate, Brian Babin, who was running for Congress. DeLay came down to campaign for Babin and, according to Cloeren, was seated next to him at lunch at a local country club. Cloeren gave DeLay a tour of his factory. During the visit, Cloeren says he told DeLay that he would like to donate more to Babin but had reached the legal limit. DeLay, he says, told him that he could help Cloeren find "additional vehicles." Soon afterward, Cloeren says, he was approached by a DeLay aide, who suggested that he contribute money to two out-of-state candidates, in whom he had no interest. Shortly after that, records reportedly show, those campaigns donated identical amounts of money to Babin—a scheme that appears to be in direct violation of campaign-finance laws.

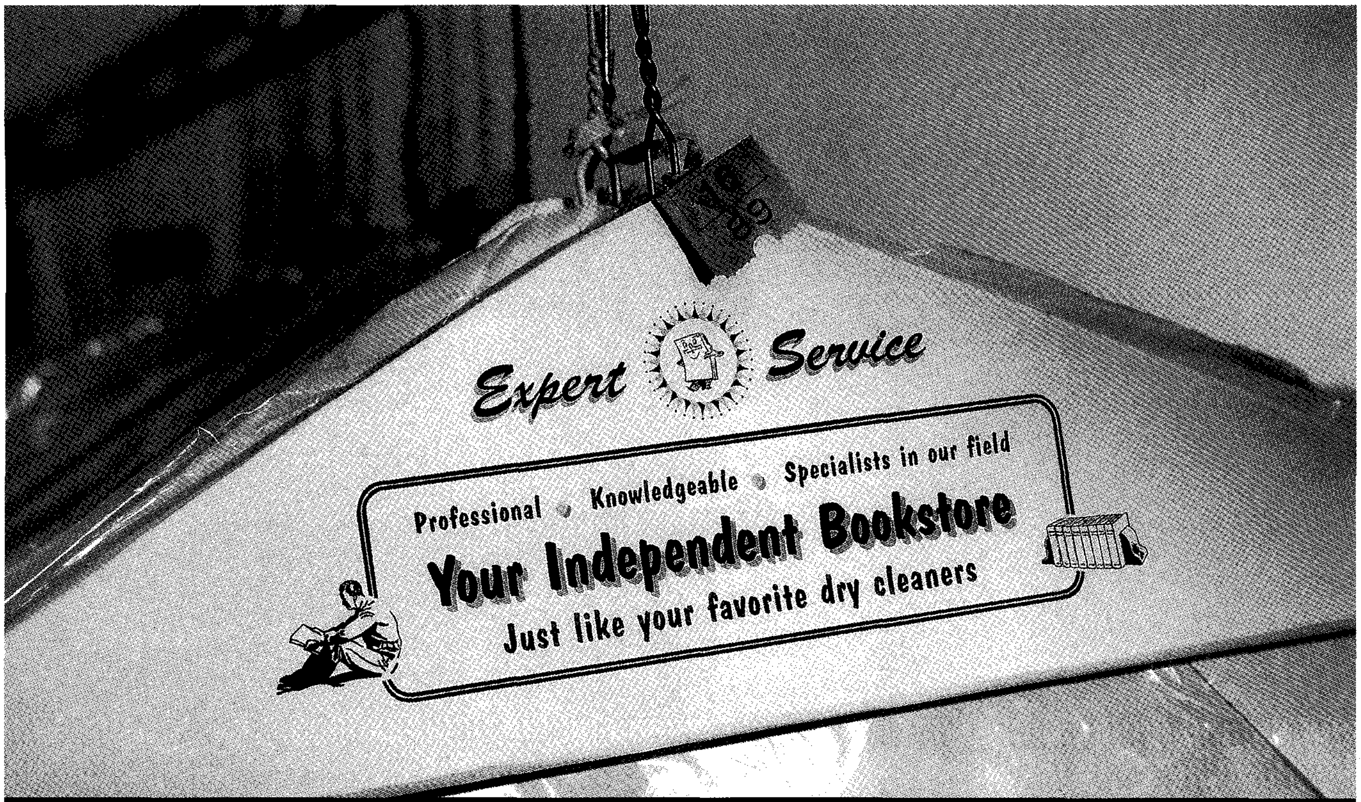
Cloeren pleaded guilty to other campaign-finance violations in the Babin campaign, but he maintains that it was DeLay and his staff who directed the money-laundering operation, which the local United States Attorney and the United States Justice Department declined to prosecute. Cloeren says that he was worried about whether to make his charges public, because he'd been warned that DeLay could be vindictive. Upon being confronted with Cloeren's accusations, DeLay said, on national television, "I don't know this man from Adam. I was at lunch and he now has admitted that he had spoken to me for about three minutes." An aide to DeLay also denounced Cloeren as "a liar, a cheat, and a fraud." Babin, who lost the race, has denied Cloeren's charges, too. Cloeren says his business has had four state audits in the past six months, compared with none in the previous five years.

DELAY'S recent embrace of dovish isolationism is something of a gamble for a party trying to find an identity beyond anti-Clintonism. Internationalists within the G.O.P., such as William Kristol, have accused DeLay's faction of leading the Republicans off a "cliff" into "pathetic incoherence." Even the ordinarily supportive Houston *Chronicle* has criticized DeLay and Congress for "holding the U.S. government up to ridicule and emboldening the enemy." But, as Americans become more worried about involvement in the Balkans, DeLay's opposition may bring political rewards.

Meanwhile, DeLay plans to return to fund-raising—an activity that won him the nickname the Hammer—in the hope of raising enough money to keep the House of Representatives in Republican hands. Last year, DeLay's own political-action committee gave more than five hundred thousand dollars to nearly a hundred Republican congressional candidates. This year, the PAC's director, Jim Ellis, says that DeLay wants to raise and contribute a million dollars. "He's absolutely committed to making sure our people win," Ellis says.

DeLay has also reached out to the governor of Texas, George W. Bush, to whom he has never been particularly close; after all, DeLay was among the Republicans who attacked President Bush from the right when he raised taxes. But DeLay chose Roy Blunt—a Republican congressman from Missouri who soon became George Bush's top liaison in the House—to be his new chief deputy. A source close to Bush predicts that DeLay will begin to moderate his rhetoric in accordance with the presumptive Presidential candidate's "compassionate conservatism."

Even so, DeLay's talent for attack will undoubtedly play an important part in the next campaign. John Roberts, a Republican campaign operative, says, "The textbook that has been written on negative politics in the past twenty years is that it works. And DeLay understands not only the text but every footnote in it." Indeed, DeLay's former communications director, John Feehery, who now works for Speaker Hastert, told me, "It's never too soon to take on Al Gore. He's so much further left than Bill Clinton—I mean, he doesn't like the combustion engine. And 'no controlling legal authority'?" Freehery is referring to the way Gore has explained his campaign fund-raising lapses. "We're licking our chops." ♦


Expert Service
Professional • Knowledgeable • Specialists in our field
Your Independent Bookstore
Just like your favorite dry cleaners

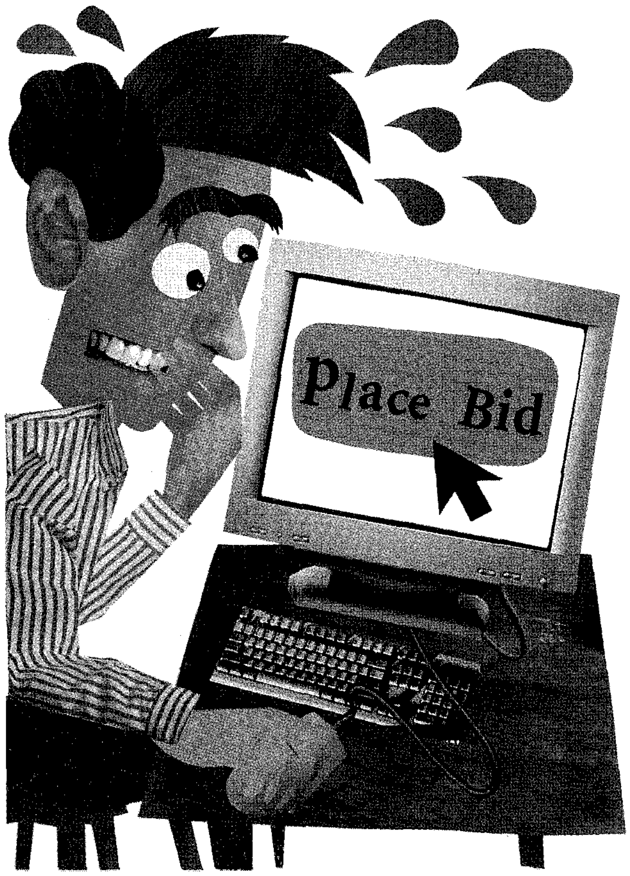
Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds
For your nearest independent bookstore, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE or look for this logo.
BOOK sense

THE WIRED WORLD

STOP ME BEFORE I SHOP AGAIN!

Never before has so much been available to so many.

BY JAMES GLEICK



At eBay and other Internet bazaars, pretty much the entire human experience seems to be for sale.

STEPHEN KRONINGER

STUFF has been lying dormant in the world's attics and garages—stuff we might call "junk," like that Early American iron steam whistle, that 1938 Luzianne coffee tin (three inches tall and apparently used as a piggy bank), that 1962 Geiger counter, with its original yellow carrying strap, and all the rest of the detritus of our productive little species. Suddenly, this stuff is on the move. It's churning through the Internet's new auction bazaars like water through Hoover Dam, maybe just destined for future attics and garages but providing considerable entertainment along the way. Economists have used the concept of velocity, *V*, to measure the turnover of the money supply. Now our flotsam and jetsam seem to be acquiring a velocity of their own. Look at eBay, the biggest of the auction sites that have sprung up on line. This place, if it is a place, is a billion-acre garage sale. Two million sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and forty-three auctions are under way right now, in real time. More than eight hundred of them involve, specifically, Collectibles-Advertising-Candy-M&M—boxes, cards, molds, planters, and an orange die-cast Reese's Pieces airplane bank ("only 5,000 were made," way back in 1992, the seller assures us). Pass them on. Then pass them on again.

It's not just old stuff. New retail merchandise is flowing in along with the antiques and "collectibles," and it's easy to get hooked. I'd never bought a laser pointer—I'd never even desired a laser pointer—but I suddenly couldn't resist. I found myself at a "Featured Auction," happening before my eyes. The flashing blue icon said "COOL." This laser pointer was made of metal, not plastic, and the seller, one selwine@ix.netcom.com, stressed that it has been banned in many urban school systems. Also, it is vital in business presentations. Also, if you have pets, "they love to chase the little dot." But mainly I felt a hankering to own one of the century's essential pieces of technology, a powerful, pulsating energy machine that would surely have cost a lot more a few years ago. The ineffable Selwine called for bids of at least $13.99. He promised that in six days, at precisely 8:19:17 A.M. P.D.T., he would award a laser to each of the four hundred highest bidders. So, what to bid? Being new to this auction thing, I decided to type in a crafty "$14."

Then I waited. And browsed a few of the other ongoing auctions, here in the land of exclamation points. The eBay Webmasters have organized and reorganized this cornucopia into "1,627 categories now!"—a giant directory, always in flux. Anyone can sign up and list an item for sale, and then everyone else can start bidding. The process is meant to be easier than the average arcade game. You choose a suitably cute or mysterious User ID ("muscles" or "buygonetrading" or "lulu32"). You type in a few sentences of description and, if you wish, put digitized photographs of the merchandise on line. (This makes the Erotica categories especially popular for browsing.) For a two-dollar fee, you can add a boldface title to your listing. For $99.95, you can buy a place in the rotating list of featured auctions. (You didn't think eBay was choosing these on the basis of merit, did you?) Sellers specify a minimum bid, and the eBay computers handle the rest. So here is a Drop Dead!!! one-of-a-kind Art Nouveau bronze chandelier with floral detail and mermaid cutouts, acquired from a Bel Air estate. I could bid on any one of the two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five Furbys for sale today. Or a car. Or a house. Or "Soul of a 15-year-old girl, somewhat depleted and abused but still in good shape! Comes in an attractive cigarette box!"

The people at eBay aren't scrutinizing the offerings. They stay away from shipping and handling, settling payment—that sort of thing. They're just lending us their virtual back yard for a vast, free-floating, never-ending tag sale. They estimate that they get eight million unique visitors a month. More than five hundred million dollars' worth of stuff got sold in the first quarter of this year, and the number has been almost doubling from quarter to quarter. Of course, eBay takes a piece of the action: from one and a quarter to five per cent of every deal. Pretty much the entire human experience seems to be for sale, at eBay or some other Internet bazaar. Did you need "Las Vegas Rms New Yrs Eve 1999 for 3 nights"? How about a tee time for next Sunday morning—the 8:50 at the Heritage Palms Golf Club, in Indio, California, is available. The current bid: ninety-one dollars.

The new, on-line retailers of books, recorded music, and computer equipment have invaded their respective business territories to much greater fanfare. And with reason: the flow of goods through the mercantile world has never before been rerouted so dramatically, so fast. The news that Amazon.com, formerly a bookstore, has bought chunks of Drugstore.com and Pets.com should make one wonder whether it was ever that much fun trudging to real-world shops to stand in line for vitamins, laxatives, condoms, or dog food. But these retail enterprises, powerful though they will grow, are not the truest harbingers of the economy of the twenty-first century. That role falls to an assortment of odd marketplaces—auction bazaars with names that drive copy editors mad. Besides eBay, there are uBid, Onsale, AuctionBuy, AuctionInc., AuctionPort, AuctionAddict.com, bid4it, Up4Sale, Bidaway, EZbid. Now Amazon, too, is starting an auction service and is buying a company called LiveBid. Just as the World Wide Web seems to be turning every computer owner into a "content provider"—publisher, broadcaster, artist, commentator—the auction sites promise to make all of us merchants. "We have to partner with thousands of sellers, even millions of sellers, over time," says Amazon's sportive founder and C.E.O., Jeff Bezos. "Our customers in a way are now able to compete with us."

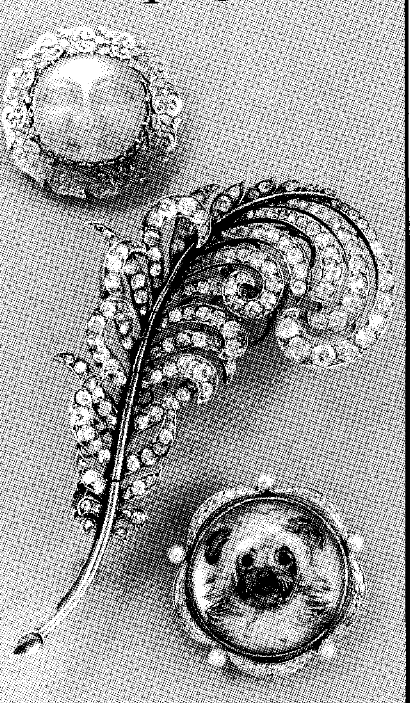
Call these outfits junkmongers or facilitators of electronic commerce. Either way, Wall Street is having trouble coming to grips with them. When eBay went public eight months ago, for eighteen dollars a share, *Forbes* warned investors to watch out for the hype, the outrageous ratio of price to earnings, and the scent of "a bogus bill of goods." This was fair. Three years earlier, eBay had been nothing more than a personal World Wide Web page belonging to a bearded, bespectacled software engineer named Pierre Omidyar, who had also written a free program for playing chess on line. Luckily for people who ignored *Forbes*, eBay not only has failed to collapse but has climbed tenfold. Now the financial markets assign to this little San Jose, California, company a value greater than the combined worth of K mart, United Airlines, Apple Computer, and U.S. Steel. Unlike some Internet companies, eBay actually makes a profit. Anyway, the people driving up the stock price aren't the pros; they're day traders, sitting at home computers, hopping in and out of the stock with an attention span measured in minutes. Their mental arithmetic goes, *Take all global commerce and multiply by one and a quarter to five per cent. . . .* And when the market closes and they need to cool down, they point their computers to eBay and trade sports memorabilia: cards, autographed balls, Olympic hand-me-downs. Maybe someone, somewhere, will actually bid $9.99 for this "glass Snickers commemorative canister type candy jar" from the 1992 Olympic Games in Barcelona. It might have some kind of personal meaning.

The eBay people see their service as a counterforce to an overcommoditized world, with Gaps and Starbucks in every downtown. They talk about using technology in the cause of individualism—as though we were a race of people defined by our fetishes. Certainly the world has never before seemed so full of tchotchkes and curios. Omidyar, who is thirty-two, started the company because his girlfriend collected Pez dispensers and needed an on-line forum for trading them. One eBay vice-president collects Monopoly games and Depression glass; another collects hand-painted toy soldiers. "People are at a certain fundamental level prewired to love collecting things," Steve Westly, the v.p. with toy soldiers, says. "They want to return to their childhood or memories that have had a special meaning." Either that or we're big dumb squirrels who can't stop gathering nuts.

Executives at eBay and Amazon alike say that they are really building communities, composed of people who could never before have found so many secret fellow-obsessives on the trail of Barbie shoes or Wonder Woman figurines. They have auction cheerleaders to egg people on. "Express Yourself," urge the managers of eBay's jewelry neighborhood. "If you could have any piece of jewelry that you wanted, money (and any other types of reality) being no object, what would it be and why? Click here to share your thoughts." Hundreds of people do click there: "I think it would be great to have a piece of jewelry from everyone in the world so that you could spend every day looking at different jewelry. Now, that isn't too much to ask, is it?"

No, it isn't too much to ask. People who care about nothing so much as

Antique Jewels

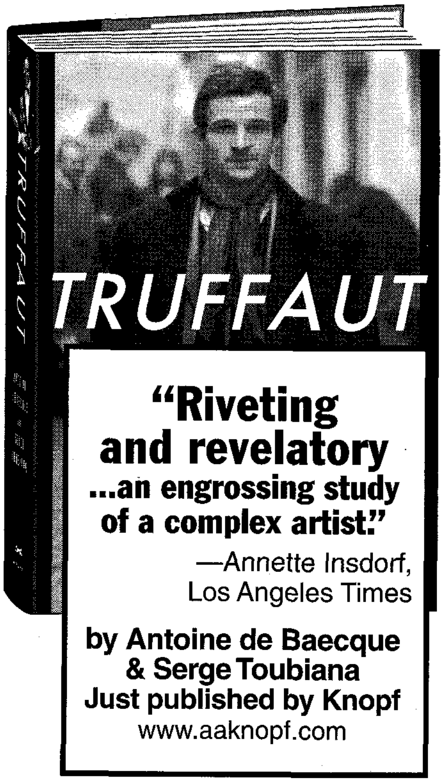


J. MAVEC & CO.
946 Madison Avenue at 75th Street
New York 10021 Tel (212) 517-7665

Hike the Alps.
Author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson leads special hiking trips in the Swiss and Italian Alps–Champoluc, Grindelwald, Kandersteg, Merano, Pontresina, Poschiavo, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our **27th** summer!
For information contact: **Alpine Travel Inc.**
P.O. Box 159 - NY
White Plains, NY 10605
Telephone: (800) 291-8126
E-Mail: ati@bestweb.net

Galápagos Islands!
Plus Ecuador & Peru!
Best boats & naturalists available! Weekly cruise departures from $2180!
International Wildlife Adventures
P.O. Box 1410, Vashon, WA 98070
(800) 593-8881
Internet Web Site:http://www.wildlifeadventures.com

Art in Provence
paint and live the beauty
Two week workshops for painters of all levels
Experienced instructors · Charming host
For brochure, telephone: (802) 457-5169


TRUFFAUT

"Riveting and revelatory ...an engrossing study of a complex artist."
—Annette Insdorf, Los Angeles Times

by Antoine de Baecque & Serge Toubiana
Just published by Knopf
www.aaknopf.com

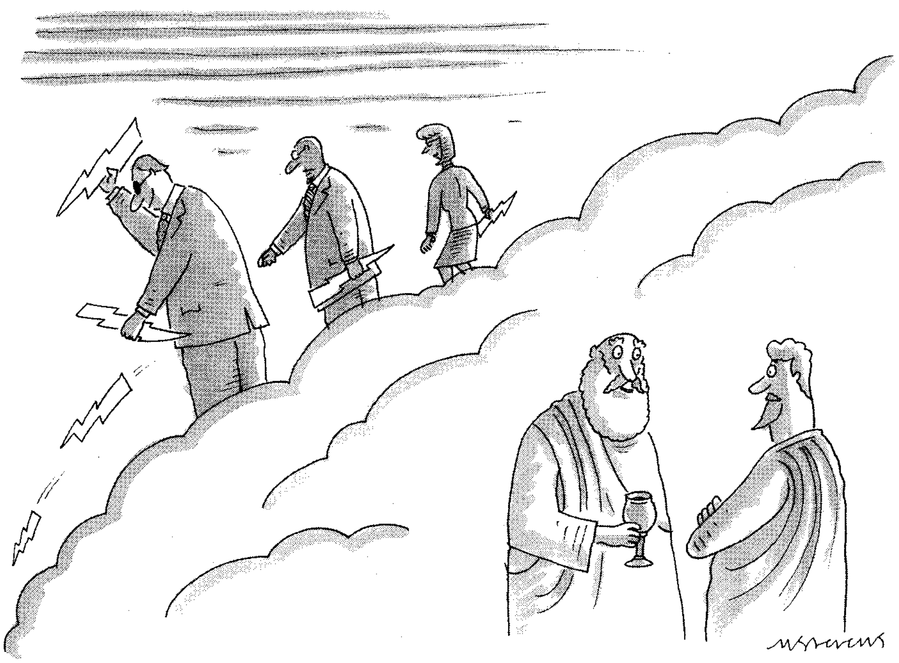
Country Casual TEAK GARDEN FURNISHINGS
1-301-926-9195
www.countrycasual.com
100 Page Colour Catalogue
Free Shipment from Stock
9085 Comprint Court, Ste. 2039, Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Women, Weight & Wellness
Lifelong Solutions for Weight, Image and Eating-related Issues ... Since 1973
GREEN MOUNTAIN at FOX RUN
www.fitwoman.com
Brochure requests: 800.448.8106

SUPERB HANDMADE TIE ~'PETROL'
Crisp, elegant black & white puppytooth.
$95.00 delivered. Certificate of limited edition. Perfectly packaged for Father's day.
Raresilks, ties that appreciate
To order: 1 800 816 2303 www.raresilks.com

EUROPE by CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
212-581-3040 • 800-223-1516
9000 SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069
323-272-0424 • 800-252-9401
SAVE ON • RENTAL • TAX-FREE LEASE • HOTELS
www.europebycar.com

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 220 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
www.uptontea.com
231 South St. ✻ Hopkinton, MA 01748



"I used to do it all myself, but now I have my lawyers handle it."

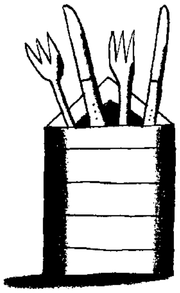
jewelry can spend every day looking at different jewelry. They can buy, and sell, and buy, and sell, or, at least, bid on, or view pictures of, or dream of, something not too far short of "jewelry from everyone in the world." The same goes for people who prefer antique microscopes, Beanie Babies, camera lenses, duck stamps, erotic photographs, or French brocade pillow covers. Or guns: eBay, reacting to criticism, has stopped providing a venue for the trading of firearms, but scores of less fastidious sites have leaped in to perform this service.

For human beings as shoppers, barterers, traders, collectors, and hagglers, the on-line bazaars represent a rapid retreat of the horizon. In olden days, someone in need of a Teddy bear would, at most, explore for it as far as the handful of stores near home. The consumer's reach grew with mail-order catalogues and the Yellow Pages. We have telephone ordering and FedEx. Still, the options were limited. Suddenly, the marketplace for Teddy bears is truly global—not to mention the marketplace for Furbys. Not only buyers can reach farther; so can sellers.

Charles Chiarchiaro, a Maine antique dealer who has been obsessed with old steam whistles since he was a boy of seven, now trades them on eBay, simultaneously buying from and selling to a larger peer group than he had ever imagined possible. He's waiting to see if eleven hundred dollars will win him the variable-tone Crane Mockingbird fire whistle being auctioned. He sees it as a "technological icon, a representation of technology and industrial art." Even when he travels to real flea markets, as he still does, he brings his P.C. along and monitors his eBay auctions through his car phone. I know how he feels. It turns out that I could have called RadioShack or the Sharper Image and got a laser pointer for anywhere from thirty-nine to ninety-nine dollars, but that's a bit pricey. And, besides, I hadn't realized I wanted one. Meanwhile, U.S. Pawn Inc., an operator of old-fashioned pawnshops, is rushing to open its own global on-line pawnshop-cum-auction service.

The auction process is a loopy kind of entertainment that is even more hypnotic than the Home Shopping Network. It's a participant sport. Bonnie Burton, a compulsive shopper who has started an "eBay Weirdness Mailing List," says she is reliving her childhood in daily auctions of pop-culture toys—Little Miss No Name, Spirograph, Talking View-Master. She finds herself getting frenzied over a small, waiflike plastic doll: "I started at twenty-five dollars, but ten minutes before the auction ended I got outbid over and over again by some pesky old-man collector. I wanted to E-mail him during the bidding to ask what the hell an old man needed a little dolly for? Was he a perv? Could I make him ashamed, so he'd let me win? Yeah, right. One thing you have to remember on eBay: no one has any shame, ever!" She hung in and won the doll, for sixty dollars. In theory, bidders can avoid this kind of undignified last-minute craziness. You can tell eBay what you are "really" willing to pay, and the computers will increment your bid for you as is necessary, keeping your bottom-line number secret from the other bidders. In reality, though, people seem to prefer making their own heat-of-the-moment decisions, costly though that can be. "You start thinking of different ways to outsmart other bidders so you can get that mint-condition Super Spirograph," Burton says. "It's sick, and we're all happy to be addicts."

THE average sale price for an item at eBay is modest—under fifty dollars. If I want to get more serious about this, maybe I should look at the on-line auctions that are under way over at Butterfield & Butterfield, the venerable San Francisco auction house, which is now trying, as they put it, to "leverage our traditional model to the Internet world." Past meets present, and past keeps on meeting present. I could bid on first editions of Nabokov's "Lolita" and Madonna's "Sex" (the latter guaranteed to be unopened). Sotheby's is preparing to open a sothebys.com auction business this summer. Christies.com hopes to start Internet auctions in September, notwithstanding its scorn for certain unnamed "recent on-line auction initiatives." ("It is not surprising," Christie's C.E.O., Christopher Davidge, declared recently, "that these initiatives have come under considerable criticism and raise concerns of potential fraud.")

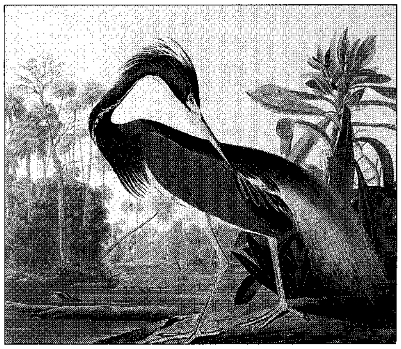


All these houses stress their old-line virtues. They appraise and authenticate and stand behind the merchandise that passes through their doors, even if the doors are virtual. George Noceti, Butterfield's senior vice-president for Internet strategy, says that the people who really know auctions are the old, old auction firms. Those mini-auctions over at eBay just barely qualify as auctions. "They're glorified classified ads in most cases," Noceti says. "But the matching they do is the best I've ever seen—people who want to buy with people who want to sell. Everybody can participate: you can put something on sale for a dollar; you can put something on sale for a hundred dollars." Or a thousand, or a hundred thousand. It hardly needs to be added that after a hundred and thirty-four years in the business Butterfield & Butterfield filed for an I.P.O. this year. But they have already cancelled it. Instead, eBay is buying the whole company.

IT'S worth remembering that the auction and all its variants, including formal and informal haggling, predate fixed pricing in economic history. Academics have long argued about whether auctions—dynamic, raucous, and equilibrium-seeking as they are—lead to fair prices. Why shouldn't they, as long as they are open and honest? Because we humans aren't robots. Richard H. Thaler, a University of Chicago economist, argues in his provocative book "The Winner's Curse" that people who win auctions almost automatically overpay. If you take a jar of coins to a bar, he says, and auction it off to the assembled patrons, the average bid will probably be less than its real value but the winning bid will be greater—because everybody is guessing, and some people will guess too high. And if the on-line world is like a bar it's very, very big and very, very crowded. Then again, not everything has a "true" value. It's easier to put a rational price on a jar of coins than on a vintage Little Miss No Name. Our obsessions and irrationalities aside, the global on-line auction does seem to represent a leap forward in price-setting efficiency, if only because of the sheer volume of information now sloshing around the world at high speed. There are few secrets here. Thousands of laser pointers are up for sale on eBay at any given moment: *Liquidation! Blowout! Incredible closeout!* All these mercurial transactions establish a knowledge-driven marketplace. In another eBay auction, you can buy for a dollar a list of fifty wholesale laser-pointer distributors.

So sellers like on-line auctions because they get a flood of new bidders, and thus better prices for their merchandise. The bargain-crazed consumers who populate the auctions feel that they, too, are getting better prices. Can this be real? Kevin Kelly, the author of "New Rules for the New Economy: Ten Radical Strategies

AUDUBON
and the Art of
NATURAL HISTORY



SPECIALIZING IN THE FINEST ORIGINAL NATURAL HISTORY ART FROM THE 17TH TO 19TH CENTURIES. FEATURING WORKS BY AUDUBON, REDOUTÉ, GOULD, BESLER AND MANY OTHERS.

KENYON OPPENHEIMER
Wrigley Building, 410 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago. IL 60611 • 312-642-5300
Fax 312-644-9042 • www.audubonart.com
E-mail joppen@audubonart.com
Call for our brochure *Established 1969*

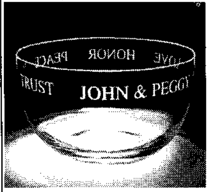
A new recording of Chopin & Liszt piano work

BYRON JANIS
EMI CLASSICS
Chopin & Liszt
7243 5 56780 2 7

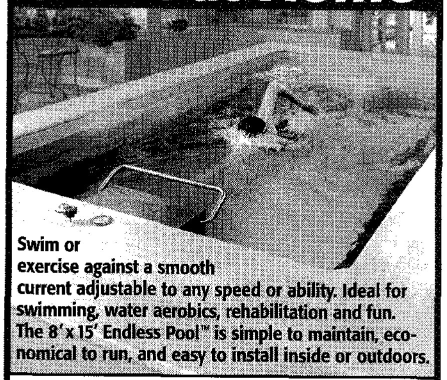
...Byron Janis is still every inch the maestro... the fingers still evoke the music that has raised him among the world's great artists. The Washington Post

1.800.221.8180

The Key to Our Collection
Exquisite Design • Gourmet Food
Personalized Service
800.234.1425
http://www.foursisters.com
FOUR SISTERS INNS
Whidbey Island and Seattle, WA • Napa Valley
San Francisco • Monterey Peninsula • Southern California



CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
831-427-3512



Swim at Home™

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8'x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

For Free Video Call (800) 233-0741, Ext. 546

ENDLESS POOLS™
Visit www.endlesspools.com
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. 200
Aston, PA 19014

Adopt Me!

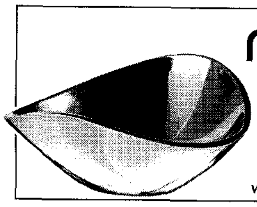
I'm a smart, charming, rare Gloucestershire Old Spots Pig. Adopt me for $25 and help fund the efforts of this educational foundation to conserve endangered livestock like me. You'll receive my photo and an adoption certificate. Please call or write for information about my other farm friends available for adoption.

Love, Muriel

http://www.kelmscott.org

KELMSCOTT
RARE BREEDS
FOUNDATION
RR2 Box 365, N99
Lincolnville, ME 04849-9626
(207) 763-4088

The Sea Stories of
PATRICK O'BRIAN
Seen through the eyes of the World's Finest
MARINE ARTISTS
75 Paintings, Sculptures & Ship Models
May 1-June 1
J. Russell Jinishian Gallery, Inc.
1657 Post Rd., Fairfield, CT 06430
Tel: (203) 259-8753



nambe
SANTA FE
DEDICATED TO DESIGN
SINCE 1951
www.nambe.com

OCEAN VIEW LOTS AVAILABLE.
COSTA RICA
—Pura Jungla Eco-Community—
www.lapurajungla.com
For a brochure call 800 730.6824

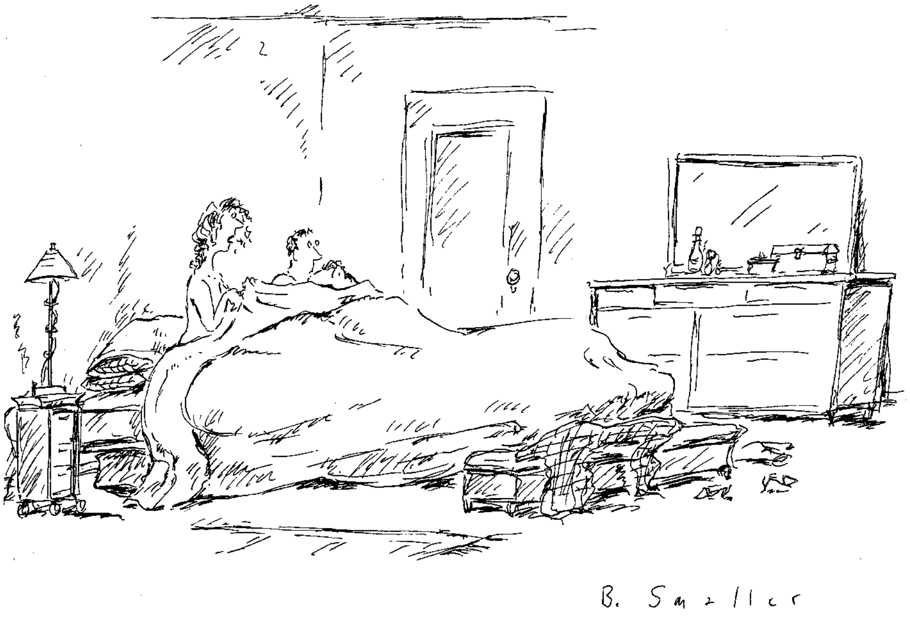
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
PARIS notes
To order call toll free:
1-800-677-9660
www.parisnotes.com
publishing since 1992
current events, culture
history, restaurants
hotels, travel tips
$39 10x/yr

for a Connected World," sees a remarkable illusion of loaves-and-fishes happening here. "The miracle of both sellers' and buyers' doing better at once is really a statement about how clumsy and full of fat the usual way of buying something is," he says. "I don't think this paradoxical state where both buyer and seller gain together is sustainable in the long term. I think it is a sudden and temporary 'gift.' The techniques used in auctions will benefit ordinary retail outlets; the bidding for things and the taking of bids will become so routine that they disappear into the background, done mostly by programs."

ONE tiny detail: payment is still not quite frictionless. The people at eBay just don't get involved, so people have to fuss with checks and money orders. Amazon.com, by contrast, is setting up a system using credit cards. At the less well-organized end of the spectrum, some people think that E-auctions will lead to E-barter. A person with, say, a surplus of Beanie Babies and a need for outdoor furniture could find ways to trade and cut out the middleman. "Barter, sufficiently lubricated by electrons," Kelly says, "bypasses the inefficiencies in money itself." Maybe the whole mercantile economics of the past few millennia will turn out to have been a passing phase. People find themselves as addicted to selling junk as to buying it.

What's really flowing freely, of course, is information. We see now that high profits all along the distribution chain from producer to consumer have depended on pockets of darkness—places where information failed to penetrate. That's why local realtors and car dealers guard their price lists so jealously. It is why retailers have been slow to sell directly on line, where they inevitably compete with their own distributors. It is why pure Information is a major eBay category: wholesale lists; how to make money on government C.D.s; best "Secret Info Sellers Don't Want U to See!" ($9.95); and plenty of vaporous get-rich-quick schemes. In the auction bazaars of the Internet, there will always be someone with a lower price. "The world as we know it today is going to change," says George Noceti, at Butterfield's. "I don't expect us to have new-car lots anymore. Everybody knows that you can get a better price on line than from a dealer." The auction model has begun to transform the business-to-business supply chain as well. Industrial procurement of coal, machine parts, plastic moldings, cosmetics ingredients, and specialty steel has all turned to real-time, interactive, on-line bidding, which saves money and cuts out middlemen.

Jeff Bezos, at Amazon.com, doesn't think electronic commerce means the end of stores, any more than television meant the end of cinema. He finds himself in the enviable position of being able to condescend to what we used to call reality. "The fact of the matter is, the physical world is the best medium ever," he says. "It's an amazing medium. You can



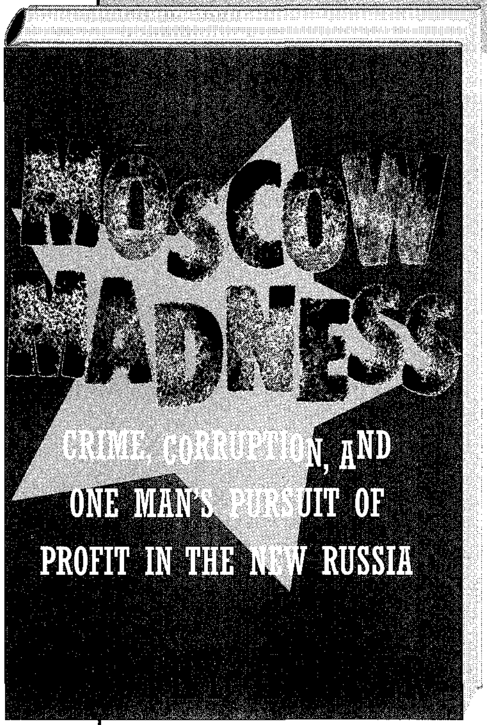
"I feel we haven't moved beyond parallel play."

do more in the physical world than you can do anywhere else. I love the physical world!" Hey, don't we all? But it's 8:19:17, and, lucky me, I have won a laser pointer. (In E-auction world, we don't buy things; we win them.)

Selwine@ix.netcom.com steps out from behind the curtain and reveals himself as Spencer Zink, a sometime wine salesman from Torrance, California. Only thirty-six people bid on this lot of several hundred laser pointers, so we all pay the same as the lowest winning bidder—in this case, the original $13.99. Plus shipping and handling, of course. We're inclined to trust Zink and cheerfully mail off our personal checks, because he rates well in eBay's feedback system, where we users can both praise and slander our fellows, for all to see. Talk is cheap, and there are plenty of shady buyers and sellers trying out various scams on line. Consumer-fraud bureaus in many localities have been struggling to find a way of dealing with the eBay phenomenon, but it isn't easy, because, after all, they are in localities. Anyway, almost a thousand of Zink's past buyers have posted comments like "Great seller, excellent deal, superfast shipping—I'll bid again!" He started about a year ago, with some wine he happened to have on hand. Then he looked around, "did some homework," and found cheap sources of merchandise, like laser pointers, wholesale, from Taiwan. Sometimes he uses the more traditional auction style, starting off with a minimum bid as low as a dollar. He tries to double his money while undercutting the retailers by fifty per cent or more. He has sold about seven thousand items in this manner, and he is just a piker.

So back to eBay's home page. A genuine five-hundred-billion-dinar note from the former Yugoslavia can be yours for $9.95. (Eleven zeroes! Be a billionaire!) If you're an adult, or are willing to pretend you're an adult, you can bid on pornographic pictures from all eras, in all media, not to mention leather whips, chains, handcuffs, vinyl, and more mysterious technologies. Several dozen Internet users in the United States and Canada are vying for a few cases of military-surplus meals—chili with beans, chunky beef stew. They have a five-year shelf life, and are "a must for those preparing for Y2K." And, lo and behold, Spencer Zink has a new auction under way. It seems he has some laser pointers to sell. ♦

"This is a kind of *Dead Souls* for the 1990s... What a tale of modern urban Russia!"
—*Library Journal*


MOSCOW MADNESS
CRIME, CORRUPTION, AND ONE MAN'S PURSUIT OF PROFIT IN THE NEW RUSSIA

Entrepreneur Rick Grajirena went to Russia in pursuit of the American dream. He was lucky to get away with his life. *Moscow Madness* is his story.

Available Everywhere Books Are Sold
Visit us at www.books.mcgraw-hill.com

McGraw-Hill
A Division of The McGraw-Hill Companies

Call For Cartoons!

CARTOONS FOR REPRINTING
CARTOONS FOR YOUR WEBSITE
CUSTOM CARTOONS
COLOR CARTOONS
NEW YORKER COLLECTION™
ORIGINAL CARTOON ART
CARTOONS ON EVERY SUBJECT
CARTOONS FOR ANY USE

CALL THE CARTOON BANK:
1-800-897-8666
1-914-478-5527
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

THE CARTOON BANK™
a division of THE NEW YORKER *Magazine*
382 WARBURTON AVENUE • HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NY 10706

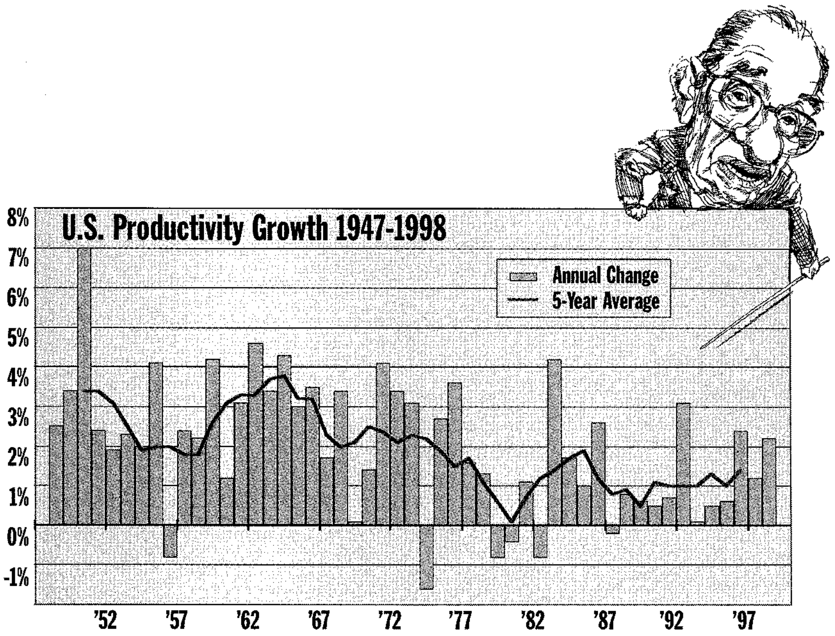
©1998 JAMES THURBER from The Cartoon Bank. All rights reserved.

ANNALS OF FINANCE

THE EXPERIMENT

Why Alan Greenspan decided to let the good times roll.

BY JOHN CASSIDY



New era or bubble? It depends on how you read this chart. Greenspan put his faith in recent productivity increases, but the five-year trend is far from conclusive.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Michael H. Moskow, the president of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank, spoke at a meeting of the National Automobile Dealers Association in Chicago. By next February, Moskow pointed out, the current economic expansion, which began in 1991, will—if it continues—be the longest in recorded United States history. (It is already the longest peacetime expansion.) Even more remarkable, he said, the economy, far from tiring, still appears to be picking up strength. Between the fourth quarter of 1997 and the fourth quarter of 1998, it expanded by nearly four per cent, and in the first quarter of 1999 the rate of increase was even higher—about 4.5 per cent on an annualized basis. (That's two points above the average annual growth rate over the previous twenty-five years.) "If you asked me to describe the current economic expansion as if it were a car, I would have to say it's a nice, conservative family sedan, definitely domestic," Moskow told the assembled Cadillac and Jeep salesmen. "It served us well for years, with plenty of room for everyone. Then, just when we thought it had seen its best days, a neighborhood teen-age car enthusiast got hold of it. Now it's still a nice, conservative family sedan, but with great acceleration. I'm delighted that the old car is running so well, but I'd love to know what that teen-ager did to the engine—and how long I can expect the car to keep running at this pace."

Moskow isn't the only economic policymaker who is baffled. "Everybody is a little bit mystified, in a pleasant way, about exactly why things are so good, how it is happening, and how long it can last," Alice Rivlin, the vice-chair of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, told me recently. On Tuesday, May 18th, Rivlin, Moskow, and their colleagues on the Federal Open Market Committee, which determines the short-term interest rate, were scheduled to gather in Washington to review a series of statistics that—until last week, anyway—appeared to defy the canons of economic theory.

CHART BY MATT DELLINGER; ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*
404 261-4009
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5

Celebrate the Memories with The Gift of Love.
The Gift of Love is a customized book handcrafted for you. Your photographs are digitally reproduced and elegantly presented on heirloom quality archival paper. Each richly bound volume is hand-stitched and rubbed to a fine patina.
You will always treasure *The Gift of Love.*
Toll Free 1.888.324.1244
Intelligent Marketing Co. LLC 90 Dingletown Rd. Greenwich Ct. 06830

20-20 INSIGHT.
Any travel guide sees the outside. Insight sees inside. Stunning photos, knowing text by top local writers and new association with Discovery Channel combine for the most penetrating look in travel. Bookstores.
800-432-6277 for free brochure of all insight titles.
INSIGHT GUIDES
Discovery CHANNEL

Camden's Authentic Summer Hotel Since 1901
Experience Maine's finest seacoast village in the tradition of style and grace. 50 rooms, fine dining, wine & spirits.
WHITEHALL INN
1-800-789-6565
Box 558, Camden, ME 04843 www.whitehall-inn.com

Stone Soup
the magazine by young writers and artists
The Literary Magazine by Children
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$32/yr (6 issues) · 800-447-4569
www.stonesoup.com
"The New Yorker of the 8–13 set"–Ms.

In recent months, the unemployment rate has fallen as low as 4.2 per cent, a level not witnessed since 1970. According to the textbooks, this decline in joblessness should have led to rising price inflation, as scarce workers bid up wages and firms passed the higher costs of production on to consumers by increasing prices. Instead, inflation fell below two per cent and stayed there for more than two years.

Last Friday, the government released the Consumer Price Index (C.P.I.) for April, and, for the first time, there were signs that inflation may be picking up. Most independent analysts had predicted an increase of about 0.4 per cent, but the actual figure was 0.7 per cent, the largest monthly rise since October, 1990. This number caused a selloff on Wall Street, as traders speculated that the Fed might be forced to raise interest rates soon in order to slow down the economy.

What was really surprising, however, was not the speculation about a possible rate increase but the fact that tighter monetary policy had been delayed for so long during a period of such rapid growth and such low unemployment. For the past four years, Alan Greenspan, the Fed chairman, and his colleagues have, in effect, been overseeing a fascinating natural experiment to determine how fast the economy can grow without sparking a rise in inflation. Since early 1995, the Open Market Committee has raised interest rates only once, and last fall, when the world's financial markets were in a panic, it actually reduced short-term interest rates from 5.5 per cent to 4.75 per cent, in order to help restore confidence among investors. The policy worked. In recent months, the global financial crisis has receded, and the United States economy has continued to power ahead. Despite the turnaround, there was little sign that last year's interest-rate cuts were about to be reversed. "Growth has been a lot faster than anyone expected," Alan Blinder, a former vice-chairman of the Fed, said to me recently from his office at Princeton, where he is an economics professor. "Alan Greenspan, to his eternal credit, has not only tolerated it but learned to like it."

As the Open Market Committee meeting approached, it seemed unlikely that one month's C.P.I. data would prompt an immediate rise in interest rates, especially since other measures of inflation, such as the Producer Price Index and the rate at which wages are rising, seem remarkably subdued. Many observers felt that the Fed would leave the cost of borrowing alone, at least for now, and merely announce that its policy "bias" had shifted—that it was *leaning toward* raising the rate. Such an announcement would allow more time for Greenspan and his colleagues to decide whether or not last month's inflation number was an aberration.

During the past few weeks (before the April C.P.I. figure was released), I spoke to a number of senior officials, and several of them said that, because inflation has been so low for some time, the Fed doesn't have to act as preëmptively as it has in the past. "I just don't see the danger of inflation taking off rapidly," Alice Rivlin told me. "A small uptick in inflation would be a warning signal, but you can afford to wait and see what happens." A couple of officials indicated that rates will have to be raised eventually if growth continues at its recent torrid pace, but even they supported a cautious stance, on the ground that the economy might yet slow down by itself. "Four-and-a-half-per-cent growth isn't sustainable, but three-per-cent probably is," one senior Fed official said. "The question of the day is whether there will be a natural slowdown to three per cent. We might have to help the slowdown a bit."

William McChesney Martin, who was the chairman of the Fed during the nineteen-fifties and sixties, memorably described its role as being to "take away the punch bowl just when the party gets going." Not much has changed since Martin's day. The six Washington-based governors and five regional Reserve Bank presidents who sit on the Open Market Committee still believe that their main mission is to keep inflation low, and they will certainly raise interest rates if there is confirmation that inflation is picking up. However, there is also

▬ A SPECIAL GIFT ▬
YOUR THOUGHTS IN VERSE

Limerick Lane
POETRYWORKS®
Poems to honor and entertain

There comes a time when only rhyme
Best conveys what's in your heart,
Original verse, lengthy or terse,
To be treasured from the start.

To provide a lift, enhance a gift,
Or honor a special occasion,
To entertain, or, without strain,
Gain memorable persuasion.

Now, you can find, if that's your mind,
Shops for most needs, and you know it,
But where, oh where, when the need is there,
Can you find the shop of a poet?

You have a godsend, if a writer friend
Has the penchant and talent to rhyme,
But even that friend may prove hard to bend
When you want verse in so little time.

To answer your need, provide word and deed,
There's our workshop on Limerick Lane,
Selling verse rated best, tailored to your request,
FAXed to you when time is a strain.

The work that we do, all original, too,
Is not weighty or likely to pall,
We keep our verse light, and feel that is right
For the greatest enjoyment of all.

So, call us next time there's occasion for rhyme,
We'll work out an arrangement and heed it,
Give us thoughts and facts, sit back and relax,
You'll have quality verse when you need it.

Al Kracht
President

Phone (914) 238-0352
5 Birch Lane, Chappaqua, NY 10514

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss
through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals in Durham, NC.

HTTP://dmi-www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html

800-235-3853

Duke Diet and Fitness Center
A SERVICE OF DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER

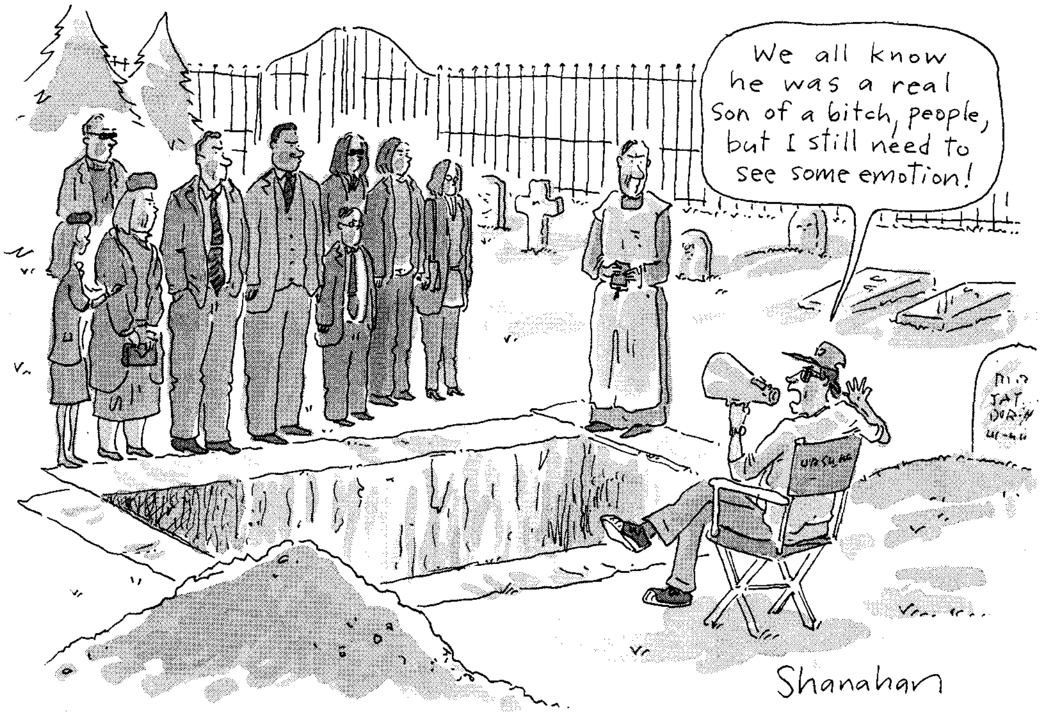
Essential NET NOVICE Websites

Includes free E-Book!

"...will convert any Internet skeptic..."
— online reviewer, Portland, OR

ISBN 0-9639531-5-X; 240 pages;
illustrated; $19.95 (incl S&H)
Order online:
http://www.webpointers.com
or call
1- 800 784-5025

COUNTRY WALKERS
20 Years of excellence in
Worldwide Walking Vacations
◆ *Europe, Africa, North & South America and the South Pacific*
Free catalog call 800-638-0291
www.countrywalkers.com


We all know he was a real Son of a bitch, people, but I still need to see some emotion!
Shanahan

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

a growing consensus among Fed policymakers that the economy may be going through a historic shift.

"We are really undergoing a revolution in technology," Robert D. McTeer, Jr., the president of the Dallas Fed, told me. "The technology is pushing the economic growth forward and making productivity grow faster. At the same time, globalization has increased competition and removed firms' pricing power, which restrains inflation." Edward G. Boehne, the president of the Philadelphia Fed, agreed with McTeer. "We may very well be in a period that is comparable to what people were going through a century or so ago with the Industrial Revolution, except this time around it is the computer and telecommunications," he said. "You never really know for sure while you're in it, but it increasingly looks like we are in one of those technological leaps forward." Even the officials who are more cautious—and Fed officials used to be famous for their caution—acknowledge that the old guidelines of monetary policy are not working in the present climate. "I don't think there's a New Paradigm, but I do think some parameters have changed," a Fed official said.

The key to the Fed's new thinking is to be found in recent productivity statistics. During the last three years, labor productivity—the amount of output produced for each hour worked in nonfarm businesses—has grown at an annual rate of about two per cent, which is twice the anemic one-per-cent annual rate of increase that was recorded between 1973 and 1995. The difference between one-per-cent productivity growth and two-per-cent growth is highly significant. When productivity is growing strongly, firms can offset rising wages by getting their workers to produce more, so their unit costs don't increase and they don't have to raise prices. As a result, inflation is kept in check. And productivity growth doesn't affect just inflation; it also determines the rate at which people's living standards can improve, so its recent rise has implications that extend well beyond Wall Street.

For most of this country's history, the nation's view of itself was based on an assumption of substantial material progress through the generations. Between 1948 and 1973, when productivity grew at an annual rate of 2.8 per cent, that assumption was altogether reasonable. After 1973, when productivity growth slumped, it wasn't reasonable, and America's self-image was seriously challenged. Many people gave up hope of a return to earlier rates of growth. Happily, if the recent rise in productivity growth proves to be sustainable we can look forward to a future in which, once again, children will be a lot better off than their parents were and more than twice as well off as their grandparents were. (If productivity increases by one per cent a year, living standards would take about seventy years to double; with two-per-cent growth, they could double every thirty-five years.)

About two years ago, Greenspan pointed to what was then a nascent revival in productivity growth and speculated that we might be witnessing a "once or twice in a century" period of rapid technological change. He repeated that message, in his usual opaque manner, earlier this month. While disavowing faith in a "new era," because, at seventy-three, he had seen "too many alleged new eras," Greenspan told a Chicago conference that recent developments in telecommunications, computing, and biotechnology have enabled many firms to design, manufacture, and distribute goods much more efficiently and cheaply. "In economics, unlike in the physical sciences, we can never conduct fully controlled experiments for an over-all economy," he said. "The evidence, nonetheless, for a technology-driven rise in the prospective rate of return on new capital, and an associated acceleration in labor productivity, is compelling, if not conclusive."

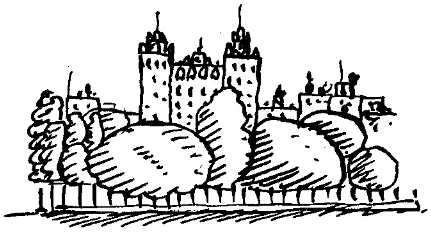
Of course, this optimistic scenario is only that. Many independent economists are doubtful that the productivity revival will be maintained, and it is easy to see why. For one thing, the recent pickup in productivity growth is partly a statistical artifact. Last summer, the government made a number of changes in the way it calculates output. These changes raised the rate of productivity growth, on average, by about 0.2 per cent a year. Furthermore, it is by no means certain that the recent pickup is not a short-term aberration caused by an unsustainable speculative boom. As the illustration on page 48 shows, productivity growth is very volatile—it ranged from seven per cent, in 1950, to negative 1.6 per cent, in 1974—and recent rates of growth have not been that remarkable, even in the post-1973 era. From 1975 to 1978, and again from 1982 to 1984, productivity growth was higher than it has been over the last three years. After each of those periods, growth faltered badly.

Optimists argue that what is special about the period since 1995 is not just the size of the productivity upturn but the fact that it is taking place so far into the current economic expansion. (Productivity usually grows rapidly at the start of a recovery, as firms expand production with the workers they already have, and then falls off as firms hire more employees.) The five-year trend line on the chart seems to indicate an upward turn, to be sure, but only a modest one, and a comparison of productivity growth rates across recent business cycles—each of which includes an upturn and a downturn—reveals a similar pattern. Between 1973 and 1979, productivity grew at an average rate of just 1.1 per cent a year, and between 1979 and 1990 the rate was one per cent. Since 1991, it has risen to 1.4 per cent. Recently, it is true, the figures have been much higher—about four per cent for the past two quarters. If the rate of productivity growth stays well above two per cent for another two or three years, even the most skeptical of economists will have to rethink. On the other hand, if growth slacks off, the period from 1996 to 1998 will look more like just another blip.

At this stage, there isn't really enough evidence to resolve the productivity debate, but the experience of other countries counsels caution. In the mid-nineteen-eighties, many observers of the British economy thought that they discerned a "Thatcher miracle," as productivity rose sharply following a series of radical reforms. A few years later, the term "miracle" was applied to the Japanese economy. In both cases, of course, what was really occurring was a speculative boom that ended in a bust.

HOWEVER one regards Greenspan's optimism, his experiment can hardly be called a failure. Even if the April inflation numbers persuade the Fed to raise rates, Greenspan has demonstrated that rapid growth, low unemployment, and low inflation can coexist for a lot longer than most economists believed possible. Given Wall Street's suspicion of anything that suggests a lax policy, this success could have been achieved only by somebody whose credentials as a conservative and as an inflation fighter were beyond doubt. Greenspan had just the right background. He went to the Fed, in August, 1987, with a reputation as a free-market devotee—during the nineteen-fifties, he was a member of Ayn Rand's circle—and as a stickler for price stability. His status as an inflation hawk was confirmed in 1991, when the Fed delayed reducing interest rates sharply even though the economy was stalling. (According to Washington folklore, George Bush blamed Greenspan for his 1992 election defeat and has never forgiven him.) In 1994, Greenspan's image as a flinty central banker was further burnished when the Fed raised interest rates to head off an inflation threat that was invisible to many people. (This move added Bill Clinton to the list of Presidents Greenspan has annoyed.)

Since 1995, Greenspan has followed an economic policy that might be compared to the foreign policy of Richard Nixon, a President he used to counsel. Just as only a Cold War hardliner like Nixon could open relations with China, only an economic hardliner like Greenspan could jettison the economics establishment's orthodoxy about unemployment, inflation, and growth. "These days, Greenspan's a dove," a former member of the Open Market Committee told me dismissively. McTeer, a current member, put things differently. "It's become so accepted that if you want to go to central-banker heaven you have to be a hawk," he told me. "It never occurs to people that it also takes courage *not* to tighten policy. Alan Greenspan has shown courage on both sides of that issue."



Greenspan is a difficult man to read, but one reason for his newfound flexibility is that he believes the other arm of economic policymaking, Administration fiscal policy, has improved dramatically during the last few years. It is in this context that his relationship with Robert Rubin, the Treasury Secretary, who announced his resignation last week, was important. In 1993, when Rubin moved from Wall Street to the White House to become the President's senior economic adviser, the annual fiscal deficit was about two hundred and fifty billion dollars, and it seemed to be heading upward. Six years later, the federal government is budgeting for a surplus of about eighty billion dollars, and the surpluses are expected to last for another ten years, at least. With fiscal policy under control, and Rubin at the Treasury Department to make sure it stayed that way, Greenspan was willing to be more accommodating on the monetary side. As a result, the over-all stance of economic policy was more balanced than it had been for decades.

Another reason for the Fed chairman's makeover may be the fact that he is not a typical modern economist. He learned the subject in the nineteen-forties and fifties, when much of what students are taught these days hadn't been invented, and he never acquired much faith in the ingenious models that were subsequently developed to explain and guide fiscal policy. "He has a lot more faith in his ability to distill dozens, if not hundreds, of pieces of information into a view of how the economy is developing," Alan Blinder told me. "So far, he's been very successful."

The core of modern macroeconomics, as it was drilled into me in the early nineteen-eighties, can be encapsulated in three axioms: (1) There is a lower limit of unemployment, the "NAIRU," below which inflation will pick up; NAIRU stands for Non-Accelerating Inflation Rate of Unemployment. (2) There is an upper limit on the growth that the economy can sustain, the "potential growth rate," which is determined by the growth rate of the labor force and the pace of technical progress, neither of which can be manipulated by policymakers. (3) In the long run, the rate of inflation is determined by the growth rate of the money supply. Until fairly recently, the vast majority of American economists under fifty believed all three of these statements. The NAIRU was widely thought to be somewhere between five per cent and six per cent, and the United States economy's maximum noninflationary growth rate was commonly estimated at somewhere between two and two and a half per cent a year.

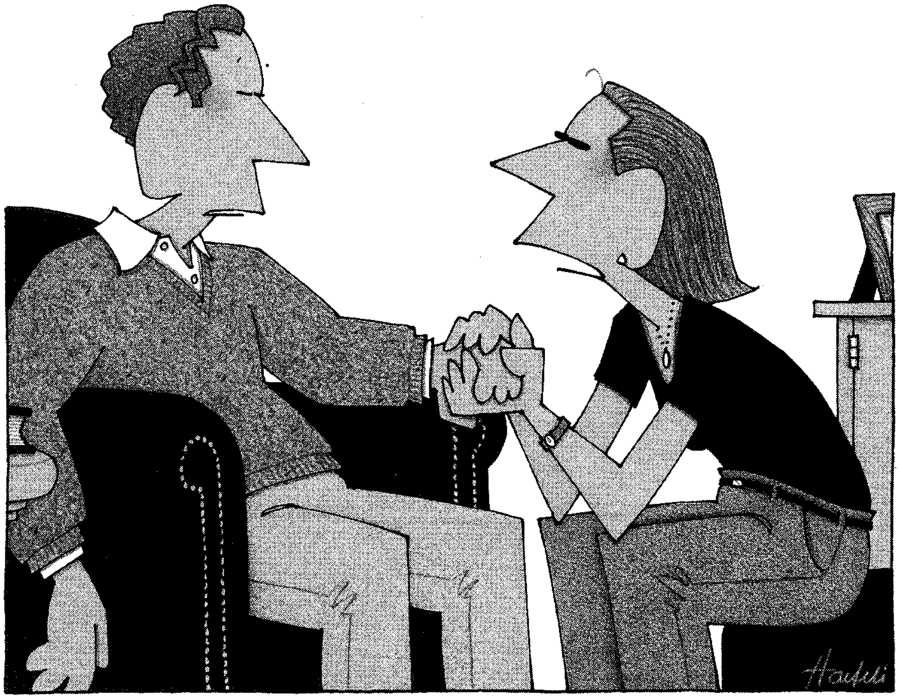
If Greenspan truly believed all this, he would have raised interest rates long ago. Unemployment fell below five per cent in the summer of 1997, and it has stayed there ever since. The rate of growth has exceeded three per cent for more than three years, and the money supply has also been misbehaving. In 1998, for example, the money-supply measure M2, which is made up of currency and bank deposits, shot up by more than eight per cent, well above the Fed's target range. But, as Blinder indicated, Greenspan is an empiricist. He judges the economy not by what the textbooks say but by what the numbers from the real world tell him. Every morning, legend has it, he climbs into the bathtub and devours pages of official statistics, on everything from the price of oil rigs in Texas to waiting times for factory supplies in Illinois. In recent years, these numbers told a consistent story: for most goods and services, annual price increases had become a thing of the past, and some items—cars, computers—were getting cheaper. Armed with evidence like this, the Fed chairman was willing to ignore the warning signals raised by the old models.

GREENSPAN'S pragmatism is shared by his colleagues. All of them realize that the check on inflation has been due partly to a series of temporary factors—lower commodity prices, a strong dollar, and a moderation in the rate at which the costs of workers' medical benefits are rising—but they also believe that more permanent factors have played a role. Technology aside, these include heightened global competition, weaker unions, more aggressive managers, and lower inflationary expectations. Many Fed governors are convinced that a "virtuous circle" has developed, in which firms, unable to raise prices, are forced to innovate and cut costs in order to increase their profits. This has led to higher productivity and further drops in prices.

The traditional divisions on the Open Market Committee between hawks and doves, and monetarists and Keynesians, don't mean much these days. "I grew up as a Milton Friedman monetarist, and I always believed that the money supply was the most important thing," McTeer told me earlier this month. "I still believe that; I just don't believe it is working at the moment." Even the Fed governors who retain the most faith in the old models—Laurence H. Meyer, Edward M. Gramlich, and Roger W. Ferguson, Jr.—accept that the models have temporarily broken down and may take some time to reëstablish themselves as useful tools for policymaking. Several Fed governors told me they think that the sustainable growth rate may have risen to about three per cent, but they have little faith in fixed numbers. "There are no simple rules of thumb," Michael Moskow, at the Chicago Fed, said. "Economics is not a science in that sense."

With the old theories in abeyance, Greenspan and his colleagues are looking at a wide range of indicators to determine whether inflation is a threat. "If you saw the reëmergence of pricing power, if you saw some increase in pipeline inflation, if you saw a lot of speculative activity in various markets—together, that would probably be telling you something," Boehne said. But, he went on, that isn't the case.

Of course, there is plenty of speculative activity in the stock market, but the Fed policymakers seem content to ignore it. "I don't think we ought to base our actions on the stock market," a senior Fed official said. "I



"I know these are things you don't want to hear, but I'm enjoying the hell out of saying them."

think we ought to base our actions on inflation and unemployment." A big reason for this policy of benign neglect is that Fed officials don't think they could deflate the bubble on Wall Street gently even if they wanted to, and they are reluctant to be blamed for bringing on a crash. The members of the Open Market Committee are well aware that the stock market might collapse of its own accord at any moment, and that such an event would remove a major prop of consumer spending and economic growth, but they are hopeful that they could offset the deflationary impact of a market swoon by cutting interest rates, as they did in 1987.

This attitude reflects a growing belief among senior Fed officials that monetary policy takes effect much faster than it used to, and this is another reason that they don't have to act as preëmptively as they once did. Economists used to reckon that interest-rate changes took a year or more to influence the rest of the economy, but today's financial markets react instantly to the Fed's moves, and in some cases even anticipate them, by bidding interest rates up or down before the Fed acts. During the last few weeks, even before the latest C.P.I. figure was released, the yield on long-term bonds had risen sharply as traders came to the conclusion that the next move by the Fed was likely to be a policy tightening.

WHATEVER its dénouement, the Fed's inflation experiment has had one highly welcome side effect: it has allowed some of the spoils of economic growth to reach many people who were previously excluded from the general rise in prosperity. Since 1996, for example, the average wage of black men, which had fallen steadily in the nineteen-seventies and eighties, has risen by nearly six per cent in inflation-adjusted terms. The current unemployment rates among blacks and Hispanics—7.7 per cent and 6.9 per cent, respectively—are at or close to record lows. Even black youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, arguably the most alienated and maligned group in society, have seen their unemployment rate fall, to about one in five. That figure is still much higher than the unemployment rates recorded among other groups, but it is lower than it has been at any point since the government began keeping track, in 1973, and it suggests that the inner cities are finally starting to benefit from the long economic upswing.

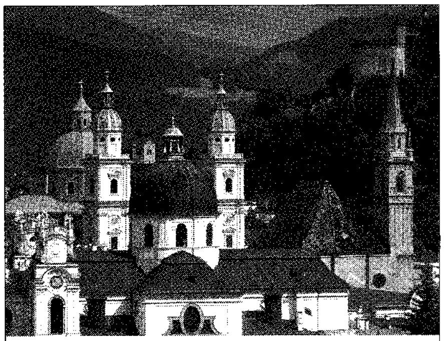
Of course, the Fed experiment hasn't affected just blacks and Hispanics. When the unemployment rate falls sharply, as it has in recent years, the increasing shortage of workers means that employers are forced to hire people they wouldn't otherwise consider for jobs. During the last three years, this process has brought large numbers of marginalized people of all races—high-school dropouts, single mothers, disabled workers, involuntary retirees—back into the workforce. Since 1994, the number of people whom the Labor Department classifies as "discouraged workers"—people who would like a job but have given up looking for one—has fallen by about half. Surely the fact that joblessness is declining and wages are rising among marginalized groups has played at least some role in the dramatic fall in the crime rate throughout the country over the past few years.

The Fed's flexibility has also arrested, at least by some measures, the alarming increase in wage inequality that began in the early nineteen-seventies. Over the last three years, for the first time in more than two decades, the wages of low-paid workers have been rising more rapidly, in percentage terms, than the wages of moderately paid workers. It is too early to say that the long-term increase in inequality has ebbed. The main forces underlying the phenomenon—technical progress and globalization—have continued to intensify. But in this area, as in others, the experience of the last few years has been highly illuminating. Greenspan and his colleagues have confirmed an old adage, which was popular in the nineteen-fifties and sixties but later fell into disrepute, and shouldn't be forgotten even if the stock market crashes tomorrow: the best form of social policy is rapid growth. ♦

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK

[*From the Columbus* (*Ga.*) *Ledger-Enquirer*]

PRIEST DEFROCKED FOR STRIPPER FLING

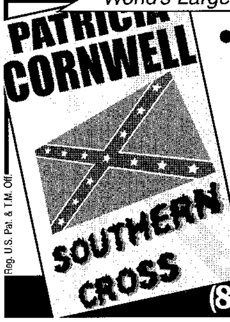


SALZBURG FESTIVAL
The World's Most Exciting Music Festival

July 24—August 29, 1999

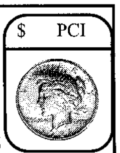
800.209.1353 or www.salzburgfestival.com

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection



• Bestsellers on cassette
• 5,000 titles all full-length
• Call for more information
(800) 88-BOOKS
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Peace Dollar Certified Slab Set
1922 MS63 PCI regularly $29.00
1923 MS63 PCI regularly $37.50
Just **$50.00** (includes postage)
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Hobby Coin Exchange 1-800-293-8926
4415 Metro Pkwy Ste 202 * Fort Myers FL 33916
WWW.hobbycoinexchange.com

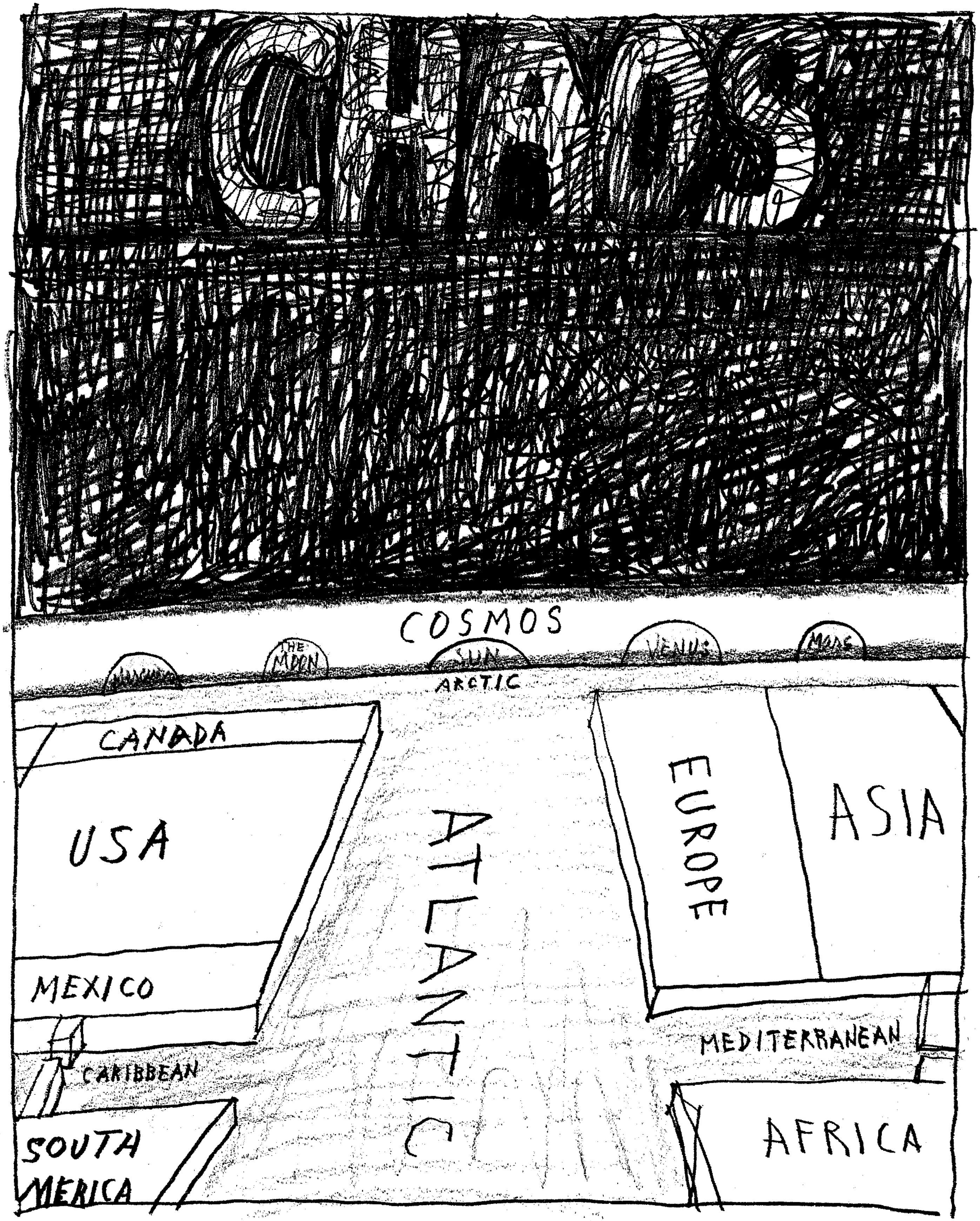


CAMP
TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Scenic Joy!
Taos Valley RV Park & Campground
800 999-7571
www.camptaos.com/rv/

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
843-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

SMALL GROUP TOURS OF ITALY
TUSCANY, FLORENCE and the COUNTRYSIDE
A VERY SPECIAL ITALIAN JOURNEY
CARAVELLA ITALIA
toll-free **888.665.2112** www.**seeitaly**.com

SKETCHBOOK BY SAUL STEINBERG

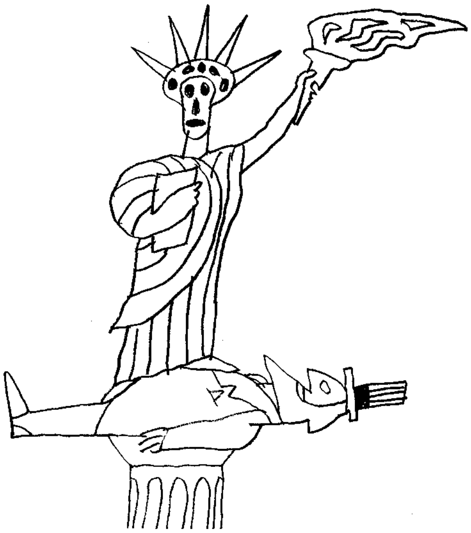

CHAOS
COSMOS
THE MOON
SUN
VENUS
MARS
ARCTIC
CANADA
USA
MEXICO
CARIBBEAN
SOUTH AMERICA
ATLANTIC
EUROPE
ASIA
MEDITERRANEAN
AFRICA

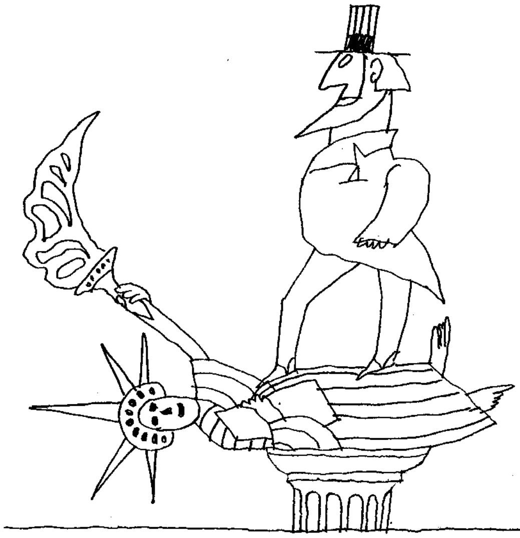
IN the ten years or so before he died, last week, at the age of eighty-four, Saul Steinberg had attended the funerals and memorial services of many friends, and he had given the subject of the memorial address the same watchful, analytic, slightly cold-blooded, all-around matchless man-in-the-moon intelligence that he sooner or later gave to every subject: "The thing I notice is, we talk about ourselves. It's inevitable. So the only honest way to approach this thing is to describe the man physically. How tall is this guy? How many brothers and sisters? Who were the wives? What color hair? What music did he like? How many *syllables* in his existence? It's the only way to avoid the embarrassment of seeing the thumb of the photographer in the snapshot."

Syllabically, it can be said that Saul Steinberg was small and graceful, and that his face, in the fifty years he lived in New York and worked for *The New Yorker*, never seemed to change. It was a face he shared, as he pointed out once, "in a sort of triptych arrangement with Perelman and Groucho"—the long, sober, toothbrush-mustachioed face of the Jewish melancholic-comic genius. He wore his glasses as armor. (When he drew himself, you never saw his pupils.) He spoke in a Romanian accent, with an ironic, clipped enunciation. His favorite interjections were "Imagine!" and "Really!" His words of dispraise were "corny" and "obvious"; his words of praise "touching" and "delicious." He was catlike in his dignity, his cleanliness, his reserve. He was as brilliant a talker as he was an artist; most often, there was no break between the two acts. His drawings were forms of his conversation, perfect condensations of thought, raining down.

He was a man of genius, in the simple sense that his perceptions were not remotely like anyone else's. Saul saw the world metaphorically. He didn't try to; he just did. His burden was to be thought of as a "philosopher of representation" or a "sophisticated commentator on the nature of modernism," when the truth was that in his drawings he was putting down his perceptions as simply as he could, making a map of his mental landscape as directly as a caveman drawing his bisons, as a child drawing his brown earth and blue skies.

He could not see any object, hear any name, sit in any chair without positioning it as a person—endowing it with desires and intentions, often sinister. (He once bought a wicker chair at Bloomingdale's and worried for days about what was going on inside its hollow arms.) Objects and letters and sounds took on the character of exiles and émigrés: they had pasts, and lost relatives, and guilty secrets. He combed the beach near his house in Amagansett for driftwood books—blocks of striated driftwood that, one saw to one's shock, littered the beach and did look exactly like books—and he collected and classified the ocean's library. (Of a large, obstinate-looking block: "Ah, the best-seller!") These weren't riffs or routines but observations, dry and precise. Even sounds had meaning for him. "Names are important—artists' names determine half of what they do," he said once. "Celan, Céline, Cioran. The three of them work very well together—caryatids, supporting the world of wartime disaster and misery. The other apparition that comes in the night is the strange, delicious tango of Lorca and Rilke. The phonetically reasonable is often the most reasonable of all."

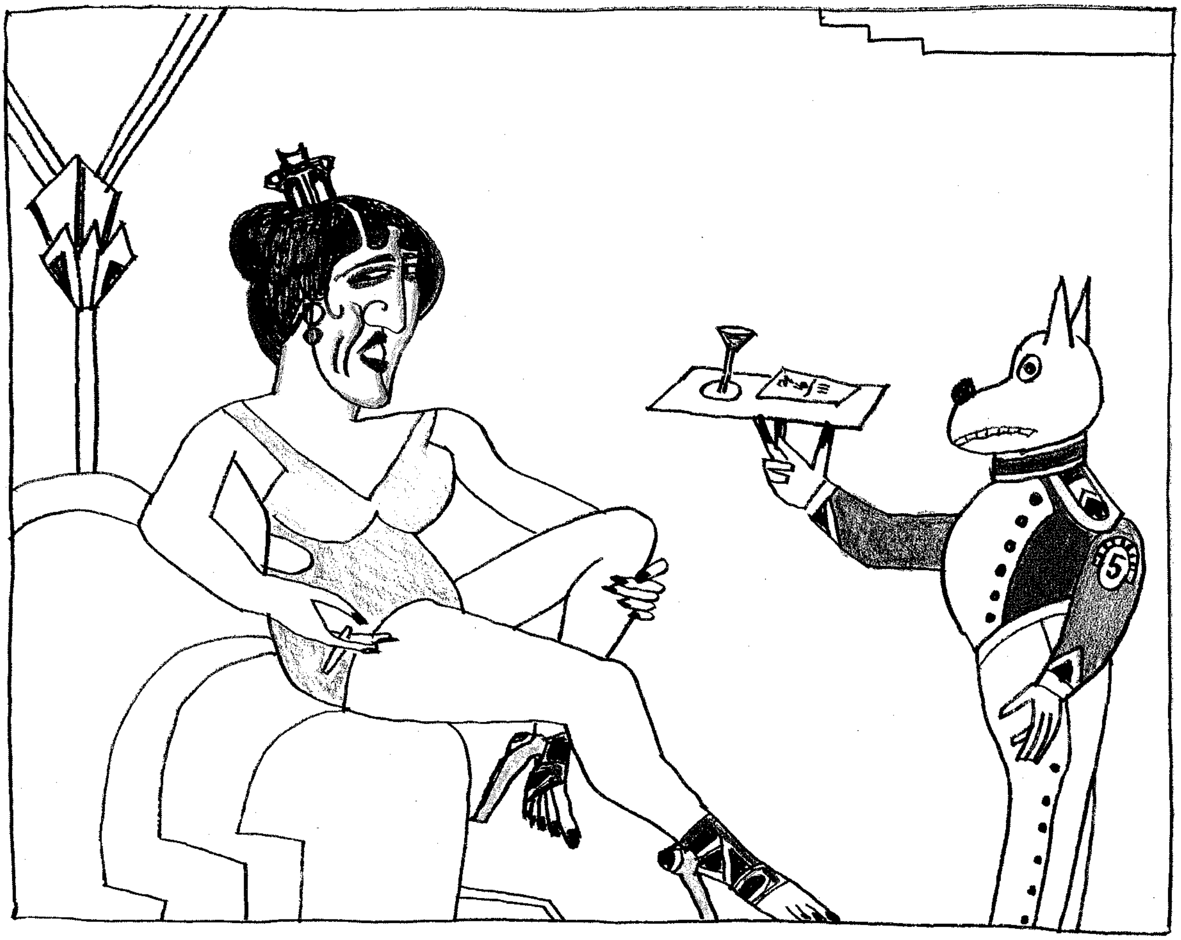


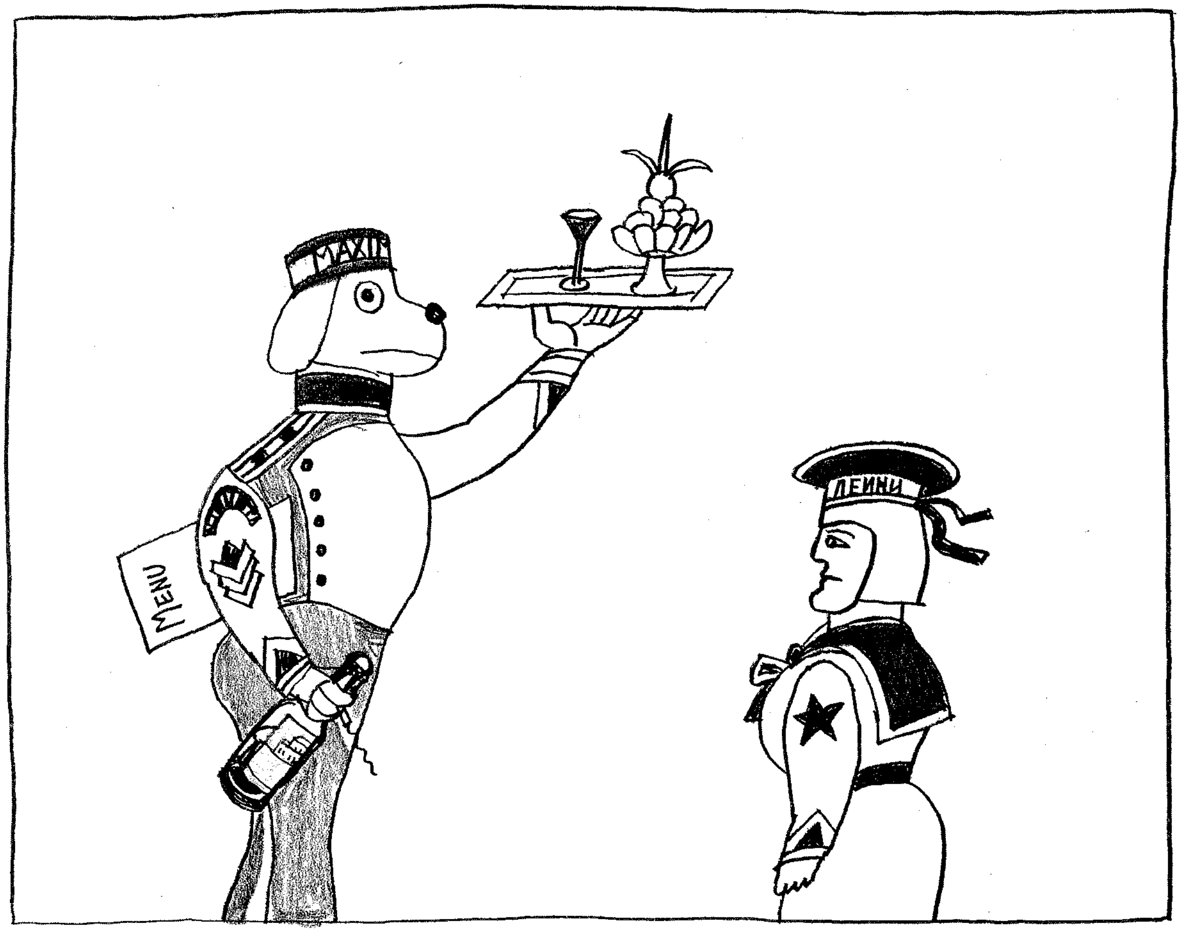


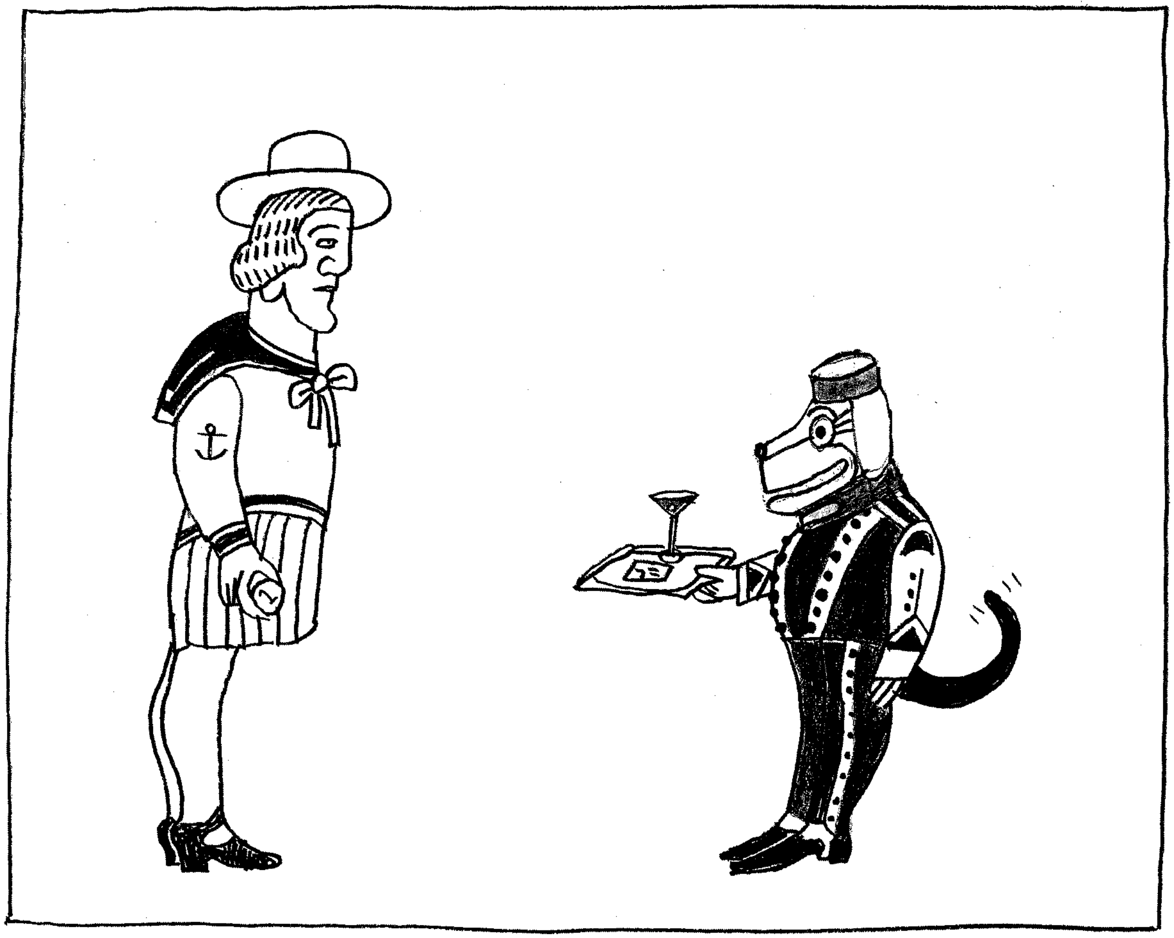
He loved nothing more than to share a symbolic discovery. Once, at the height of the August heat, two young friends bumped into him on the street outside his apartment, on Seventy-fifth Street near Park Avenue, and his delight in this meeting—the shorts, the hot weather—led him to buy Dove bars. Then he invited everyone upstairs to eat them in his living room. He folded back the paper on his bar in origami squares and asked, softly, "What is the meaning of this voluptuous dessert? Why do we eat it with such pleasure? I realize, it fulfills our curiosity about what it would be like to bite into a cockroach. The crunch of the shell outside, then the white inside." For a moment, everyone was eating a frozen cockroach, with delight.

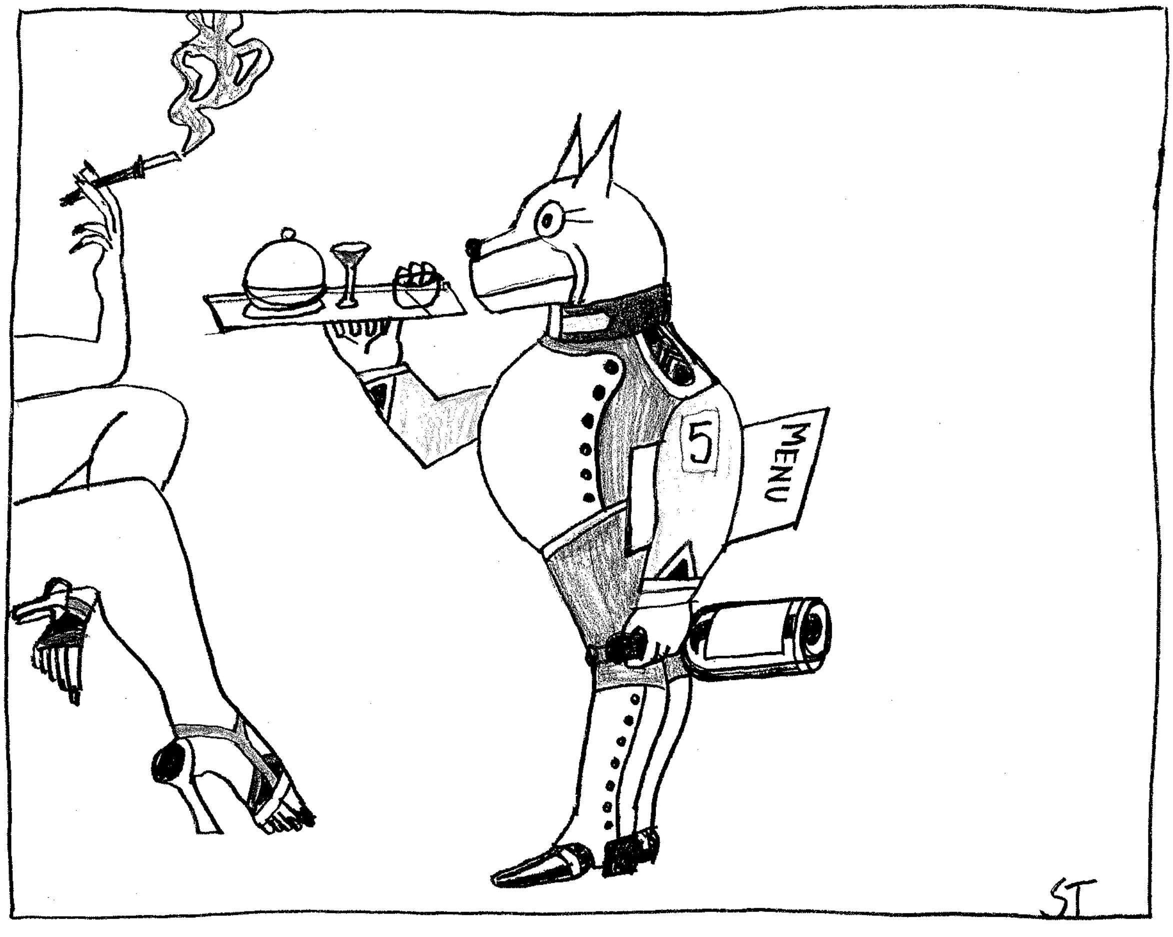
He could be thrown into that state of joy by any such metaphor. "I realized today: the umbrella and the bicycle are the two perfect things that we cannot make for ourselves," he once said to a friend over the phone. "We know how they work, we follow their operation, they are X-rays of themselves, but we cannot make them, even with effort. Very simple, but we are stumped. So now I realize why the umbrella and the bicycle are so common in modern art. Picasso. Duchamp's wheel. Léger's umbrellas. Magritte. It is because this is the only honest review we can give the modern artist: *Very simple, but we are stumped.*" Saul Steinberg was the greatest artist to be associated with this magazine, and the most original man of his time, and, leaving us, he takes a world away.

—ADAM GOPNIK


5


MAXI
MENU
ЛЕИНИ



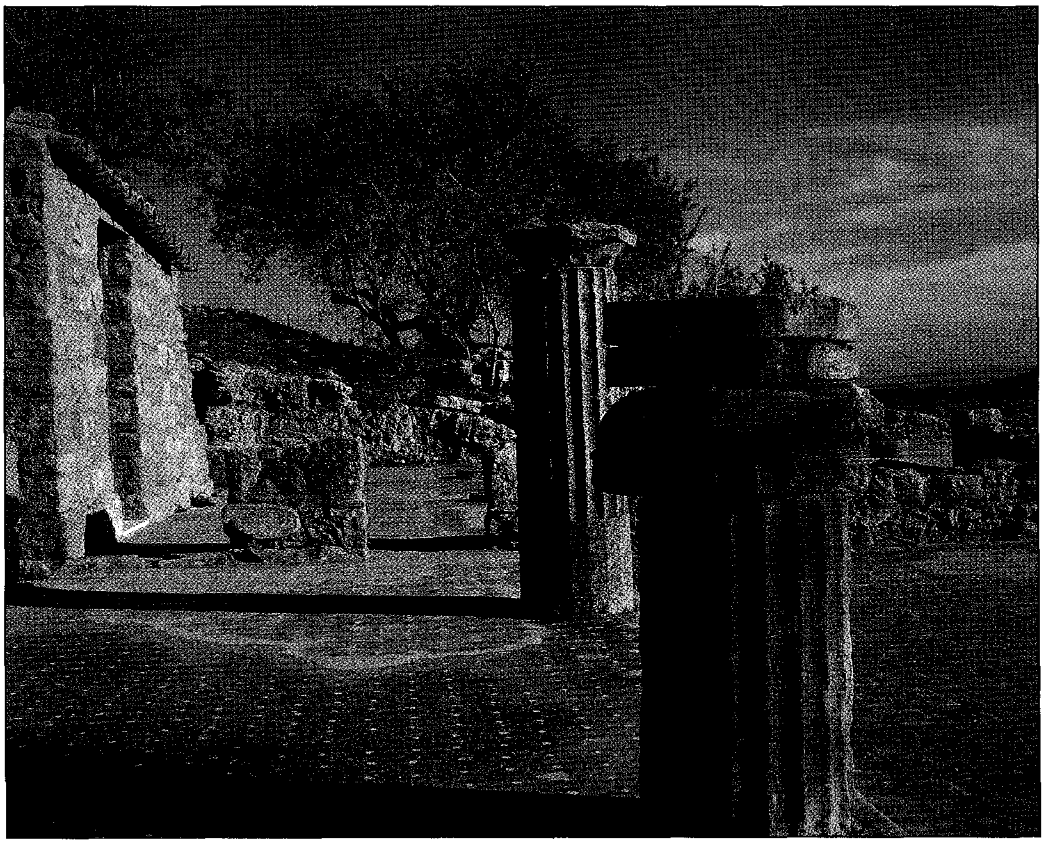

5
MENU
ST

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HEAD FOUND ON FIFTH AVENUE

Investigators finally think they know who's been taking the treasures of ancient Sicily.

BY ALEXANDER STILLE



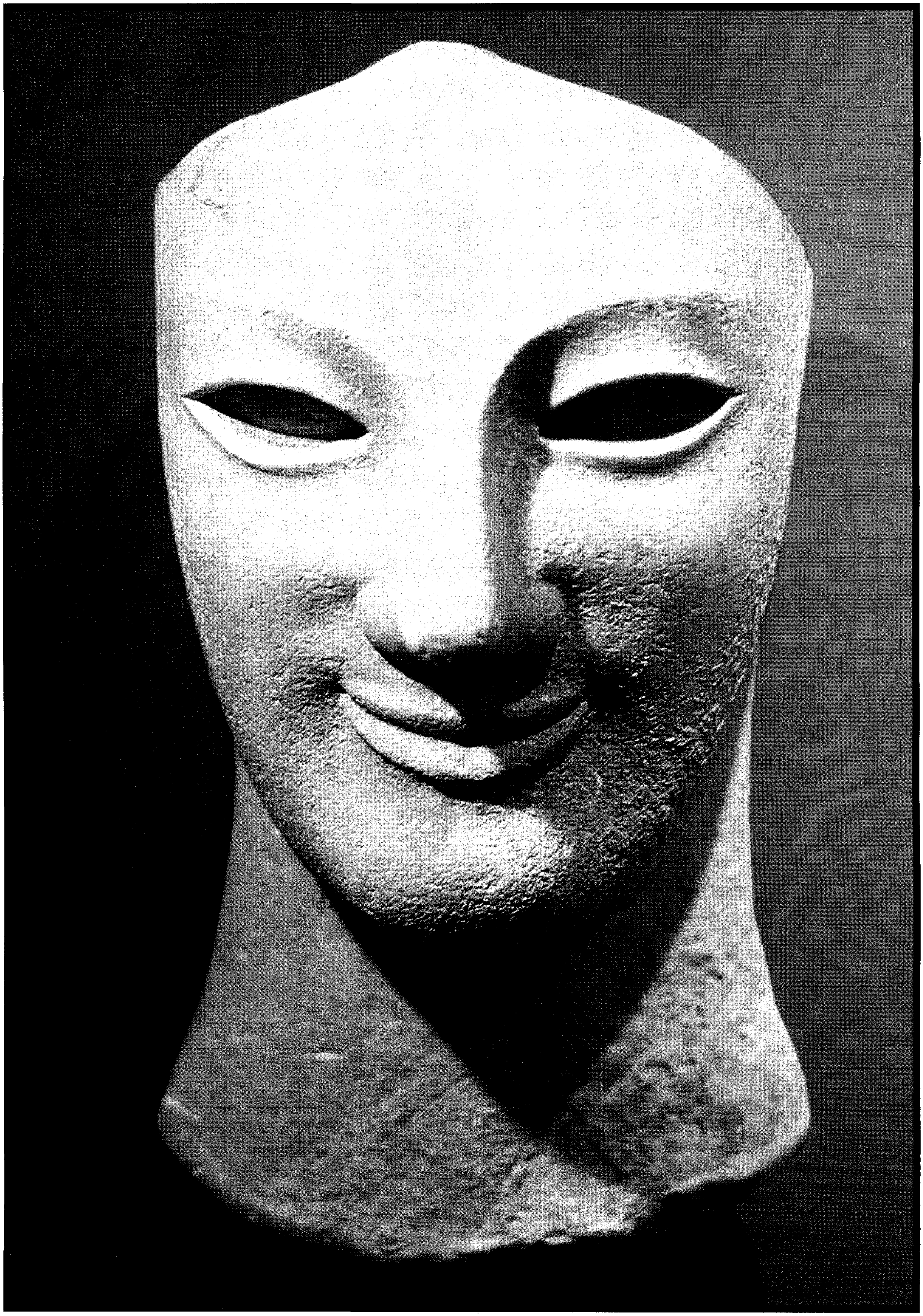
FROM the hill town of Aidone—about half a mile above sea level—you can see much of eastern Sicily. In the distance, almost at the sea, the snowcapped peak of Mt. Etna dominates the landscape, its volcanic crater smoking and flaring. Stretching out beneath it is more than a hundred square miles of rich, fertile farmland. Burnt-brown in the summer, the valley is a lush green in wintertime and explodes into a riot of flowers during the spring.

The dramatic beauty of this landscape inspired the Greek myth of the seasons: in these fields, by the Lake of Pergusa, the beautiful young Persephone was picking flowers when Hades, god of the Underworld, snatched her up and carried her off to the land of the dead. Persephone's mother, Demeter, grieved so prodigiously that the landscape withered into barrenness. Zeus intervened, and Hades agreed to let Persephone spend half of each year with her mother. Thus, with the return of Persephone each spring, Demeter, goddess of grain and plenty, would bring the world back to life.

The Greeks had colonized much of eastern Sicily by the sixth century B.C., only to be conquered by the Romans three centuries later. Just a couple of miles below Aidone lie the excavated ruins of Morgantina, one of the most spectacular yet least known ancient sites in Sicily. Once a thriving Greek city of ten thousand, Morgantina was part of the Kingdom of Syracuse, whose port city was about eighty miles away, and which, along with Athens and Alexandria, was one of the great centers of Hellenic culture. Morgantina was one of the last of the Greek settlements in Sicily to fall to the Roman Army. As the soldiers approached, the Greeks buried their wealth: personal fortunes in the form of gold coins and jewelry; the sacred cups and bowls used in religious ceremonies; and the most precious statues from their shrines. Remarkably, these treasures remained buried for more than nineteen hundred years, because the city was "lost" during the Middle Ages. In those turbulent times, the residents of the valley withdrew to a nearby hilltop to build the fortified town of Aidone,

A sixth-century B.C. Greek sculpture that is believed to have been looted from the archeological site at Morgantina (above).

THIS PAGE: MASSIMO SIRAGUSA/CONTRASTO/MATRIX; OPPOSITE: MORGANTINA ARCHIVE



NEED A GREAT BIG HUG

and Morgantina reverted to farmland.

In the past few decades, however, Morgantina has become a rich trove for both archeologists and clandestine diggers known as *tombaroli* (tomb robbers). "You see all those holes?" an old *tombarolo* told me proudly, pointing to a landscape now as pockmarked as a honeycomb. "I made them." Moreover, some of the objects he dug up have found their way into foreign collections, despite Italy's strict laws against exporting ancient artifacts. Now, after years of inattention, local prosecutors are aggressively investigating whether some spectacular pieces in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the homes of prominent New York collectors were looted from this area. The claims for their restitution may have a profound effect on the international trade in antiquities.

Archeologists from Princeton began digging at Morgantina in 1955, after chance finds of ancient coins and artifacts indicated the presence of a Greek settlement of some kind. Scholars knew of the existence of Morgantina from literary sources, but they had not known its location. Gradually, out of the overgrown fields, an ancient Greek agora, or main square, began emerging—ringed by a grand polygonal stairway—containing shops, temples and houses with mosaic floors, and also an elegant limestone theatre. Hundreds of coins stamped in the ancient city's mint proved that the site was indeed Morgantina. With its city plan well preserved, it sits surrounded by olive groves and cypress trees and rolling fields as far as the eye can see, giving one the feeling of a rural Greek city that has been only recently abandoned by its inhabitants.

Sicily's agricultural economy has been in decline since the Second World War, and in the nineteen-fifties the area around Aidone was so poor that many men would pass entire months in bed each winter, when no farmwork was available, in order to consume as few calories as possible. So it's hardly surprising that some villagers also began to work the fields, looking now for antiquities—after dark, and during the winter, when the scholars had returned to academe. For almost three decades, the official two-hundred-acre site was not even patrolled at night, and outside its boundaries lay another four hundred acres of important archeological territory—most of it in private hands and all of it entirely unsupervised.

Officially, of course, the looters and the scholars are fierce adversaries. But in a place as small and inbred as Aidone, where everyone knows everyone else's business, they also forged a symbiotic relationship. The *tombaroli* would shadow the archeologists so as to learn where to dig, and news of some particularly successful "night digging" might guide the official excavators. The *tombaroli's* biggest finds were always the topic of local gossip, for the men who dug up an important piece might have to show it to several people to gauge its value and would be tempted to brag, especially after the artifact was safely out of the country. Moreover, the flourishing black market surely required some collusion or complicity on the part of the area's more cultivated and worldly citizens; otherwise, it's difficult to imagine how an important antiquity could have passed from a poor peasant in Aidone to a multimillionaire hedge-fund manager in Manhattan. Italian authorities now believe that the link between the looters and the collectors was a flamboyant local connoisseur with a foot in each world.

ON the morning of December 5, 1998, about twenty police officers raided the home of Vincenzo Cammarata, in Enna, the capital of the province, about twenty miles from Aidone. The police were reported to have been so overwhelmed by the quantity of Greek and Roman artifacts in the house—cases of vases, marble statues, terra-cotta figurines, masks, sarcophagi, ancient arms, tools, and coins, numbering in the tens of thousands—that Cammarata was able to slip away and escape on his motorbike, but he turned himself in to the authorities the next day.

At the age of fifty-one, Cammarata is a tall, imposing man, with aquiline features, and yet he has a boyish, athletic side, zipping around town on his scooter like any local teen-ager. He has often passed himself off as a baron, although his family does not have a noble title. He is, however, a genuine scholar, adventurer, eccentric, and passionate collector of antiquities. "I am not a Sicilian. I am an ancient Greek. I have Greek blood in my veins!" he has told friends. Cammarata bought an eighteenth-century villa about ten miles from

Morgantina, overlooking the area's other great ancient site, the Roman imperial villa at Piazza Armerina, which has an acre of perfectly preserved mosaic floors. In the spirit of his imperial neighbors, he added to his own house a gallery of columns with original Roman capitals. Later, he bought a thirteenth-century castle nearby where friends said he intended to display a collection of medieval torture devices.

"He is the closest thing I have met to a Medici prince on the hoof," says R. Ross Holloway, a professor of archeology at Brown, who first met Cammarata during the seventies, at academic conferences on numismatics. "He had a very dramatic, aristocratic appearance, with raven-black hair," Holloway recalls. "He was a very sporty fellow—I heard he had been on the Italian water-polo team." But Cammarata cut a strange figure at international conferences: he would pull precious ancient coins from his briefcase to illustrate a point, while other scholars referred to pieces in museums. Collecting is generally frowned upon in numismatic circles, because it is believed to encourage looting. Ancient coins are crucial historical documents, minted to record the deification of an emperor or deliverance from a plague. They can give scholars important information about the commercial and political ties that held the ancient world together—unless, of course, they are hastily dug up and spirited away from the place where they were discovered. Moreover, Cammarata was rumored to sell as well as buy ancient coins, which is against Italian law. In fact, he was detained by the police at a conference in Switzerland in 1979 for selling fake ancient coins. (He was released after he returned the buyer's money.)

"Cammarata sort of supported the rumors that were going around about him," Holloway told me. "He tried hard to give you the impression that he knew more than he could tell—that he had not only knowledge but power." At a conference in 1983, Cammarata couldn't keep from bragging to Holloway. "You Americans didn't find everything at Morgantina," he said, and he went on to describe two extraordinary Archaic sculptures, consisting of heads with matching hands and feet, which had to have been looted from the site.

Far from keeping his collection under wraps, Cammarata proudly conducted tours for foreign dignitaries, judges, prosecutors, and members of parliament; he also loaned pieces to at least three Sicilian exhibitions. He had recently taken steps to register his antiquities with the local authorities and had begun making plans to create his own museum. Yet for many years no one seems to have questioned how a private individual with no stable profession was able to amass such a collection in a country where it is illegal to buy or sell any artifact that was dug up after 1909 (the year of Italy's first antiquities law). Cammarata maintains that he bought all his pieces from Italian collections that had been assembled before 1909.

The investigators who raided Cammarata's houses last year, however, claim that many of the objects they found had no documents to establish their provenance, and they suspect that Cammarata bought and sold looted pieces in order to finance his own prodigious collecting habit. A warrant authorizing his arrest charged that he was the head of an antiquities-smuggling ring that included two Sicilian university professors, the owner of a major auction house, and two local businessmen—all of them prominent collectors. "From our investigations, we have discovered the existence of a genuine criminal organization dedicated to the recovery and trafficking of archeological objects, in which irreproachable members of the 'good' society of Catania and Enna are a part," prosecutors informed the court.

The other part of the conspiracy, of course, is the *tombaroli.* Snippets of wiretapped conversations which were quoted in court papers show that the accused were in contact with the night diggers at Morgantina and made frequent trips to view the diggers' finds. Moreover, Cammarata—alone among the defendants—was charged with maintaining ties to full-fledged gangsters. "The novelty of this investigation is the clear presence of the Mafia in the trafficking of antiquities," Luigi Lombardo, the investigating magistrate in the case, told me. Worldwide, the black-market trade in art is estimated to be worth between two billion and six billion dollars a year—the fourth-largest criminal enterprise, after drugs, arms, and money laundering. "This was too large a busi-

"I love you, Ilene, O.K.? Get over it!"

ness to go unnoticed and unexploited by Cosa Nostra," Lombardo said. "The Mafia has realized that, in fact, here in Sicily our greatest resource is our rich history and archeological past."

Cammarata could be the key to understanding how *tombaroli*, scholars, dealers, collectors, and mobsters have conspired to exploit this resource. So far, he has not coöperated with the investigation, and he remains in prison, awaiting trial. But in the weeks before his arrest, when he became aware that he was the target of an investigation, Cammarata was heard on a wiretapped call telling one of the other defendants that if the authorities didn't back off he would reveal "a dossier about all these things that will make Italy tremble."

THE Americans working at Morgantina have always been aware of the clandestine trade in artifacts. Malcolm Bell III, the director of the site, who teaches art history at the University of Virginia, first came to Morgantina as a Princeton graduate student in the nineteen-sixties. When he and his wife visited the site in the winter of 1969, they noticed that somebody had cleared away a piece of hillside and uncovered what looked like the entrance to a tomb. The Bells ran to fetch the carabinieri, and returned with them to discover three local men standing in the open door of a tomb filled with about two hundred and fifty Greek vases and other artifacts. The leader of the *tombaroli*, Giuseppe Mascara, didn't move, as if he were awestruck by what he had found. "He had discovered what is still the largest chamber tomb at Morgantina. It took us the rest of the month to excavate it."

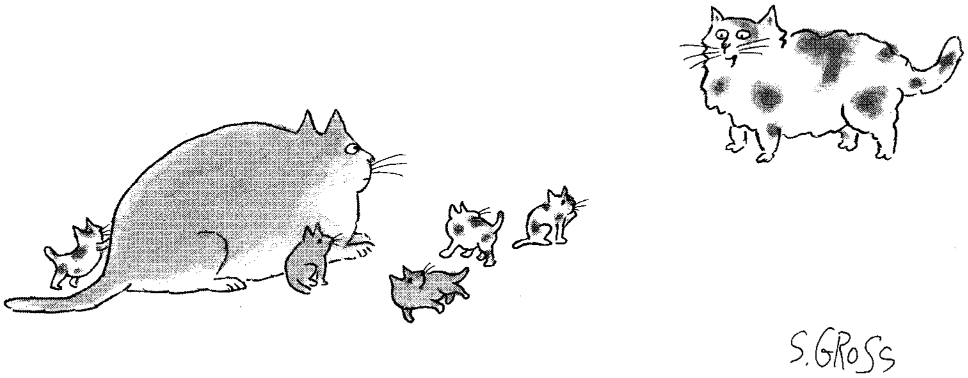
Mascara was arrested but was soon released under one of the Italian government's periodic amnesty decrees. The contents of the "Mascara tomb" were sent to the museum in Aidone, a two-story former Capuchin convent, which has room for only a tiny portion of the twenty thousand artifacts that have been unearthed at Morgantina since 1955. Most of them sit boxed in warehouses, and although several thousand tourists come each summer day to see the mosaics at the Roman Piazza Armerina, only a trickle bother to make the short trip to Morgantina.

"Pushing the envelope. How about you?"

Since that first encounter, Mascara and Bell have coexisted uneasily, frequently spotting one another along the narrow streets of Aidone. Each is eager to know what the other knows, yet they avoid speaking. Mascara, a small, weather-beaten man of seventy with a scar across the bridge of his nose, is still bitter about losing what was perhaps his biggest find. Bell, a slightly built, bespectacled scholar from an old family in Savannah, Georgia, is a man of almost puritanical rectitude, who recoils from the murky world of the *tombaroli*. Nevertheless, he confessed to me that he had a grudging admiration for Mascara, who had become a skilled excavator before cheap, portable metal detectors became available, in the nineteen-seventies. "He has a good eye," Bell said.

When Bell was appointed to administer the Morgantina site, in 1980, looting was rampant, and his efforts to curb it provoked small but sinister acts of violence: the window of Bell's car was broken, the air was let out of his tires, an ancient vase on the site was smashed, and columns were knocked over. There were signs that the vandalism was an inside job, perpetrated, perhaps, by some of the site's own caretakers. Suspicion fell on one particular supervisor, who seemed to rule Morgantina like a feudal lord, demanding tributes of fresh ricotta from the men he hired as guards. The man was investigated but not charged; when he was transferred, however, the vandalism stopped.

Around this time, Bell also began to hear rumors of an exceptional discovery that the *tombaroli* had made a few years earlier—two life-size heads of marble, with corresponding hands and feet but no bodies. In certain parts of the Greek world, such as Sicily, where fine-quality stone was in short supply, artists would create or import what are called "acrolithic" statues, whose visible parts—head, feet, and hands—were made of stone, while the rest was made of wood and covered in drapery. The Morgantina heads had a distinctive look, which had impressed itself on the people who had seen them: the foreheads were almost triangular, with almond-shaped hollows for eyes and



"Can I borrow those kittens for an hour? I want to freak out the people who had me spayed."

the strange, enigmatic smiles typical of certain Archaic Greek sculptures from the late sixth and early fifth century B.C.

Acting on these rumors, in 1979 the Italian government had ordered an excavation at the spot where the statues were said to have been found. Italian archeologists uncovered evidence of recent looting, the remains of what appeared to be a sanctuary to Persephone and Demeter, and terracotta fragments from a large-scale sculpture group, but no heads, hands, or feet. The following year, a London dealer named Robin Symes sold to one of New York's most prominent collectors two exceptional acrolithic sculptures after acquiring them in Switzerland. The figures are thought to represent Persephone and Demeter.

When Bell returned to Morgantina in the summer of 1981, he heard fresh rumors—these about *un servizio di argento*, or silver service. The group of beautifully crafted objects was said to include ladles and bowls, which explains why locals called it a "service." The same year, the Metropolitan Museum bought the first of two installments of a fifteen-piece set of Greek silver for $2.7 million, which its curators described in a museum bulletin as "some of the finest Hellenistic silver known from Magna Graecia." This set, too, contained ladles and bowls, and also had a small receptacle for burning incense, which indicated that it had been used for religious purposes. One of the most extraordinary pieces was the lid of a small bowl: it had a delicately worked sculptural relief of Scylla, who, according to legend, was turned into a sea monster and took her revenge by attacking sailors off the eastern coast of Sicily. The Metropolitan's catalogue was vague about the silver's origins, explaining that it was "presumably found together a generation ago," and that it was produced either in "Taranto or in Eastern Sicily," in the second half of the third century B.C.

In 1984, the Met put the silver on display in a niche off the main lobby. When Bell first saw it, on a visit to the museum in 1987, he immediately suspected that it was the silver he had heard about at Morgantina. People who had seen the pieces there had been particularly struck by two small silver horns, which might have originally been attached to a leather helmet. The Met silver also contains two silver horns. "They were the key, because they are so unusual," Bell told me.

Bell wrote to the Met in 1987, stating his suspicions about the silver's origins. He also spoke to friends and colleagues about the rumors of two acrolithic sculptures. He soon heard that statues of that description were for sale.

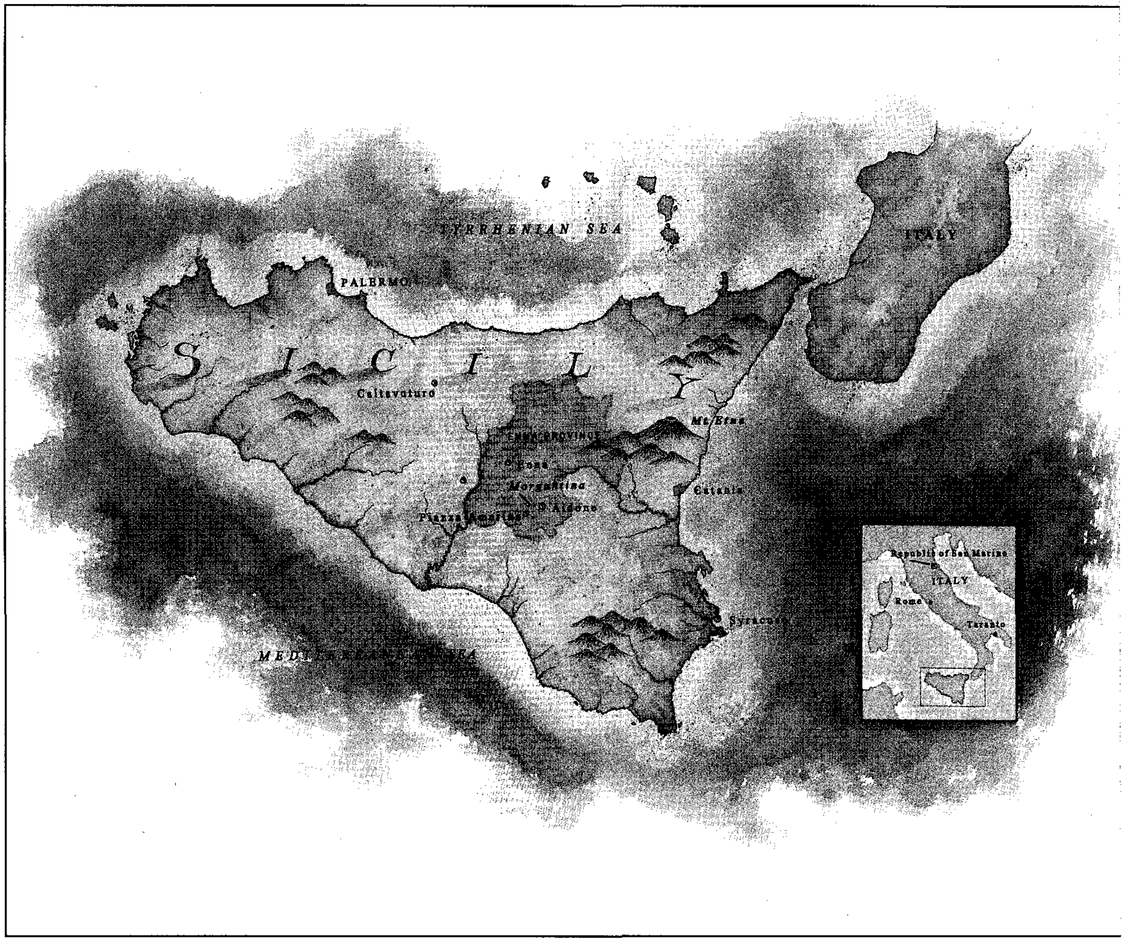
EACH time Bell uncovered new evidence about possible looting at Morgantina, he presented it to Silvio Raffiotta, who was a prosecutor in Enna. Raffiotta had grown up in Aidone and his family has a farmhouse on the archeological site of Morgantina. Like many Sicilians in the area, he had a passion for antiquities, and he became Bell's most effective ally in the fight against looting, and also a good friend. The news that both the silver and the acroliths had been spotted in American collections prompted Raffiotta to launch the first comprehensive investigation of looting in the area of Aidone.

Raffiotta uncovered a network of more than fifty *tombaroli* operating throughout southern Italy. At its center was Giuseppe Mascara, the man Bell and his wife had caught in 1969; in early 1988 he was arrested for antiquities trafficking. In an effort to reduce his sentence, he began to tell Raffiotta about some of the more important objects he had seen dug up at Morgantina. Among other treasures that he described in considerable detail were both the acroliths and the Metropolitan silver.

A few months later, in the summer of 1988, the J. Paul Getty Museum unveiled a pair of remarkable acrolithic sculptures, as well as a statue of a Greek goddess, thought to represent Aphrodite, for which it had paid twenty million dollars. The sudden appearance of such remarkable pieces from twenty-five hundred years ago created an immediate sensation—and soon precipitated a scandal.

Thomas Hoving, the former director of the Metropolitan Museum, who had since become the editor of *Connoisseur*, published an exposé declaring that all three statues had been dug up illegally from Morgantina. Like Bell, Hoving had worked at Morgantina as a Princeton graduate student, and he had maintained close ties with the area. When he was the director of the Met, from 1967 to 1977, he hired men from Aidone as security guards, and they kept him abreast of the news from eastern Sicily. Although he was no longer director when the Met purchased the silver, in his account of his tenure at the museum, "Making the Mummies Dance," Hoving admits that he, too, subscribed to the traditional "don't ask, don't tell" policy on antiquities common to most American museums, and that he bought many undocumented pieces for the Met in what he now refers to as "the age of piracy." He began his crusade against looted art after he left the museum job and became more concerned with selling books and magazines than with building a collection.

Amid the brouhaha created by the *Connoisseur* article, the acroliths were removed from the Getty gallery. The museum would say only that they had been returned to their owner, an anonymous private collector. But it was soon discovered that the acroliths belonged to Maurice Tempelsman, a wealthy New York businessman, who had been Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's companion for many years. Privately, some scholars chided the Getty for removing the pieces before researchers were able to study them. They have never been seen in public again, and only a few snapshots of the exhibit exist. Tempelsman has consistently refused to discuss the matter, but earlier this year his spokesman said, "In 1980, Mr. Tempelsman purchased these acroliths from Robin Symes. . . . He bought the sculptures from a reputable dealer and he is pretty convinced that they were acquired legitimately."



In 1993, Malcolm Bell made a request to the Metropolitan to examine the silver, but was repeatedly put off, even though it is standard practice for museums to make their collections available to scholars. Then, in 1996, the Italian government presented the Metropolitan with the testimony that Raffiotta had taken from Mascara and other *tombaroli*, which seemed to indicate that the silver had been looted from Morgantina. Ashton Hawkins, the Met's executive vice-president and general counsel, informed the Italians that the museum could not rely on the word of a convicted looter trying to reduce his sentence. He pointed out that the Met had included a picture of the silver in its 1984 museum bulletin, so Mascara might have seen it there. Hawkins also said that the Met had no reason to doubt the provenance of the pieces, which it acquired from the dealer Robert Hecht. Hecht said he bought the silver in Switzerland, from a family of Lebanese antique dealers, who claimed to have owned it for more than twenty years.

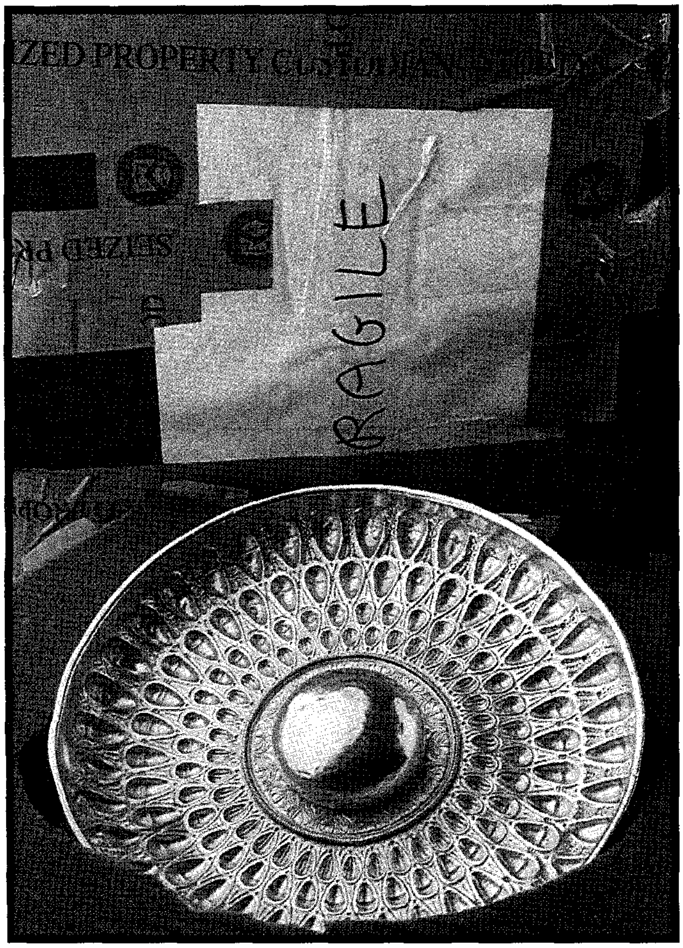
Hecht, however, is hardly a man above all suspicion. During the nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies, he was tried on charges of smuggling antiquities, and declared persona non grata in both Italy and Turkey, though he was ultimately acquitted. In 1972, Hecht sold Hoving, then the Met's director, the Euphronios krater, which is considered by some to be the most beautiful ancient Greek vase in the world. The museum proudly unveiled the piece later that year, but was quickly confronted with evidence that the piece had been looted from an Etruscan tomb in central Italy. Hecht claimed that he bought the krater in Switzerland from a Lebanese art dealer, who had owned it for many years—a story almost identical to the one he later told about the Greek silver. "It's like a sitcom rerun," Hoving says. He now believes that the Euphronios krater was smuggled out of Italy, although as director of the Met he adamantly refused to give up the vase. It is currently one of the centerpieces of the museum's new Greek galleries.

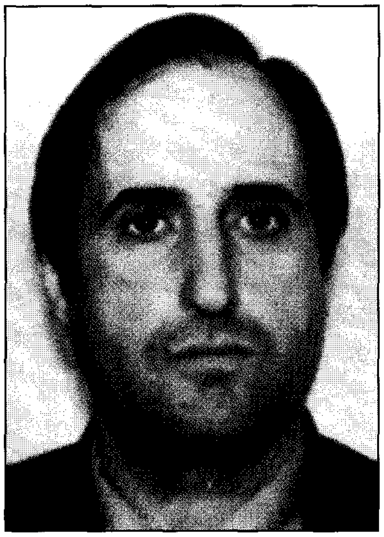
Indeed, almost all of the pieces in the Met's ancient-art rooms (and those in virtually all other American museums) are undocumented, bearing generic labels, such as "Attic 5th century" or "Magna Graecia 4th century"—a likely sign that they were not dug up in a legal excavation. The vast majority of the pieces that come into the American market pass through Switzerland, in part because Swiss law automatically grants legal title to a work of art if its present owner can demonstrate that it has been on Swiss soil for at least five years. Thus any piece that spends the requisite time cooling off in a Swiss vault (or somehow acquires backdated paperwork) can be sold in London or New York as coming "from a private collection in Europe."

As Raffiotta worked with Bell to build his case about the acroliths and the silver, he also solicited help from one of his oldest friends, Vincenzo Cammarata—the man now suspected

MIKE REAGAN

of controlling the smuggling of antiquities in the area. Raffiotta and Cammarata studied together at the University of Catania, and both are members of the small intellectual élite in this part of rural Sicily. To assist the investigation, Cammarata gave Raffiotta a sworn statement that elaborated on what he had told Ross Holloway and others years earlier: He admitted that in 1979 a *tombarolo* had brought two unusual acrolithic sculptures to his country villa and offered them for sale, and that they were identical to the statues he later saw in photographs of the Getty exhibit. Cammarata said he had turned down the chance to buy them, and Raffiotta apparently believed him. Certainly he made no move to add Cammarata to the list of suspects in his antiquities-smuggling investigation, because, he later explained, Cammarata's name never came up in the wiretaps he had done of the local *tombaroli.*





Vincenzo Cammarata, a flamboyant Sicilian antiquities expert, may be the link between the looters and the collectors. The police began to investigate him when they were told that he had been trying to sell a 24k.-gold libation bowl, which was traced to the collection of a New York hedge-fund manager.

LEFT: IRA BLOCK; RIGHT: FOTOCRONACHE RS/CATANIA

In 1994, though, Cammarata's name did surface in an unrelated case, in another part of Sicily—a case that eventually reached a courtroom in the United States and clearly exposed the inner workings of the antiquities black market. It traced the progress of one spectacular object from rural Sicily to a drawing room in New York City, and showed how dealers, scholars, and curators were all involved in the transaction. An appeals-court ruling on the matter, which is expected soon, could permanently alter the way museums and collectors do business.

The investigation began when police in the small town of Termini Imerese began looking into the disappearance of objects from the local museum and stumbled upon photographs of a beautifully sculpted fourth-century Greek phiale, or libation bowl. Made from more than two pounds of 24k. gold, it was hammered into a pattern of acorns and beechnuts with a large gold knob, symbolizing the omphalos, or the mythic navel of the world, sticking up in the center. A suspect told police that Cammarata had owned the bowl and that he had got in touch with her in 1991 about finding an American buyer for it.

When investigators questioned Cammarata, he said he had acquired the piece from another Sicilian collector, who maintained that it had been found by chance as workmen were digging up electric lines near an ancient Greek settlement. (Cammarata had no record of the sale, however, and the other dealer has since died.) Cammarata also admitted selling the golden phiale to a Swiss-based art dealer named William Veres, through whom it reached Michael Steinhardt, a well-known New York hedge-fund manager. The Italian prosecutors then asked federal prosecutors in New York to help them find out exactly how the phiale had been imported into the United States.

The prosecutors discovered that Veres had contacted a New York dealer named Robert Haber, who had sold Steinhardt between four and six million dollars' worth of ancient art over the past two decades. The two dealers had travelled to Sicily to inspect the phiale and settled on a price of $1.2 million. According to a subsequent ruling in federal court in New York, Haber then "took great effort to ensure that the phiale was not exported directly from Italy," by arranging to pick it up in Lugano, Switzerland—just over the Italian border—and carrying it home in his luggage. On United States customs forms, the piece was identified as coming from a private collection in Lausanne and being worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—false statements that would later allow customs agents to seize the bowl from Steinhardt's apartment, where it was prominently displayed on a grand piano.

Steinhardt challenged the seizure in court. But under the terms of a 1970 UNESCO treaty on antiquities smuggling, which the United States had signed, various countries had begun to pursue as stolen property any artifacts that had been exported illegally, and American courts have seemed to be increasingly sympathetic to this argument. The federal district court Judge Barbara Jones ruled in November of 1997 that the phiale be returned to Italy.

This ruling, according to the Met's Ashton Hawkins, "in one fell swoop has taken an important step toward criminalizing the antiquities field." Steinhardt appealed, and the major trade associations that represent America's museums and art dealers filed legal briefs supporting his position. One of the few museums to side with the Italians was the Getty, whose budget for antiquities far outstrips that of any other museum in the world. "I find it incredible and extremely disturbing for the Museum Association to support the sale of a piece that was brought into this country with false information," Marion True, the curator of antiquities at the Getty, told me. She believes that museums must give up the practice of buying undocumented antiquities, and in 1995, the year the Steinhardt litigation began, the Getty announced that it would no longer buy any pieces that did not have a clear and convincing provenance. True acknowledged that, if applied universally, such a policy would bring the antiquities trade to a near-halt. But she said, "Museums have to change our mind-set. We have to change the idea that if we don't continue to collect we die."

TO SLEEP

Great comrade woman of existence, brava sleep!
How many times I've come to get you
And you weren't there!
Now I have a woman friend who helps me find you
But in those days
When my life was lonely and illicit
When it didn't seem to matter
If I was up or not, or at what hour,
Then sleep you were a tyrant
And a woman that I followed
From week to week from town to town
Not stalking but walking
In earnest pursuit of you, sleep,
Until happily you passed out or I fell down.

Now that I think of you
I feel fond. But what are you really?
Are you some exiguous palm frond
Capitulated by merriment back out of and into existence?
Were you always the goblet from which a few inspired ones
Drank that liqueur that offered them their sublimest poems?
Will you offer them equally to me, sleep,
Or have you already done so? Will you be more than fair? This morning I feel
As the gondolier advances like a rope's continuingly pulled-at knot
That you may be, and I think with gratitude
Of what we together still might do.

—Kenneth Koch

True's stand, however, strikes many people in the museum field as a shrewdly timed bit of hypocrisy. The Getty has long been reviled as the worst offender in buying undocumented antiquities. In 1994, it put on a major exhibition of the collection of Barbara and Lawrence Fleischman, which contained more than three hundred objects, virtually all of them without a known history. The following year, after the Getty had announced its new policy on undocumented antiquities, the Fleischmans donated most of their collection to the museum, which bought the rest of the pieces for an estimated forty million dollars. The Getty justified this acquisition under its new guidelines by saying that the artifacts had been "documented" in its own catalogue. (The museum also, under its usual procedures, sent photographs of the collection to foreign authorities who might have claims, a procedure more likely to detect stolen artifacts than looted ones.) Since then, the Getty has quietly repatriated some of the hotter pieces, while taking a very public stand against looted art. This infuriated officials at the Met, who balked at showing the more suspect pieces in the Fleischman collection and then found themselves being lectured by True about museum ethics. Nevertheless, the Steinhardt case has forced the Met, and other major museums as well, to reconsider their position on undocumented pieces. The climate has begun to change and Italian authorities have begun to see some progress in their campaign to repatriate antiquities.

As a result of the information produced by U.S. investigators, a magistrate in Termini Imerese eventually charged Cammarata with illegally selling the Steinhardt phiale, and his trial on this charge has just begun. Far more serious charges against him, however, arose out of a smuggling-conspiracy investigation that began in 1996, when police in Caltanissetta, the province adjoining Enna, arrested some thirty suspected Mafia figures. Several of them turned out to be *tombaroli*, and they agreed to become state's witnesses. One of them, who worked around Aidone, told prosecutors that "all the archeological pieces coming from the digs would be shown to Baron Cammarata, so that he could say whether he was interested in buying them or not."

The Catania prosecutors then placed under surveillance the telephones of Cammarata, two professors from the University of Catania, two other prominent Sicilian collectors, and a coin dealer from Rimini, in northern Italy. The taped conversations that have been made public offer little confirmation of the suspects' having had any contact with Mafiosi—they sound more like the minutes of a coin collectors' club. When they were arrested, nearly all the defendants were found to have thousands of ancient coins and artifacts, most of which had no documented provenance. Two of the defendants had metal detectors in their homes, and wiretaps recorded many phone calls about visiting *tombaroli* at Morgantina. One of the professors who were charged, Giacomo Manganaro, had also surfaced in the Steinhardt case: he had published an article in a scholarly journal authenticating the phiale before it was sold, and the sales contract stipulated that he would write a letter saying he had seen the phiale in Switzerland many years earlier. (He denies ever having written such a letter or agreeing to do so.) Another defendant, who was accused of providing false sales documents for looted artifacts, runs an auction house in the Republic of San Marino, a tiny independent state that functions as a kind of little Switzerland within Italy's borders. The surveillance also showed that Cammarata, Manganaro, and the other University of Catania professor met with "a trafficker in archeological materials who operates in Great Britain, yet to be identified, who was supposed to provide them with false receipts in order to lend 'apparent justification' of their receiving ancient artifacts from Cammarata."

Cammarata's role in the world of antiquities was so flamboyant and so widely known that the police in Catania wondered how it had escaped the notice of the local authorities. The superintendent of antiquities of Enna has been forced to step down and is under investigation. And Raffiotta himself is suspected of protecting his old friend. In fact, one of the Mafia witnesses claimed to have participated in a meeting with both Cammarata and Raffiotta in which they discussed the sale of looted artifacts. This testimony raised the possibility that the most public and diligent defender of archeological sites might be part of the antiquities-smuggling ring. But Malcolm Bell, among others, finds the accusations against Raffiotta absurd. "Silvio Raffiotta has done more than any other person to protect archeological sites in Sicily," he said.

Raffiotta believes that the charges made against him were retaliatory. His Mafia accuser is a convicted sex offender whom Raffiotta had arrested several years earlier. The prosecutor also damaged local interests by blocking completion of an estimated sixty-million-dollar dam that would have flooded an ancient Roman site—a move that could have infuriated Mafia-controlled construction companies. "To brand me as a *tombarolo* is the least they can do," he said. Raffiotta has not been charged with any crime, and, in the torpid cauldron of provincial Sicilian life—where everyone is either a lifelong friend or a mortal enemy—he could very well be the victim of some complex machination. "Nothing would surprise me—either way," said another prosecutor, who was working in another part of Sicily. "When I came here, my boss, the chief prosecutor, was accused of collusion with the Mafia and he was convicted."

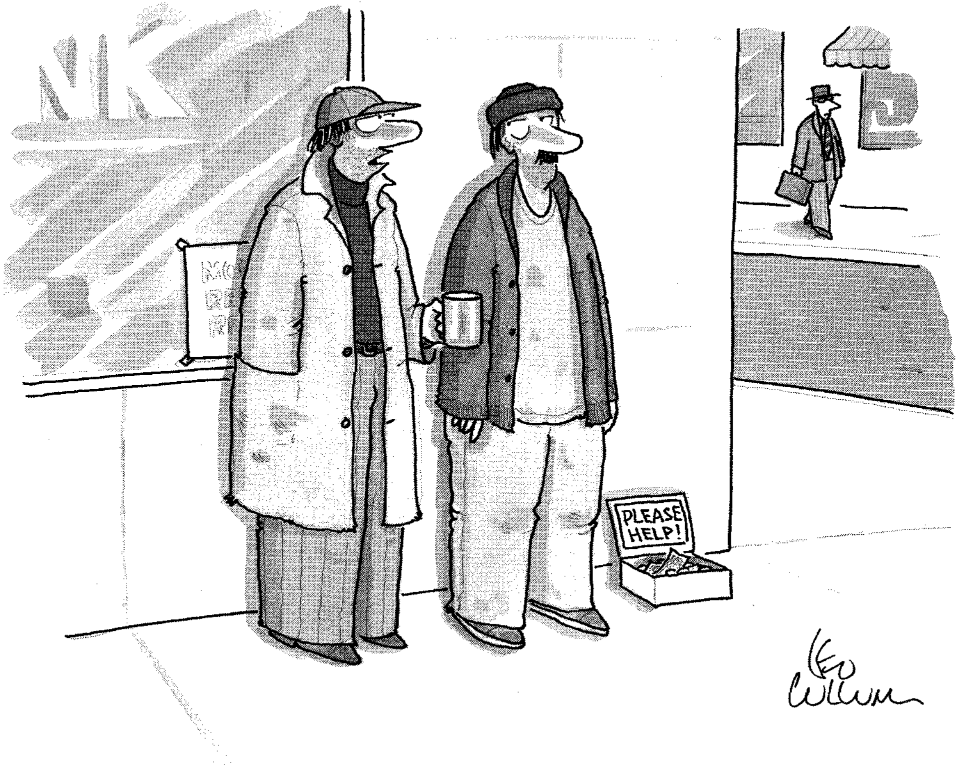
As the looting investigation proceeds, there are signs that the local underworld may be trying to intimidate the authorities. Shortly after Cammarata's arrest, someone broke into the Roman villa at Piazza Armerina and threw paint on the mosaics, for the fourth time in the last few years. So far, the vandals have used removable paint, as if the intent were to show that they, and not the government, controlled the site and could violate it at will. Initially, police suspected a few disgruntled custodians, but after the fourth break-in they began to wonder whether a few men could repeatedly gain access to the well-guarded villa without the help of a larger conspiracy, involving what is known locally as the *mafia dei reperti*—"the mafia of archeological objects."

IN 1996, perhaps encouraged by their court victory in the Steinhardt case and by the Getty's return of several pieces, the Italian authorities asked Bell to excavate the section of Morgantina where police informants said that a silver service had been found. Bell had harbored suspicions about this area ever since the summer of 1982, when he saw a big, burly man working a bulldozer there: the land was in private hands at the time, but it bordered on the archeological area and so was subject to restrictions. "They are not supposed to use any earthmoving equipment there," Bell explained. "I asked him what he was doing, and he said, with a smile I didn't like, 'Preparing the ground for planting.'" In retrospect, Bell imagines that the man was filling in the holes made by *tombaroli.*

When Bell and his team began to dig, they found the walls of an ancient Greek house and in it all the telltale signs of looting. The stratigraphic layers had been turned upside down and mixed together. By last summer, the house had been completely excavated, revealing waist-high walls made of irregular pieces of tan limestone, a stone stairway that would have led to the second floor, and a courtyard and eight rooms with packed-dirt floors.

Bell was impressed by the thoroughness of the *tombaroli's* work. They had dug all the way down to the floor in each room—a sign, perhaps, that they had found something extremely important at the outset. "After digging down to the floor, they obviously passed a metal detector across it," he said as he showed me around the site. Most of the floors were left intact, but Bell found two good-sized holes where the *tombaroli* had evidently chosen to dig deeper. On the floor of the house, he came upon a modern Italian coin dated 1978, which had probably fallen out of a *tombarolo's* pocket as he crawled around the house. Clearly, the site was looted after that date, which accorded with rumors that Bell had heard about a silver service in 1980. The fact that there were two holes was also revealing, for the Metropolitan Museum silver had been purchased in two installments—one in 1981 and the other in 1982—and those dates suggested that the treasure may have been buried and discovered in two separate batches.

At the bottom of one of the holes, Bell found a second small coin that had eluded the *tombaroli.* It had been minted in Sicily between 216 and 212 B.C., which established the *terminus ante quem*—that is, the date before which the treasure found in the house was originally buried. This fitted perfectly with what is known about the area in the third century B.C. Morgantina at the time was part of the Kingdom of Syracuse, one of the great cities of the


PLEASE HELP!

"I hate getting all these Canadian coins, but I guess that's the price of living in Toronto."

Greek world, where Aeschylus produced some of his plays, where Plato came to create his ideal "Republic" on earth, and where the great mathematician Archimedes was slain by a Roman soldier during the sack of the city, in 212-211 B.C., supposedly as he was absorbed in working out a geometry problem in the dirt.

After the fall of Syracuse, many refugees fled to Morgantina, carrying their most precious possessions. Bell believes that the Met's beautifully crafted silver set was probably produced in Syracuse, which was renowned for its silversmiths. Some of the pieces are decorated with an architectural motif—a Doric entablature with an Ionic cornice—that was most commonly used at Syracuse.

At first, Bell was surprised to have found a dirt floor, rather than an elaborate mosaic pavement, in a house where such an important treasure was buried. Grand houses with mosaics can be found in the center of Morgantina, near the agora. But as Bell worked on the excavation the placement gradually began to make sense to him. "If you were hiding a treasure in a house with a mosaic floor, you would have to break open the pavement, leaving obvious signs of digging," he said. A treasure hidden beneath the dirt floor of a dark basement room far from the city center would stand a much better chance of eluding the Roman invaders—as proved to be the case.

"The owner of the house was probably a wealthy farmer, who used his basement for storing his goods," said Bell, who had found numerous large clay jars—some of them as much as five feet tall—for storing grain, oil, and wine. "We also know that he was a pious farmer." In fact, as Bell sifted through the rubble left by the *tombaroli*, he found a terra-cotta altar very similar to the silver pieces at the Met. "The pieces are typologically almost identical," Bell said, meaning that they had the same unusual architectural motif. He believes that both sets were used in religious ceremonies. The terra-cotta version would have served as the household altar, whereas the silver ones would almost certainly have been dedicated to a city sanctuary. In fact, two of the pieces at the Metropolitan bear an inscription that says "Sacred to the gods." A second, hastily written inscription, a kind of graffito, reads, "From the war."

The Metropolitan's official position, expressed in the bulletin that describes the silver treasure, is that, while it probably came from Sicily or southern Italy, its exact origin cannot be determined. In March of this year, however, the museum invited Bell to examine the silver. Last month, he spent a day studying the pieces to which he had dedicated so much time, and he will soon give his final report to the Italian government, which is expected to issue a new request for the return of the silver. Bell also met with the museum director, Philippe de Montebello, and learned that the Met is advocating a new openness regarding its collecting of antiquities.

Even though the antiquities investigations in Sicily and the United States are not yet concluded, evidently they have changed the modus operandi of museums as well as of private collectors. In February, the Getty returned to Italy an important Greek vase after evidence emerged that it had been looted from an Etruscan tomb. But any fear among American curators that foreign claims will multiply and empty their galleries is unfounded, insists General Conforti, the head of the division of the Italian police which is in charge of looted and stolen art. "We are pragmatists," he said. The Italians have no intention of going far back in time or making a large number of requests, for they know that doing so could provoke the United States into passing new laws to protect its museums. They are interested in a handful of important pieces that are closely tied to the cultural identity of a particular place or time.

Morgantina, especially, has the potential to be one of Sicily's great tourist attractions if some of its riches can be reassembled. This is perhaps the only hope for reviving the area's moribund economy, so, in 1994, students at the elementary school in Aidone wrote letters to Maurice Tempelsman, asking him to return the acroliths. The Italians have now identified the Sicilian dealer who sold the acroliths to a fellow-Sicilian in Switzerland, who, in turn, sold them to Robin Symes. Last month, a spokesman for Tempelsman told the Italian government that his client was making a good-faith effort to evaluate new evidence about the acroliths.

But even the archeologists and scholars who vehemently condemn looting and support laws to stop it also admit that the Italian state does not always take good care of the antiquities it already owns. Many museums, particularly local ones like that at Aidone, can't afford to display most of their objects; as a result, artifacts are frequently stolen from storerooms or are left in fragments for decades, waiting to be recomposed. Bell and others believe that overseas exhibitions and long-term loans of ten or even twenty years would curb foreign museums' appetites for new pieces, and help the source country fund more legal excavations, more conservation, and more security. "One of the proposals is for travelling exhibitions that would visit more than one venue, and the Italians are looking at relaxing their restrictions on that," Bell said. Others go further, advocating a limited trade that would allow institutions to sell redundant pieces.

Nevertheless, a black market for antiquities will continue to flourish as long as private collectors covet these objects, and most scholars agree that looting must be controlled at the source. "The clandestine excavations are not scientific, and they destroy an enormous amount of data," said Maria Antonietta Rizzo, the superintendent of several major Etruscan sites. "To find a single object, entire buildings are destroyed and stratigraphic layers are turned upside down."

Ripped from their context and smuggled out of the country, with their origins camouflaged in order to make them salable, antiquities lose much of their meaning and value. It is true that the silver treasure gains greater visibility at the Metropolitan Museum than it would have at a small provincial museum in Sicily. But in order to justify its acquisition the Met must maintain that it cannot determine where the silver came from, thereby reducing it to a generic artifact from somewhere in the Mediterranean. The silver vessels have become mere art objects—beautiful but mute—stripped of their history.

By contrast, on being placed back in their context, the acroliths and the silver are like bookends, telling the story of Morgantina itself. The enigmatic, smiling figures of Persephone and Demeter reveal the city's origins. Though Greeks settled on the Sicilian coast in the eighth century B.C., they did not push into the interior until nearly two hundred years later. "The acroliths are tremendously important artistic and historical documents of the Hellenization of Morgantina in the sixth century," Bell said. He added that they also confirm the fact that the worship of Persephone and Demeter was already a dominant religious cult in eastern Sicily in the sixth century B.C., while the silver service, which contains a depiction of Demeter, shows that it remained so until Morgantina's final days. What's more, the silver tells the story of the city's desperate end. Bell believes that the silver treasure was taken from a public sanctuary and buried in the basement floor of the pious farmer. By adding the inscription "From the war," whoever buried it intended to leave a message for whoever might dig it up.

In light of the current debate over cultural property, this hasty inscription acquires a particular poignance and meaning: it seems to be a warning against looting itself. "I realized that these were inscriptions to protect the silver from abuse, intended to be read by someone who found them," Bell said. "There was this extraordinary possibility for listening to an ancient voice that was crying out at a moment of incredible difficulty, similar to what has happened in Bosnia or Kosovo today. None of this can be understood without the context." ♦

"If you want to buy this, I'm afraid I'm going to need to see some justification."

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION

HEMINGWAY TOLD ME THINGS

Notes on a decade's correspondence.

BY LILLIAN ROSS

I FIRST met Ernest Hemingway on Christmas Eve, 1947, in Ketchum, Idaho. He liked vacationing there, away from his home, in San Francisco de Paula, Cuba, and eventually built his own house there. I had gone to talk to Hemingway about Sidney Franklin, the bullfighter from Brooklyn, whom I was writing about. Hemingway was extraordinarily patient and generous in giving me marvellous material on Franklin and bullfighting. Then he and his wife, Mary, invited me to join them and his three sons for an elaborate Christmas dinner cooked by Mary in the tourist cabin where they were staying. After that, we kept in touch, and a couple of years later, when the Hemingways came to New York, I was able to spend enough time with him to write a long Profile of him for this magazine. He was, as he liked to put it, "half a century old" at the time. Throughout the succeeding eleven years, until his death, he wrote scores of letters to me. Mary also wrote from time to time. Our correspondence established an unshakable friendship. I last heard from Hemingway in 1961, when he was in St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, where he had gone to seek medical help. It was about five months before he killed himself, in Ketchum.

In his letters to me, Hemingway often used the joke "Indian" talk he had invented, dropping his articles and being intentionally ungrammatical. He kidded around in other ways, too. For example, while writing a letter he would switch from typewriter to handwriting: "Had to quit typing due to my self pity + cramps. There are a lot of compensations in life. Anyhow, I don't have to re-marry Dorothy Parker. Please write. Huck Hemingstein." Or: "Wrote you a funny letter last night when yours came. But had to tear it up because it was too rough. I shouldn't have said that about the sin house, etc. anyway. But I got used to telling the truth to you and it's a hell of a habit to stop. Probably am just as much of a jerk as those bastards that rush to their analysts. My analyst's name is Royal Portable (noiseless) the 3rd." He also liked to refer to his typewriter as the Royal Deportable Machine.

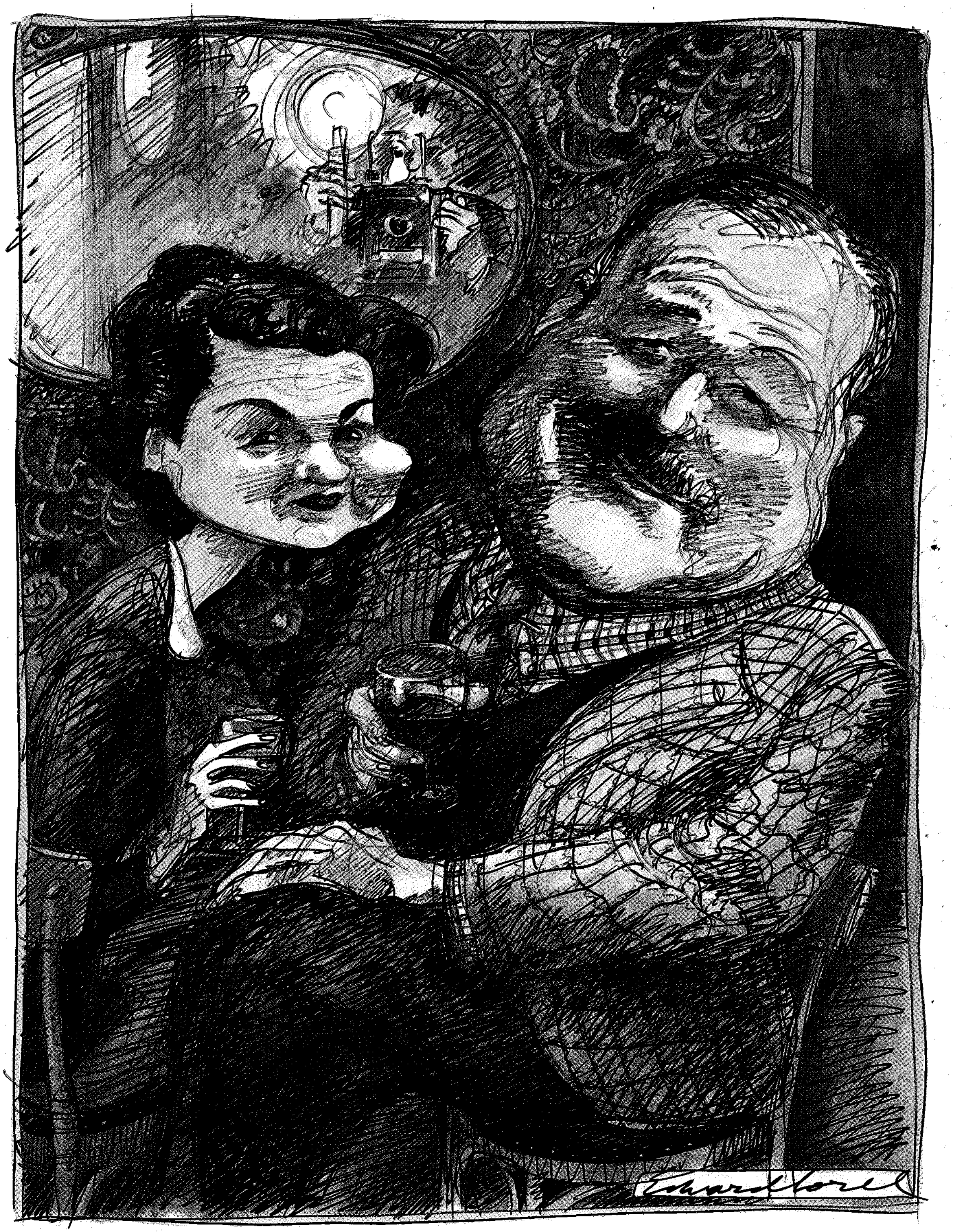
Hemingway signed a few of his letters "Papa," but mostly he signed them "Ernest" or "Honest Ernie" or "Huck von Hemingstein" or "Ernest Buck Hemingstein" or "Mountain Boy Huck" or "Huckmanship von Hemingstein" or "Love and good luck, Ernest." Or, after signing, he would draw three mountain peaks, which I assumed was his own idea of an Indian sign.

Occasionally, he would apologize for his "sloppy writing." And he would ask, "But you don't want me to write all the time with a hard, gem-like flame do you?" Then he would throw in a Hemingway sentence as only Hemingway could write it. In talking about the "haunted, nocturnal life" he led in Cuba, he once wrote that he had been up since "0230" and it was now "0530": "It is getting light now before the sun rises and the hills are grey from the dew of last night."

From Cuba, he often wrote once or twice a week. When he went to Spain or to Africa, the letters would come less frequently. Each time I opened one of them, on onionskin stationery with "FINCA VIGIA, SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA, CUBA" printed across the top, I felt the thrill of knowing that it was from Hemingway. Every letter contained electric echoes of the writer I had discovered at the age of eleven, when I found "The Sun Also Rises," a forbidden book, under my brother Simeon's pillow. We planned a couple of times to meet in Paris, but we didn't connect, so we met during the Hemingways' few visits to New York. Despite many invitations from Hemingway and his wife to come and stay with them in Cuba, I never visited them there. I've never felt comfortable "visiting" most people. Besides, I didn't want to spoil our particular equation.

IN my Profile, I wanted to give a picture of this special man as he was, how he looked and sounded, with his vitality, his unique and fun-loaded conversation, and his enormous spirit of truthfulness intact. He had the nerve to be like nobody else on earth, stripping himself—like his writing—of all camouflage and ornament. To my surprise, the piece was extremely controversial. Some readers objected strongly to Hemingway's personality, and admired the piece for the wrong reasons. The Profile was called "devastating" by some reviewers. But Hemingway wrote to me afterward, "Actually good old profile made me about as many enemies as we have in North Korea. But who gives a shit? A man should be known by the enemies he keeps." Several years later, he told me that people continued to talk to him about it: "All are very astonished because I don't hold anything against you who made an effort to destroy me and nearly did, they say. I always tell them how can I be destroyed by a woman when she is a friend of mine and we have never even been to bed and no money has changed hands?"

He had some succinct advice for me as a writer: "Just call them the way you see them and the hell with it." In his letters to me, he ridiculed people he didn't respect; he gossiped about people he knew; he sympathized with people who were in trouble. He told of his impatience with the wife of one of his friends. "There was always, with her, a lot of stuff about being Jewish and not being Jewish," he said. "This always bores the hell out of me because I would just as soon observe Yom Kippur as Easter, and I am really an Indian I



Hemingway had some succinct advice for me as a writer: "Just call them the way you see them and the hell with it."

EDWARD SOREL

guess anyway, and we probably were as badly bitched as the Jews. I like Jews very much, but I always get bored with people making a career of their race, religion, or their noble families. Why can't we take the whole damned thing for granted?"

In another letter he said, "I usually introduce myself as Hemingstein when meeting known anti-Semites and their friends. But actually the name is Hemingway, and there is nothing I can do about it."

HEMINGWAY liked to make lists, and when he listed the people he loved he usually started with the names of his sons: John (nicknamed Bumby), Patrick (nicknamed Mousie), and Gregory (nicknamed Gigi). Next, he would affectionately list all his wives: Hadley, Pauline, Martha, and Mary. (He described Pauline as a fine woman after she had visited Mary and him at Finca Vigia.) When John became a captain of infantry in Germany, Hemingway proudly told me, "He is a nice boy and I love him very much and he loves me. Since have never been on a couch don't know whether there is anything wrong with that."

In addition to being marvellously eclectic, the letters were full of facts. Hemingway *told* me things. I found skiing difficult, for example, and the proliferation of broken legs among skiers scared me. "Nobody has any real strength in their legs any more, because they don't climb," he said. "Skiing is all on a ski-lift basis. . . . They don't know the mountains."

He didn't feel that he had to conceal his romantic notions about the military life. He would tell me, "I wish we could go to war (shoot-shoot war) sometime with Buck Lanham and Chink Dorman-Smith." Lanham, his best friend, was commander of the Twenty-second Infantry Regiment. "You'd have fun. It is supposed to be a terrible sin to have fun in war. But we commit it and the three of us are very light-hearted people when the chips are down."

I didn't go fishing or shooting or hunting or camping or trekking on safaris to Africa—much less to war. I had no interest in doing any of that. But I enjoyed hearing Hemingway talk about all those things, because he said everything with originality, with zest, with energy, and with humor. During one fishing trip, he reported to me that they had caught five marlin, five tuna, five kingfish, about a dozen barracuda, a very big grouper, and a big female dolphin, "the kind that change from gold to silver when they die." He liked to instruct me in the ways of the porpoise and the whale. The porpoise, he said, is your best friend at sea; he will stay with you and play for miles and come around the boat and blow at night like a whale but without a whale's terrible stink. The sperm whale, I learned, when he's been eating squid, has the worst halitosis. Some of the fishing talk would keep me from eating seafood for months at a time.

Sometimes he described how he felt about the Finca. On returning there from a trip, he would say that it was even better than he remembered. It was wonderful, he said, "to have lots of room to work and plenty of big waste baskets." No one else told me things like that.

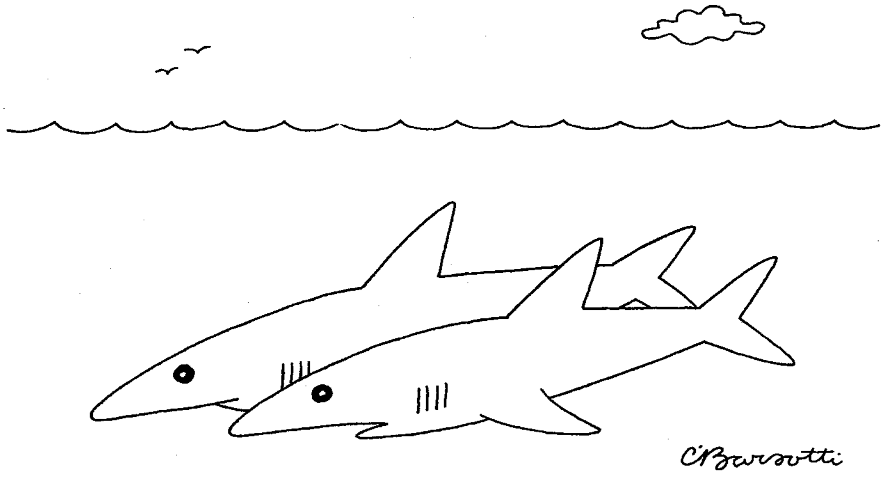
In our letters, we also discussed some of my enthusiasms. For example, he tutored me on the poker fundamentals. Never call; either raise or throw down. Play your good cards for keeps when you hold them and ride out your bad ones. Also, don't come in on every pot. As for tennis, he told me that he used to play a lot of singles with his third wife, Martha Gellhorn. "You had to let her *almost* win for her to be happy," he said. "If you *let* her win, she became insufferable."

When we discussed writing or writers, it wasn't in a strictly intellectual idiom. In connection with the fish, we once got on to the subject of "Moby Dick." I remember that I told him I liked reading the book. He said, "It is all wonderful except the rhetoric, which is shit. Also it is a lot of words about a whale. But in it there is something wonderful." Then, in his metaphorical habit of comparing writers to baseball pitchers, he said that Melville is like a "truly good left-hand pitcher with no control but who has played with every club and knows everything."

Hemingway could be very funny about other writers. "What is Faulkner's book like?" he once asked me. "Did you read it? I mustn't comment on it until I have read it or failed to be able to read it, but one thing I know is that writing would sure be easy if you went up in a barn with a quart of whiskey and wrote five thousand words on a good day without syntax." Once he asked me what I thought of Faulkner's "ranking of American writers." He considered this an appalling practice. "They are all ranking each other now," he said. "Like in J. Arthur Ranking Service."

From time to time, I would ask Hemingway what he thought of this or that piece of writing. When Shirley Jackson's famous short story "The Lottery" was published in *The New Yorker*, in 1948, I admired it, and I asked Hemingway to read it. He replied, "That story was a stinker." He called the ending "faked and phony," adding, "You have to write so people believe it." He said it was "the worst story I ever read in *The New Yorker*."

I liked Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and sent it to Hemingway. He thought that Mailer was very skillful and said he was "all for him." He went on, "I wish him luck and that he keeps on writing. He has lots of stuff." Another time he wrote of Mailer, "He has a fine imagination and if he disciplines it and controls it and invents truly from what he really knows, he can be a hell of a writer. Don't tell him this as kids resent even an opinion." He thought Irwin Shaw was "a jerk and a good short-story writer. But if I'd say he was a bad playwright (which he is) he would say I was anti-Semitic." He called Dawn Powell a wonderful writer who "has everything that Dotty Parker is supposed to have and is not tear-stained." He told me that Thurber was a better writer than Benchley. Once I took my great colleague Joe Mitchell (that other fish enthusiast) to meet him, and thereafter Hemingway always said how much he liked Mitchell's "The Bottom of the Harbor." But he criticized *The New Yorker* for "not being stapled well," and complained that the magazine fell to pieces in his hands.



"I have a spiritual side, but mostly I'm an eating machine."

When Hemingway liked or admired a bullfighter or a boxer or a writer or a cook, he was always generous about sharing the object of his enthusiasm with someone. He was a good friend of Bernard Berenson ("the most intelligent man I know"), and told me, in a letter, "Old Mr. B is 86 plus seven months. He always wants me to be impressed by how old he is and how he might die and I never want to tell him that I don't impress by being old; only by being intelligent."

In 1954, after Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize, he said that he and Mary didn't see anybody coming down to Cuba but "bloody bores, ex-rummies and people who want to shake the hand of the man who shook down Alfred Nobel's legatees." He would tell me about people who came up to him and said, "I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Hemingway, that I think you are our greatest writer. You and Louis Bromfield." (That one made me laugh out loud.)

The same year, Hemingway shyly reported to me that another unusual visitor had turned up at the Finca—Ava Gardner. "Only for three days," he said. "She is no strain, and I like to look at beautiful women and will go out in the boat tomorrow with her and Mary and Mayito Menocal. She was pretty good to come down with neither reporters nor cameramen and using the name of Ann Clark."

He seemed to enjoy having visitors, but he often wished they would go away and let him work. At the end of one letter, marked "0215" at the top, he wrote, "I am awake for the night after haveing"—it was his habit to keep the "e" in participles—"sent everybody to bed. But if you want to know how lonely a man can be when his damn book comes out you could bring down your lonely detector and make some accurate readings."

When Hemingway was feeling bleak, he invariably apologized. "I'm sorry daughter," he wrote, "when I'm not a better example. Nobody ever fielded 1000 if they tried for the hard ones. Nor if they didn't." And he added, "Anyway thanks very much for letter and try and have one here for when we get back. It is nice to come back and have a letter. But don't write if you are working too hard."

He often wrote about the terrible heat, and once said, "Sorry this is such a lousy letter. Did you ever read any of those stories about India and the summer heat when the Monsoon has failed and people go heat nutty and take a rifle out of the racks and shoot somebody in barracks? It has been that hot day and night. Only you can't take any rifle out of the rack and shoot the sergeant. You get up instead and re-write for six hours; copying and re-writing and writing new in long hand until the paper gets so wet it won't take a pencil. Then you stand up and sign checks and business letters and necessary family letters on the typewriter hopeing to get to the pool before the last patch of shade where the water is cool will be gone. That's why you don't write Lillian.... Better stop before I bore you some more."

Hemingway always cheered me on in my writing projects, and he confided in me about his own battles. In 1951, when he was finishing "The Old Man and the Sea," he wrote, "By the time I get it all right and as good as I can do they will probably be dropping atomic bombs around like goat shit. But we can make a trip to some comparatively unbombed area and you can read it in Mss if they have stopped publishing books."

When he was depressed or discouraged, he sometimes resorted to his baseball or boxing metaphors, saying he was "pitching double headers to empty stands," or "fighting twenty round fights with Stanley Ketchel without a paying customer in the house." Then he added, "Well, Dr., when you are half a hundred years old and know your trade what the hell is the difference under what conditions you practice it?"

There were times when Hemingway thought nobody "wished him well." But he quickly corrected himself and said that was wrong, that a lot of people wished him well but just didn't, he guessed, tell him about it. Then he might become sadly philosophical and say, "Your legend grows like the barnacles on the bottom of a ship and is about as useful—less useful."

THERE has been a great deal of speculation in the past thirty-eight years about the nature of Hemingway's death. Mary Hemingway said it was an accident, and I believe her. Hemingway was impatient with suicide. He would say, "Don't die. That is the only thing I know is really worthless." He loved and believed in life. When Thomas Heggen, the "Mr. Roberts" playwright, committed suicide, Hemingway said to me, "Now, a guy makes a little money with a play like 'Mr. Roberts.' Nothing occurs to him better than to kill himself. You'd think he'd buy himself all the women in the world or go to China or take a good room at the Ritz in Paris and be the Proust of the people. No, he kills himself."

On the same theme, he said, "How people cling to their useless lives I do not understand. Some Africans when they decide to die, just die. I think I understand how they do it, but have always been playing on the other team and engaged in deciding to live when it is actually impossible. Sometimes that is a little rough."

All writers yearn to be considered the best. Some conceal the yearning; others deny it. Hemingway, more than any other writer I've known, was forthright about this wish, and as touching as a child. He told me once that he wanted to be Champion of the World. "But I have that son of a bitch Tolstoi blocking me and when I get by him I run into Shakespeare," he said. "It would be an out to say S. never wrote them. But whoever wrote them is the best writer. The main trouble is that he was in there first and wrote all the things I would have liked to have written and never can ever because he did." He would ask, "What the hell do you do when they wrote it first?"

In rereading Hemingway's letters, written more than four decades ago, I am struck by their modernity. For me, his presence is as alive as his fiction, and I feel blessed to have had his trust and his friendship. My respect for him may be somewhat deeper today, but I feel now, as I felt when I first got to know him, that he represents the very soul of what we call a writer. And I still believe that he may well be the greatest novelist and short-story writer of our day.

"The only thing for me to do is write good books," Hemingway once said to me after reading a mean piece about his novel "Across the River and Into the Trees," in *Time*. "I may be a no good son of a bitch and lead a highly criticizable life. But I am a good and conscientious writer, and they ought to give you that." Once he speculated about why he had been criticized so often. "I joke all the time at myself, and everybody else and at everything and most literary critics are very solemn and without humor and they resent that," he said.

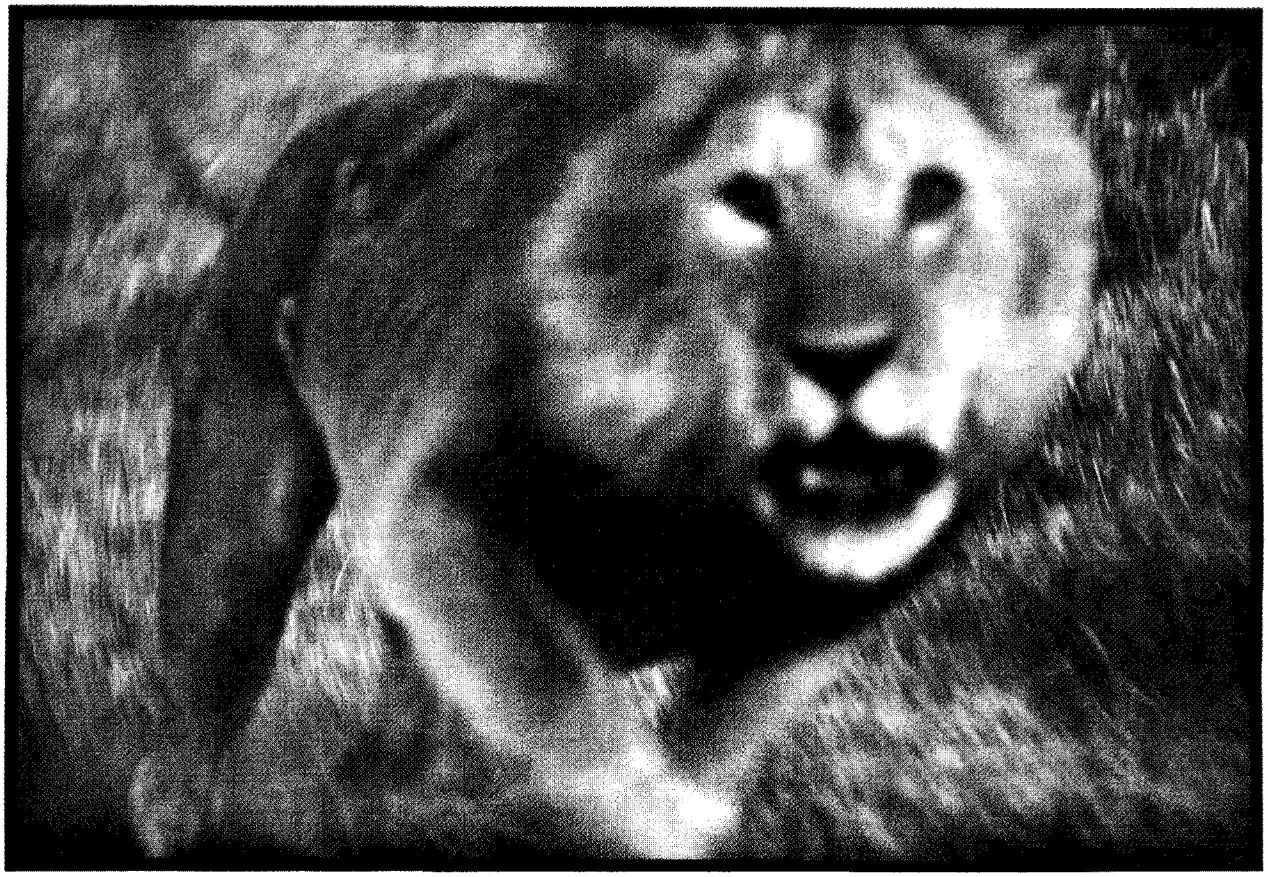
"When I'm going good, don't give a damn about anything nor anybody," he wrote. "People who don't know work is your truest love, feel the thing come between you, and always get jealous and pick fights. Well, I love my work more than I love any woman or anything else." ♦

FICTION

MISS MARY'S SORROW

In 1953, the author and his wife, Mary, went on an extended safari in East Africa. Their trip became the basis for a fictionalized memoir, "True at First Light," parts of which are published here for the first time.

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY



PETER BEARD, "UNTITLED"/COURTESY THE TIME IS ALWAYS NOW GALLERY

THE lion was so dark with his heavy black mane he looked almost black and he had a huge head that swung low when he moved off into country where it was impossible for Mary to follow him. He had been hunted for many years and he was very definitely not a picture lion.

The Masai had suffered under him for a long time. He travelled restlessly and he did not return to his kills as a lion would be expected to. Arap Meina had the theory that this lion had once returned and fed on a kill that had been poisoned by a former Game Ranger and that he had been made terribly sick by it and had learned, or decided, never to return to a kill. That would account for his moving about so much, but not for the haphazard way he visited the various Masai villages or manyattas. Now the plain, the salt licks, and the bush country were heavy with game since the good grass had come with the violent spot rains of November and Arap Meina and my gunbearer Ngui and I expected the big lion to leave the hills and come down to the plain where he could hunt out of the edge of the swamp.

The day that Miss Mary shot [the] lion was a very beautiful day. That was about all that was beautiful about it. White flowers had blossomed in the night so that with the first daylight before the sun had risen all the meadows looked as though a full moon were shining on new snow through a mist.

Mary and the game warden, G. C., were in the front seats with Mthuka driving. Ngui and Mary's gunbearer Charo and I were in the open back with the game scout. I was checking the cartridges in the barrel and the magazine of the 30-06, checking those in my pockets and checking and cleaning the rear sight aperture of any dust with a toothpick. Mary was holding her rifle straight up and I had a fine view of the new wiped dark barrel and the Scotch tape that held her rear sight

Every step I made I was blocking the lion worse from his safety. He had no choice now but to break toward me.

leaves down, of the back of her head and her disreputable hat. The sun was just above the hills now and we were out of the flowers and going north on the old track that ran parallel to the woods. Somewhere on the right was the lion. The car stopped and everyone got out except Mthuka who stayed at the wheel. The lion's tracks went off to the right toward a clump of trees and brush on our side of the lone tree where the bait was covered by a pile of brush. He was not on the bait and there were no birds on it either. They were all up in the trees. I looked back at the sun and it did not have more than ten minutes before it would be behind the far hills to the west. Ngui had climbed the anthill and looked carefully over the top. He pointed with his hand held close by his face so that you could hardly see it move and then came fast down from the mound.

"*Hiko huko*," he said. "He's out there. *Nzuri* motocah."

G.C. and I both looked at the sun again and G.C. waved his arm for Mthuka to come up. We climbed into the car and G.C. told Mthuka how he wanted him to go.

"But where is he?" Mary asked G.C.

G.C. put his hand on Mthuka's arm and he stopped the car.

"We leave the car back here," G.C. told Mary. "He must be in that far clump of trees and brush. Papa will take the left flank and block him off from breaking back to the forest. You and I will move straight in on him."

The sun was still above the hills as we moved up toward where the lion must be. Ngui was behind me and on our right Mary was walking a little ahead of G.C. Charo was behind G.C. They were walking straight toward the trees with the thin brush at their base. I could see the lion now and I kept working to the left, walking sideways and forward. He was watching us and I thought what a bad place he had gotten himself into now. Every step I made I was blocking him worse from his safety that he had retreated into so many times. He had no choice now except to break toward me, to come out toward Mary and G.C., which he did not figure to do unless he were wounded, or to try for the next island of heavy cover, trees and thick brush, that was four hundred and fifty yards away to the north. To reach there he would have to cross open flat plain.

Now I figured that I was far enough to the left and began moving in toward the lion. He stood there thigh deep in brush and I saw his head turn once to look toward me; then it swung back to watch Mary and G.C. His head was huge and dark but when he moved it the head did not look too big for his body. His body was heavy, great and long. I did not know how close G.C. would try to work Mary toward the lion. I did not watch them. I watched the lion and waited to hear the shot. I was as close as I needed to be now and have room to take him if he came and I was sure that if he were wounded he would break toward me as his natural cover was behind me. Mary must take him soon, I thought. She can't get any closer. But maybe G.C. wants her closer. I looked at them from the corner of my eyes, my head down, not looking away from the lion. I could see Mary wanted to shoot and that G.C. was preventing her. They were not trying to work closer so I figured that from where they were there were some limbs of brush between Mary and the lion. I watched the lion and felt the change in his coloring as the first peak of the hills took the sun. It was good light to shoot now but it would go fast. I watched the lion and he moved very slightly to his right and then looked at Mary and G.C. I could see his eyes. Still Mary did not shoot. Then the lion moved very slightly again and I heard Mary's rifle go and the dry whack of the bullet. She had hit him. The lion made a bound into the brush and then came out of the far side headed for the patch of heavy cover to the north. Mary was firing at him and I was sure she hit him. He was moving in long bounds his great head swinging. I shot and raised a puff of dirt behind him. I swung with him and squeezed off as I passed him and was behind him again. G.C.'s big double was firing and I saw the blossomings of dirt from it. I fired again picking the lion up in the sights and swung ahead of him and a bunch of dirt rose ahead of him. He was running now heavy and desperate but beginning to look small in the sights and almost certain to make the far cover when I had him in the sights again, small now and going away fast and swung gently ahead and lifting over him and squeezed as I passed him and no dirt rose and I saw him slide forward, his front feet plowing, and his great head was down before we heard the thunk of the bullet. Ngui banged me on the back and put his arm around me. The lion was trying to get up now and G.C. hit him and he rolled onto his side.

I went over to Mary and kissed her. She was happy but something was wrong.

"You shot before I did," she said.

"Don't say that honey. You shot and hit him. How could I shoot before you when we'd waited all that time?"

"*Ndio. Memsahib piga*," Charo said. He had been right behind Mary.

"Of course you hit him. You hit him the first time in the foot I think. You hit him again too."

"But you killed him."

"We all had to keep him from getting into the thick stuff after he was hit."

"But you shot first. You know you did."

"I did not. Ask G.C."

We were all walking up to where the lion lay. It was a long walk and the lion grew larger and deader as we walked. With the sun going it was getting dark fast. The shooting light was gone already. I felt wrung out inside and very tired. G.C. and I were both wet with sweat.

"Of course you hit him, Mary," G.C. told her. "Papa didn't shoot until he went into the open. You hit him twice."

Now we were there with the lion and he was Mary's and she knew it now and she saw how wonderful and long and dark and beautiful he was. The camel flies were crawling on him and his yellow eyes were not dull yet. I moved my hand through the heavy black of his mane. Mthuka had stopped the Land Rover and come over and shaken Mary's hand. She was kneeling by him.

AFTER G.C. and his people were gone I was alone with Miss Mary's sorrow. I was not really alone because there was also Miss Mary and the camp and our own people and the big mountain of Kilimanjaro that everyone called Kibo and all the animals and the birds

ADVERTISEMENT

Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.

ON THE town

BENETTON AND UNHCR: WORKING TO HELP AID KOSOVAR REFUGEES

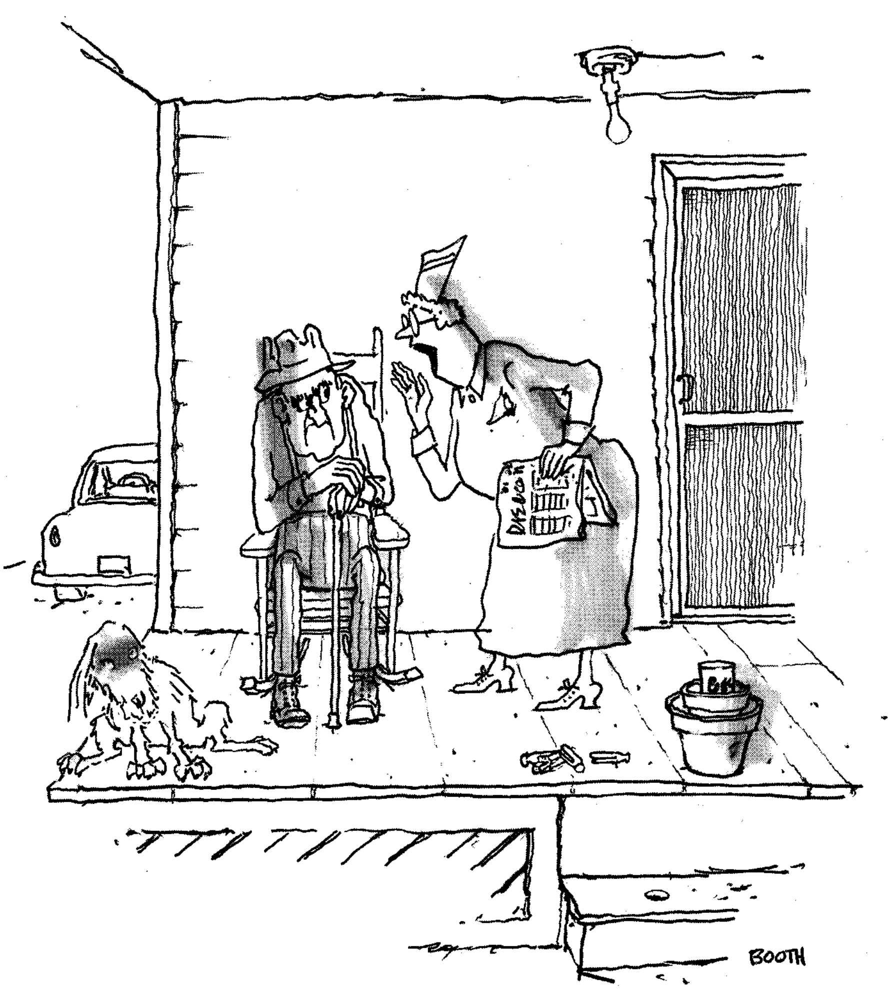
Benetton and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) urge you to help the thousands of ethnic Albanians fleeing Kosovo each day by making **a contribution for Kosovo**.

For information, call 1 (800) 770-1100 or 1 (202) 296-1115. Or, visit the Web site www.usaforunhcr.org.

Checks can be sent directly to the United States Association for UNHCR at 1775 K Street, NW, Suite 300, Washington, DC 20006.

Direct wire transfers can be made to United States Association for UNHCR Account Number 66503779, ABA (routing) Number 254070116, Citibank Washington, DC 20036.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com



"Scientists have extended the life of the fruit fly."

• •

and the new fields of flowers and the worms that hatched out of the ground to eat the flowers. There were the brown eagles that came to feed on the worms so that eagles were as common as chickens and eagles wearing long brown trousers of feathers and other white-headed eagles walked together with the guinea fowl busily eating the worms. The worms made an armistice among all the birds and they all walked together. Then great flocks of European storks came to eat the worms and there would be acres of storks moving on a single stretch of plain grown high with the white flowers. Miss Mary's sorrow resisted the eagles because eagles did not mean as much to her as they did to me.

She had never lain under the juniper bush up above the timberline at the top of a pass in our own mountains with a .22 rifle waiting for eagles to come to a dead horse that had been a bear bait until the bear was killed. Now he was an eagle bait and then afterward he would be a bear bait again. The eagles were sailing very high when you first saw them. You had crawled under the bush when it was still dark and you had seen the eagles come out of the sun when it had cleared the opposite peak of the pass. This peak was just a rise of grassy hill with a rock outcropping at the top and scattered juniper bushes on the slope. The country was all high there and very easy travelling once you had come this high and the eagles had come from far away toward the snow mountains you could have seen if you had been standing instead of lying under the bush. There were three eagles and they wheeled and soared and rode the currents and you watched them until the sun spotted your eyes. Then you closed them and through the red the sun was still there. You opened them and looked to the side limit of the blind of the sun and you could see the spread pinions and the wide fanned tails and feel the eyes in the big heads watching. It had been cold in the early morning and you looked out at the horse and his too old and too exposed now teeth that you had always had to lift his lip to see. He had a kind and rubbery lip and when you had led him to this place to die and dropped the halter he had stood as he had always been taught to stand and when you had stroked him on the blaze on his black head where the gray hairs showed he had reached down to nip you on the neck with his lips. He had looked down to see the saddled horse you had left in the last edge of the timber as though he were wondering what he was doing here and what was the new game. You had remembered how wonderfully he had always seen in the dark and how you had hung onto his tail with a bear hide packed across the saddle to come down trails when you could not see at all and when the trail led along the rimrock in the dark down through the timber. He was always right and he understood all new games.

So you had brought him up here five days before because someone had to do it and you could do it if not gently without suffering and what difference did it make what happened afterward. The trouble was, at the end, he thought it was a new game and he was learning it. He gave you a nice rubber-lipped kiss and then he checked the position of the other horse. He knew you could not ride him the way the hoof had split but this was new and he wanted to learn it.

"Goodbye Old Kite," I said and held his right ear and stroked its base with my fingers. "I know you'd do the same for me."

He did not understand, of course, and he wanted to give me another kiss to show that everything was all right when he saw the gun come up. I thought I could keep him from seeing it but he saw it and his eyes knew what it was and he stood very still trembling and I shot him at the intersection between the cross lines that run from opposite eye to opposite ear and his feet went straight down under him and all of him dropped together and he was a bear bait.

Now lying under the juniper I was not finished with my sorrow. I would always feel the same way about Old Kite all of my life, or so I told myself then, but I looked at his lips which were not there because the eagles had eaten them and at his eyes which were also gone and at where the bear had opened him so that he was sunken now and the patch the bear had eaten before I had interrupted him and I waited for the eagles to come down.

One came, finally, dropping like the sound of an incoming shell and breaking, with doubled-forward pinions and feathered legs and talons thrust forward to hit Old Kite as though he were killing him. He then walked pompously around and started working in the cavity. The other came in more gently and heavy-winged but with the same long feathered wings and the same thick neck, big head and dipped beak and golden eyes.

I lay there watching them eat at the body of my friend and partner that I had killed and thought that they were lovelier in the air. Since they were condemned I let them eat awhile and quarrel and go pacing and mincing with their selections from the interior. I wished that I had a shotgun but I hadn't. So I took the .22 Winchester finally and shot one carefully in the head and another twice in the body. He started to fly but could not make it and came down wings spread and I had to chase him up the high slope. Nearly every other bird or beast goes downhill when it is wounded. But an eagle goes uphill and when I ran this one down and caught his legs above the killing and holding claws and, with my moccasined foot on his neck folded his wings together and held him with his eyes full of hatred and defiance, I had never seen any animal or bird look at me as the eagle looked. He was a golden eagle and full grown and big enough to take bighorn sheep lambs and he was a big thing to hold and as I watched the eagles walking with the guinea fowl and remembered that these birds walk with no one I felt badly about Miss Mary's sorrow but I could not tell her what the eagles meant to me nor why I had killed these two, the last one by smacking his head against a tree down in

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....

SALVADOR DALI
A RETROSPECTIVE OF MASTER PRINTS

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)

1-(800) 275-3254
ask for Dept. NY

http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Diets Don't Work

Learn the new way to lose weight *and keep it off* at the only weight loss center that's also a world-class spa

- Recent university studies confirm that over 80% of Institute guests maintain measurable weight loss 5 years after visit
- 1998 Gold List Award and 'Top Ten' Spa in November CondéNast Traveler
- Call 1.800.292.2440 for details (Toll Free)

Hilton Head Health Institute
14 Valencia Road • Hilton Head, SC • 29928 • www.hhhealth.com

COCKTAIL PIANO

THE MUSIC YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. Perfect background for dining, parties, relaxing. CDs $17.95, Tapes $11.95 (ship. incl.) VOL 3 - Includes **The Nearness of You, Skylark, My Funny Valentine. To hear the music call T/F (888) 388-1555 To order Vol. 3 call T/F (888) 521-9330. VISA, M/C, AMEX.** Sound samples all 7 albums now at www.cocktailpiano.com.

Claremont Hotel
PO Box 137 SOUTHWEST HARBOR, ME 04679
1-800-244-5036
Historic oceanfront hotel offering classic summer refuge since 1884. Magnificent views, memorable dining, croquet, tennis, dock & cottages.

GALÁPAGOS · PERU
ANTARCTICA · TURKEY

Travel in a small group on active, upscale adventures that combine learning and luxury.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

(510) 420-1550 INCA incafloats@aol.com

Anguilla's Best Kept...Value!

It's no secret we offer a spectacular beach, gracious rooms, creative cuisine, and fine shops on this exclusive Caribbean island...for less! Call your travel agent or 1-800-SONESTA and ask for our "New Yorker" offer.

Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas Anguilla
www.sonesta.com

the timber, nor what their skins had bought at Lame Deer on the Reservation.

We were working out a new trail out of the forest that the elephants had destroyed. After we came out into the open prairie land after having to cut our way through a couple of bad places we saw the first great flock of storks feeding. They were true European storks black and white and red-legged and they were working on the caterpillars as though they were German storks and under orders. Miss Mary liked them and they meant much to her since we had both been worried about the article that said that storks were becoming extinct and now we found that they had merely had good sense enough to come to Africa as we had done ourselves; but they did not take away the sorrow and we went on toward camp. I did not know what to do about Miss Mary's sorrow. It was proofed against eagles and proofed against storks, against neither of which I had any defense at all, and I began to know how great a sorrow it really was.

"What have you been thinking of all morning when you've been so uncommonly silent?" [Mary said].

"About birds and places and how nice you are."

"That was nice of you."

"I didn't do it as a spiritual exercise."

"I'll be all right. People don't just jump in and out of bottomless pits."

"They're going to make it an event in the next Olympic Games."

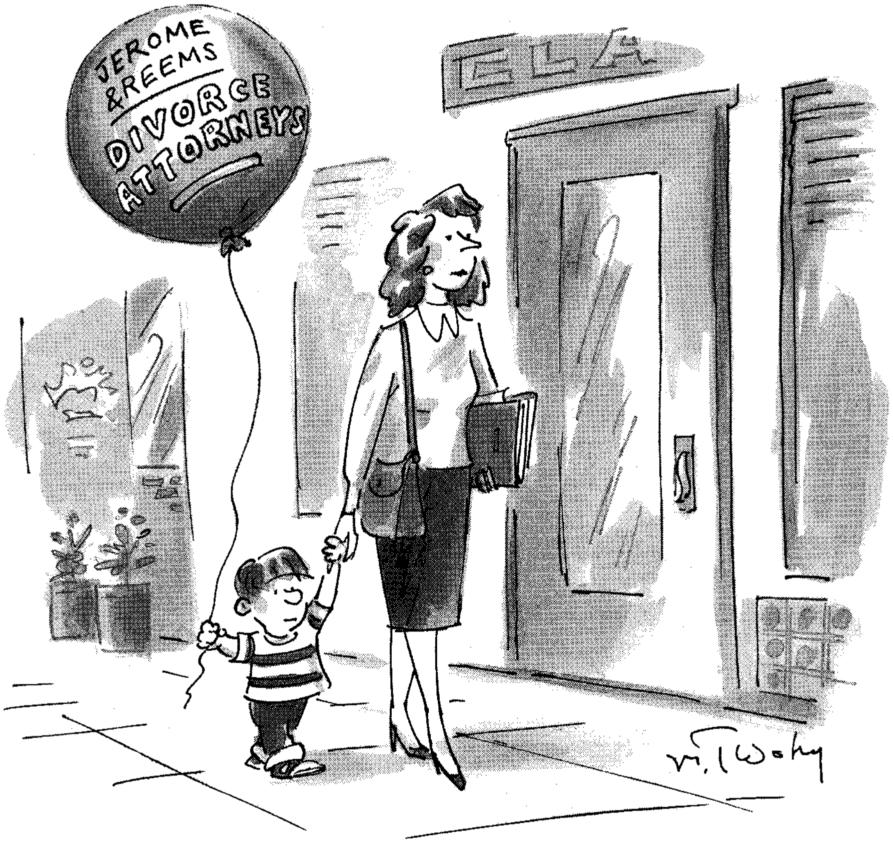
"You'll probably win it."

"I have my backers."

"Your backers are all dead like my lion. You probably shot all your backers one day when you were feeling especially wonderful."

"Look there's another field of storks."

Africa is a dangerous place for a great sorrow to live very long when there are only two people in a camp and when it gets dark shortly after six o'clock in the evening. We did not talk about lions or think about them anymore and the emptiness where Mary's sorrow had lived was filling again with the routine and the strange fine life and the coming of the night. When the fire burned down I pulled a long heavy dead tree from the pile of dead wood the lorry had brought in the afternoon onto the coals and we sat in our chairs and watched the night breeze blow the coals up and watched the wood catch fire.



advertisement

The New Yorker's advertisers invite you to find out more about their products and services. Visit their website or call them at their 800-number listed below.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
www.amnh.com

CRYSTAL CRUISES
1.800.820.6663
www.crystalcruises.com

EVERY CD
1.800.EVERY.CD
www.everycd.com

HALEKULANI
1.808.923.2311
www.halekulani.com

ISRAEL MINISTRY OF TOURISM
1.888.77.ISRAEL
www.goisrael.com

LANDS' END
1.800.881.6899
www.landsend.com

MERRILL LYNCH
1.800.MERRILL, ext. 4216
www.mlol.ml.com

PARIS NOTES
(The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris)
1.800.677.9660
www.parisnotes.com

AMERICA'S PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANIES
www.searchforcures.org

ROGER NICHOLS STUDIOS
1.800.235.0471
www.rnstudios.com

For more information, log on to
www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

This night breeze was a small wind that came off the snows of the mountain. It was so light that you only felt its coolness but you could see it in the fire. You can see the wind in many ways but the loveliest is at night in the brightening and the lowering and raising of the flame in your fire.

"We're never alone with our fire," Mary said. "I'm glad now there is only us and our fire. Will that log burn until morning?"

"I think so," I said. "If the wind doesn't rise."

"It's strange now without the lion to look forward to in the morning and you haven't any problems or worries now, have you?"

"No. Everything is quiet now," I lied.

"Maybe now we can get some really beautiful pictures of the buffalo and other fine color pictures. Where do you think the buffalo have gone?"

"I think they are over toward the Chulus. We'll find out when Willie brings the Cessna."

"Isn't it strange how the mountain throwing all those stones hundreds and hundreds of years ago can make a place impossible to get to so that it is absolutely shut off from everyone and no one can reach it since men started to go on wheels."

"They're helpless now without their wheels. Natives won't go as porters anymore and the fly kills pack animals. The only parts of Africa that are left are those that are protected by deserts and by the fly. The tsetse fly is the animal's best friend. He only kills the alien animals and the intruders."

"Isn't it strange how we truly love the animals and still have to kill almost every day for meat?"

"It's no worse than caring about your chickens and still having eggs for breakfast and eating spring chicken when you want it."

"It is different."

"Of course it is. But the principle is the same. So much game has come now with the new grass that we may not have any trouble lions for a long time. There is no reason for them to bother the Masai when we have so much game now."

"The Masai have too many cattle anyway."

"Sure."

"Sometimes I feel as though we were fools protecting their stock for them."

"If you don't feel like a fool in Africa a big part of the time you are a bloody fool," I said rather pompously, I thought. But it was getting late enough at night for generalizations to appear the way some stars showed reluctant in their distance and disinterest and others always seemed brazen in their clarity.

"Do you think we should go to bed?" I asked.

"Let's go," she said. "And be good kittens and forget anything that's been wrong. And when we're in bed we can listen to the night."

So we went to bed and were happy and loved each other with no sorrow and listened to the night noises. A hyena came close to the tent after we had left the fire and I had crawled in under the mosquito net and between the sheets and the blankets and lay with my back against the canvas wall of the tent with Mary comfortable in the main part of the cot. He cried out a few times in the strange rising pitch and another answered him and they moved through the camp and out beyond the lines. We could see the glow of the fire brightening when the wind came and Mary said, "Us kittens in Africa with our faithful good fire and the beasts having their night life. You really love me don't you?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you do."

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know."

After a while we heard two lions coughing as they hunted and the hyenas were quiet. Then a long way away to the north toward the edge of the stony forest beyond the gerenuk country we heard a lion roar. It was the heavy vibrating roar of a big lion and I held Mary close while the lion coughed and grunted afterwards.

"That's a new lion," she whispered.

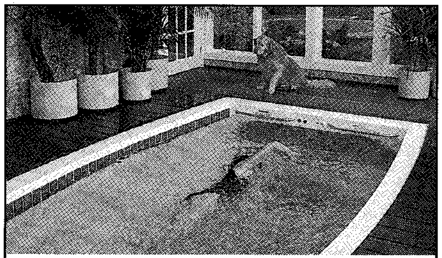
"Yes," I said. "And we don't know anything against him. I'll be very damned careful about any Masai that talk against him."

"We'll take good care of him, won't we? Then he'll be our lion the way our fire is our fire."

"We'll let him be his own lion. That's what he really cares about."

She was asleep now and after a while I was asleep and when I woke and heard the lion again she was gone and I could hear her breathing softly in her bed. ◆

"RESULTS"
...from the best in DermaLaser Technology
20 years of Dermatological experience makes the best in laser skin technology even better
- Jim Baral, M.D.
212-247-1700
All Skin Treatments: Collagen & Botox® Injections~Peels~Skin Resurfacing~Hair & Tattoo Removal~Broken Vein Treatment
AMERICAN DERMATOLOGY CENTER
Major Credit Cards & Insurance Accepted
210 Central Park South, NYC 10019
www.americandermatologyctr.com



The Benefits are Priceless.
Enhance your home and health with an exquisite SwimEx aquatic system. Get the benefits of superiority.
Get the benefits of SwimEx. *Priceless at $25,000 and up.*
SwimEx®
Defining Aquatic Therapy™
For more information call 800-877-7946
P.O. Box 328 • Warren, RI 02885 • www.swimex.com

Order direct the weight loss foods recommended by over 1,000 physicians.
HMR® PUTS YOU IN CHARGE!
Free catalog
1-800-418-1367
Mention code 99055
Visit us at:
www.yourbetterhealth.com
© Health Management Resources, Boston

5 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
100,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
1089 Knox Road, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: homefromhome@compuserve.com
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

Discover Paris With Your Children
Personally guided, fun holiday takes you to museums, parks, gardens, with even cotton candy at the Eiffel Tower!
Travels With Soha 415-933-6612
10 days, limited space for July and August

THE CRITICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

STAR BORES

And this is only the beginning of the beginning.

BY ANTHONY LANE

A LONG time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, people made movies with people in them, and some of those movies made sense. Then something happened, and the people started to vanish from the movies, along with most of the sense. For a while, the spectacle was fun to observe, but slowly the pictures tipped into insanity, or, at any rate, into the hypnotically bad. The joke was that the number of viewers willing to submit to such hypnosis went not down but through the roof. Historians of this phenomenon are now agreed that the change became irrevocable shortly before the end of the second millennium, with a George Lucas film entitled "Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace."

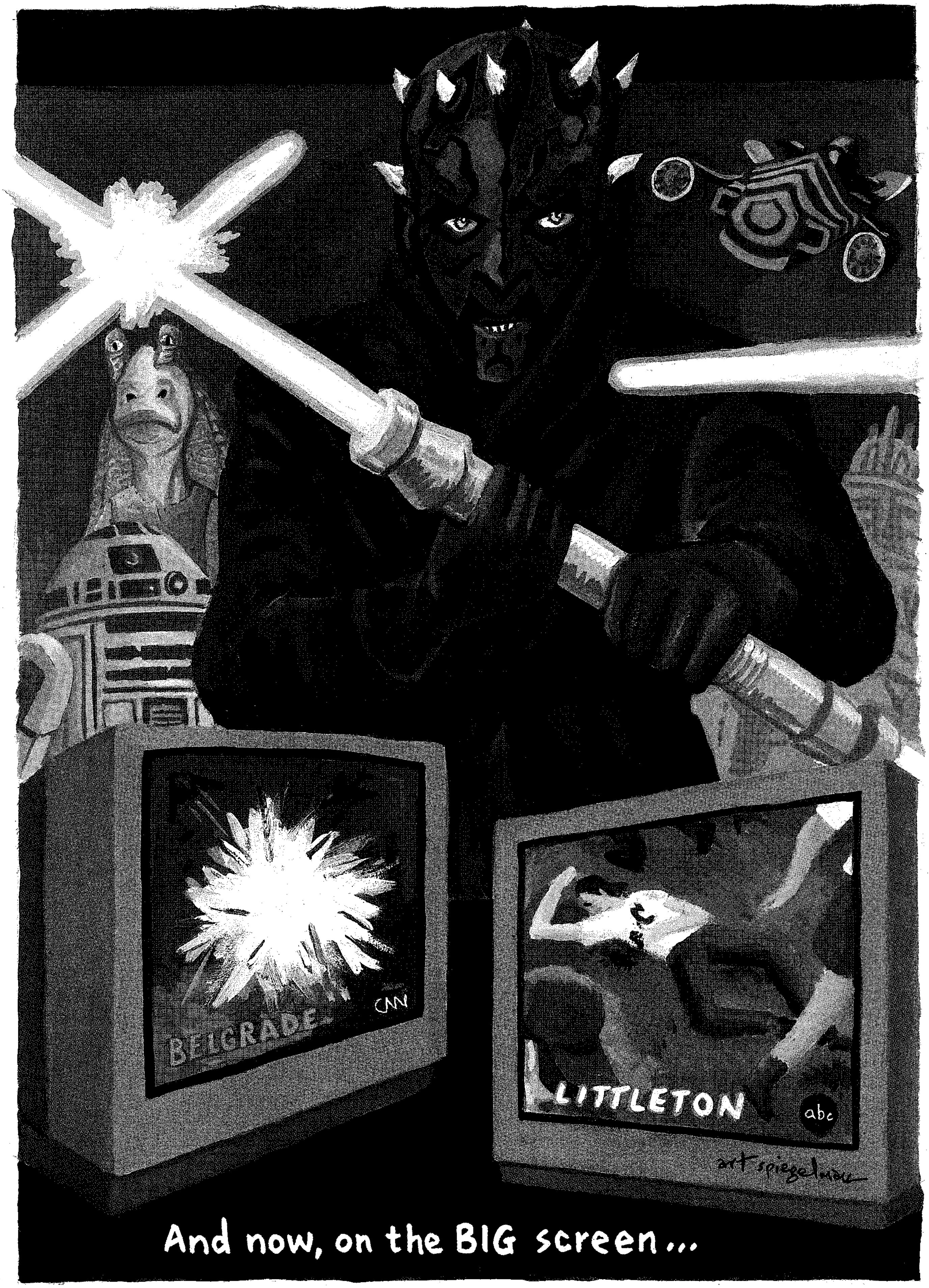
As everyone in our own galaxy has been informed, this is the first of three prequels to the old "Star Wars" trilogy; the resultant sexalogy, if that's the word I'm groping for, will bring us the history of the Force from soup to nuts. The last person to try this tactic was J. R. R. Tolkien; after finishing "The Lord of the Rings" (whose Frodo and Gandalf are clear forerunners of Luke Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi), he devoted his days to filling in the mythological back story of his epic. Lucas groupies—of whom one hears so much, but of whose acquaintance one never actually seems to have the pleasure—contend that "Star Wars" is all about good and evil, or the search for a father figure, or the struggle to find significance in the universe at large. This being so, the same admirers may be troubled by the surprising revelation that "The Phantom Menace" is all about taxes. Why Lucas didn't release it on April 15th is beyond my comprehension. The opening credits tell us that "The taxation of trade routes to outlying star systems is in dispute." There are young Americans whose hearts will leap like deer at this news; if so, they will be the first creatures to be inspired, as the direct consequence of an aesthetic experience, to plan a career in the I.R.S.

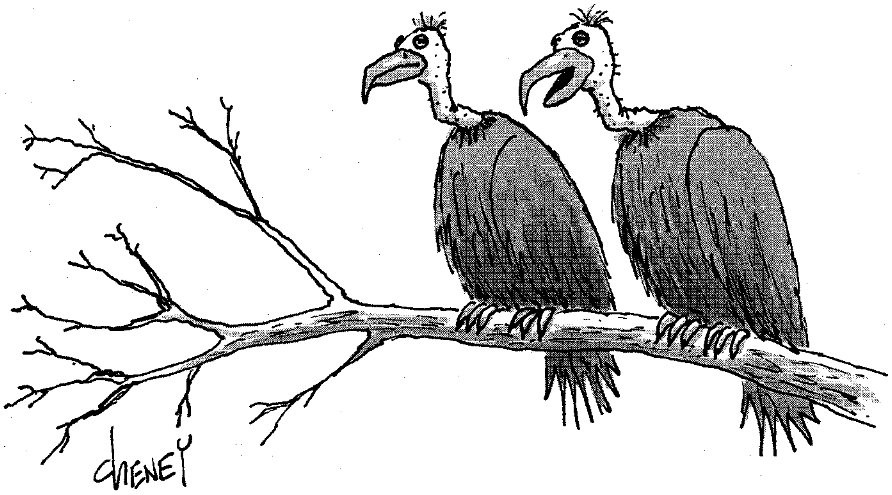
But that, after all, is the Lucas way. Geographically, the "Star Wars" series may be the most outlandish of sagas; in terms of its emotional politics, however, it remains the most shrinkingly conservative. Every time it sets sail for new worlds, it turns out to be landlocked by attitudes that would have sat snugly in a Western of the nineteen-twenties. The threat of the malformed and the rapacious is regularly defused by a body of tall white knights; Samuel L. Jackson plays a Jedi in the new movie, but he is fobbed off with a handful of lines and no determinable character. In the Lucas scheme of things, the token woman may be spunky, but she is still a token, and the idea of a female on the Jedi Council seems as pointless as a punk in a gentlemen's club. The warriors fronting "The Phantom Menace" are the young Obi-Wan Kenobi (Ewan McGregor) and his mentor, Qui-Gon Jinn (Liam Neeson), who are dispatched on urgent business to the planet Naboo—a peaceful spot, ruled by Queen Amidala (Natalie Portman) and threatened by a hostile-takeover bid from the Trade Federation. The Federation, the object of principled scorn throughout "The Phantom Menace," is a massive corporate body that happily tramples over the protests of elected governments in its bid to expand, and will not rest until wearily compliant leaders sign on the dotted line; "The Phantom Menace," on the other hand, is being distributed by Twentieth Century Fox, a charming family business that ventures only where it knows it will be welcome, and likes nothing better than to close a deal with a cup of coffee and a smile.

On Naboo, the Jedi do battle with tedious droids and run into Jar Jar Binks, whose name suggests a failed rap artist. He is, in fact, a gungan—a tall creature with ears like flippers, who makes his home in an underwater city. He is also, I regret to announce, the focus of the film's "comedy." This entails his getting caught in the stirrups of one lumbering beast, stepping in the excrement of another, and so on; Jar Jar has a squealing accent, apparently borrowed from Peter Sellers in his "Goon Show" era, and a weakness for malapropism. All in all, he is one of the unfunniest characters you could wish to encounter, and even the small children beside me stayed tight-mouthed through his gruelling antics. So did the heroes; like many of his fellow bit players, Jar Jar was added separately, by computer, so if Liam Neeson and Ewan McGregor look straight through him you can hardly blame them.

Taking a shortcut via Naboo's core, Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon arrive at its majestic capital, which combines the styles of myriad architectural periods and therefore resembles an overpriced Indian restaurant. Here they pick up the queen and spirit her away, only to spring a busted hyperdrive in deep space—always a bummer on weekends.

SKETCHBOOK BY ART SPIEGELMAN


BELGRADE
CNN
LITTLETON
abc
art spiegelman
And now, on the BIG screen...



"It was a good rotting carcass, but it wasn't a great rotting carcass."

• •

The nearest spare spacecraft parts can be found on Tatooine, a dusty crock of a planet on the Lower East Side of the galaxy. By chance—or, if you prefer, by the beneficent will of the Force—they bump into a kid named Anakin Skywalker (Jake Lloyd), a slave who builds robots in his bedroom and lives with his mother. "There was no father," she says to Qui-Gon. "I carried him, I gave birth to him. . . . I can't explain what happened." Now, this is only a wild guess, but I suspect that we are in the presence of a Religious Parallel. Anakin has been sent to save those life-forms who have behaved themselves properly, and the Jedi are his evangelists. Here ends the lesson of "The Phantom Menace," although Lucas has made it clear that everything will go haywire in future installments: Anakin will turn bad and become Darth Vader, if you please, but not before boffing Queen Amidala and fathering Luke and Leia. This is the hardest part to imagine: you look at the exquisite Natalie Portman and the cocky Jake Lloyd and think, She's going to go to bed with *that*? By then he will have been replaced by an older and less brattish actor, but the idea still gives me the creeps.

It is telling that Lucas, reticent and control-freakish in many respects, has been so liberal with his declarations of narrative intent. He seems to have lost all interest in suspense, either in this particular plot or within the larger saga; what he really doesn't want to give away is his special effects. I would dearly love to spoil them for you, but there's not that much to report, apart from an indistinguishable array of rubbery snouts. The one moment at which this moribund enterprise comes alive is during the high-speed pod race, in which Anakin pits his wits and his rusted, scrap-metal machine against those of the snouts. The sequence has a gutsy, Roman-circus buzz to it, unbothered by the mystical claptrap that prevails elsewhere, and it reminds you hearteningly of the Indiana Jones movies (which were partly devised by Lucas himself). But Spielberg has a gift for the swift sketching of character, whereas Lucas is so fatally gulled by the latest tricks of his trade that he abandons the actors to their fate; it's as though, unable digitally or animatronically to control their expressions, he had to shut them down altogether. (There's no Han Solo figure to mock the grandeur here, and that's a dangerous loss.) Natalie Portman, whose lightly worn radiance in "Beautiful Girls" is my fondest memory of moviegoing in the nineties, seems baffled and overawed; Liam Neeson has the sullen air of a man who would rather be three galaxies away; as for Ewan McGregor, what happened? He looks as if he just sat on the sharp end of his lightsabre. It must have taken some nerve to drain the charisma out of this cheerful Scotsman and force him to speak like Noël Coward. McGregor may well be laughed off the screen when the movie opens in Britain—an unthinkable turn of events. His first words in the film are "I have a bad feeling about this." Yes, laddie, and you've got two more episodes to go.

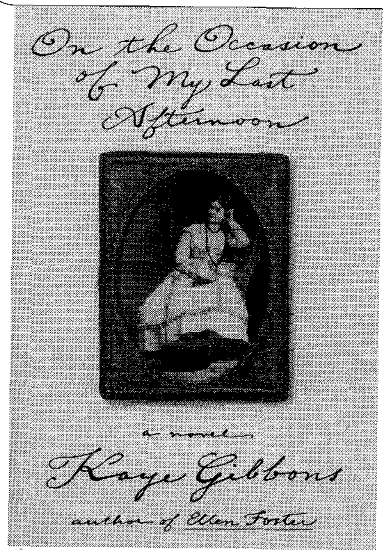
It is, of course, profoundly gratifying that "The Phantom Menace" should emerge as a work of almost unrelieved awfulness. It means, for one thing, that the laugh is on all those dweebs who have spent the last month camped out on the sidewalks beside movie theatres, waiting for the big day. You could argue that they will be so conditioned to enjoy themselves that they may not notice the awfulness; if so, they are getting the movie they deserve. There is nothing more off-putting about "The Phantom Menace"—more insulting, in the light of Lucas's democratically barnstorming credentials—than the feeling that it has been made solely to feed the habit of "Star Wars" junkies. For the first ten minutes you think, What the hell is going on?, and two hours later you want to cry out, "Is that *it*?" I dutifully thrilled to the earlier films, to their contrast of black-velvet skies and blinding white sands, but I was a little too old to worship them or study the variorum editions. Even in the late seventies, we had a suspicion that "Star Wars" was nerd territory—for boys who had the toys (rarely girls, who know junk when they see it), who were tuned in to Mos Eisley, womp rats, and Pizza the Hutt, or whatever his stupid name was. If you wanted cool new movies, you watched "Jaws" seventeen times, and, rather than rush to "The Empire Strikes Back," you treated yourself to the grownup horrors of "Alien." Lucas couldn't give us a human being to rival Sigourney Weaver's Ripley, let alone an android in the same league as the replicants of "Blade Runner," and the mother ship in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" could have blown a fleet of Imperial star cruisers out of the sky.

I wonder whether the pre-release fuss over "The Phantom Menace," which has surely been greater than the sum of all the fusses that surrounded the earlier episodes, will prove to be nothing more than the last, ludicrous gasp of seventies retro-chic—"Boogie Nights" for the sci-fi crowd, with the prosthetics in different places. Trying to see the picture in advance was like asking Bill Clinton if I could borrow his nuclear codes; no one would tell me the location of the screening until I presented myself in person at the Fox offices to collect my ticket. As I approached the theatre, I was expecting a full-body search, with employees snapping on rubber gloves and telling me to face the wall, and it was a relief merely to have my hand blue-stamped on entry, as in a teen-age disco. This was all part of the monstrous amalgam of secrecy and publicity which has sealed the picture from the public gaze; the worst marketing ploy I have found so far is the "Star Wars Learning Fun Book," for kids of kindergarten age. ("What is this? It is a Hutt. Say it out loud: Hutt.") "The Phantom Menace" raises the spectre of an industry where the parasitic arts of buildup and spinoff will outgrow and choke the product itself. In fact, the true masterstroke would have been *never* to release the film; Lucas could have milked the anticipation for as long as he pleased.

In truth, something like this has already happened. The most costly and influential installment of "Star Wars," after all, failed to come to fruition. It was otherwise known as the Strategic Defense Initiative, but not until it acquired its enticing nickname was the interest of the public—and, more important, of the President—aroused. You cannot help thinking that it was images of Han, Luke, and Leia that spun round inside Ronald Reagan's head as he approved funding for the program—one of those rare occasions when he did not see eye to eye, or dream to dream, with the unfanciful Margaret Thatcher, who was not known as a moviegoer. (Another instance was the U.S. invasion of Grenada—again, more of a bad war picture than a serious military undertaking.) One should not underestimate the effect, at once extravagant and insidious, of popular entertainment on the political imagination. It is only since "Star Wars," after all, a work that displays the casual annihilation of planets but not a single drop of blood, that America has discovered its alarming and wholly impractical taste for the deathless war—a war in which, if we must have dying, it should always happen to the other side.

What the effect of "The Phantom Menace" will be on America, and on the wider world, I shiver to imagine. The Force is with this movie, whether we like it or not, and it will doubtless tap into our cloudy millennial disdain for the operations of reason. "Concentrate on the moment," Qui-Gon says to

May 26th. Anniversary of the end of the Civil War.
The war was only half the battle.
Here's a novel about the other half...



On the Occasion of
My Last Afternoon
Kaye Gibbons

On the afternoon she suspects may be her last, Emma Garnet Tate Lowell sets down on paper the story of her life. It is the tale of a passionate woman—and an unsung heroine of the Civil War—who fought for what she believed in most. Life.

"A master storyteller...of a dazzlingly authentic period novel."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

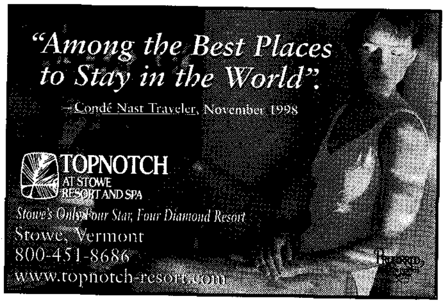
"Kaye Gibbons does it again."
—Charles Frazier, author of *Cold Mountain*

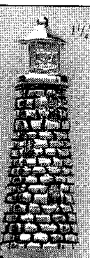
"Another gift to the literature celebrating strong women of every age and era."
—*Boston Sunday Globe*

"A reader couldn't ask for better company."
—*USA Today*

Coming this June: *Steps and Exes* from award-winning author Laura Kalpakian. A novel of a woman whose eccentric family tree is bearing strange fruit. For a sneak preview, be one of the first 100 to sign up at www.avonbooks.com/readers

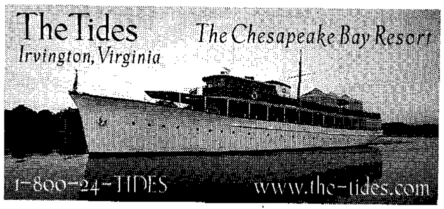
AVON BOOKS
Read on. Avon.


"Among the Best Places to Stay in the World".
—Condé Nast Traveler, November 1998
TOPNOTCH
AT STOWE
RESORT AND SPA
Stowe's Only Four Star, Four Diamond Resort
Stowe, Vermont
800-451-8686
www.topnotch-resort.com



LIGHTHOUSE PIN
A beloved coastal beacon made by James Breakell in sterling silver $30. 14k gold $200. With gemstone light, add $30. Add $4 handling. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYLH, Newport, RI 02840

Healthy Solutions *for* Losing Weight
STRUCTURE
· HOUSE ·
◆ PHYSICAL HEALTH
◆ EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
◆ BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
◆ PERSONAL SUPPORT
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com


The Tides
Irvington, Virginia
The Chesapeake Bay Resort
1-800-24-TIDES
www.the-tides.com

Anakin. "Feel. Don't think." This is an update of Alec Guinness's advice to Mark Hamill in the original "Star Wars": "Let go your conscious self, and act on instinct." Wise words, Obi-Wan, but there has never been a less instinctive movie than "The Phantom Menace." Its calculation glitters in every frame; the climax is hectically explosive, as you would expect, yet perplexingly uncathartic. None of the fans around me, not even the kids, were whooping or waving their fists in the approved manner, and I had the dismaying thought that Lucas may be doing it on purpose—that he may have held back from providing satisfaction because there are more courses still in the kitchen. "The Phantom Menace" is at once childishly unknowing and rotten with cynicism; I would call it the disappointment of the decade except that, along with many other people, I had a sneaking fear that it would turn out this way. What is this? Crap. Say it out loud: Crap. And will it make the magic billion dollars? You bet. ◆

BOOKS

DROWNING IN THE NEW WAVE

A new biography of François Truffaut.

BY RICHARD BRODY

In 1959, François Truffaut's "The 400 Blows" premièred at the Cannes Film Festival. Shot on a low budget, with an obscure cast, in cramped apartments and on the street, the film was animated by the director's restless lyricism and intense sympathies even as it demolished the cinematic clichés of childhood. It felt completely fresh, and Truffaut was awarded the prize for best director. He was twenty-seven years old at the time, and it was his first feature film.

In "Truffaut" (Knopf; $30), the meticulous and vivid biography by Antoine de Baecque and Serge Toubiana, translated from the French by Catherine Temerson, the authors note that the critical and commercial success of "The 400 Blows" not only launched Truffaut's career but also dealt a formidable blow to the hierarchical and tradition-bound French film industry. The French New Wave was in motion. Over the next three years, dozens of hitherto wary producers became willing to invest in small-budget films, and more than a hundred and sixty directors shot their first features.

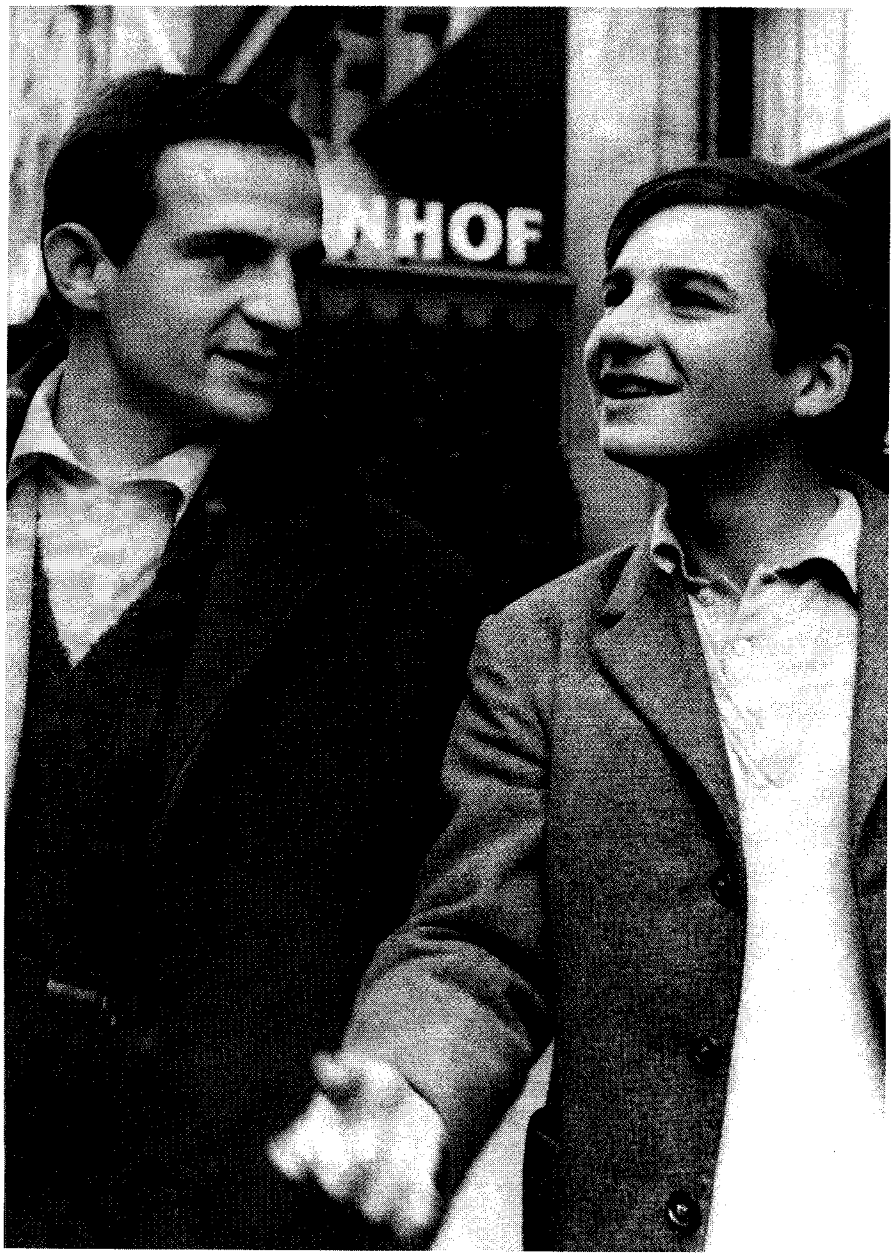
Truffaut was certainly not a stranger to the French film industry. He had been a film critic for six years—initially, among the enthusiastic young theoreticians at the highbrow monthly *Cahiers du Cinéma*, then also at the raucous weekly *Arts-Lettres-Spectacles*—and his vitriolic attacks on the most respected French movies had made him notorious in the business. Indeed, just a year earlier the organizers of the Cannes festival had denied Truffaut a press pass in revenge for his contemptuous mockery of their selections. Yet his inclusion among them in 1959 was no irony: it was a takeover he had been engineering for years.

In 1954, *Cahiers du Cinéma* had published Truffaut's "A Certain Tendency of the French Cinema," a diatribe so abusive that the magazine's editors felt compelled to preface it with a disclaimer. In it he disparaged the French "Tradition of Quality"—glossy, calculating literary adaptations and overwrought psychological dramas that were widely considered the most distinguished productions of the French film industry—and he attacked the character and morals of its writers and directors. He championed as the true artists of the French cinema those he called its auteurs: Jean Renoir, Robert Bresson, Jean Cocteau, Jacques Becker, Abel Gance, Max Ophuls, Jacques Tati, and Roger Leenhardt. Most remarkably, he denied the possibility of "the peaceful co-existence of the 'Tradition of Quality' and an 'auteur's cinema.' "

Truffaut's precocious aesthetic enthusiasms were shared by his fellow Young Turks at *Cahiers*—Jean-Luc Godard, Jacques Rivette, Claude Chabrol, and Eric Rohmer—but his hatred was entirely his own. The article was so vituperative that everyone in French film felt compelled to take a position on it. The subsequent counterattacks against Truffaut and *Cahiers* helped to galvanize the circle of young critics into what their actor friend Jean-Claude Brialy jokingly called "an underground group preparing a revolution." Perhaps most significant for Truffaut, his newfound notoriety got him hired to write about film for *Arts*—a high-profile and lucrative gig—and he soon recruited his friends from *Cahiers* to help him, in Rohmer's phrase, "take it over."

Throughout the mid-fifties, Truffaut intensified his verbal assaults on directors he didn't like and his unconditional praise of those he admired. This choosing of sides and forging of alliances was the real meaning of Truffaut's famous *politique des auteurs*. He didn't call it a "theory": it was a policy, a program for action in the politics of culture. It was also a way for him to learn the art and the craft of filmmaking by studying films and interviewing filmmakers he admired. Truffaut knew that his prominence as a critic would give him an opening to cultivate relations with the auteurs he was praising, and thus get him into the business, and his tactics soon began to bring results: Renoir hired him to work on his stage production of "Julius Caesar"; Ophuls tried to engage him as assistant director on "Lola Montès" but ran into union opposition; Roberto Rossellini hired him as a researcher, and at one point considered producing Truffaut's first film. Ultimately, Truffaut's chance meeting with Madeleine Morgenstern, the daughter of a prominent French film distributor, while covering the 1956 Venice Film Festival set in motion the events—including their marriage—that resulted in the production of "The 400 Blows."

If criticism prepared Truffaut for the making of "The 400 Blows," his miserable childhood supplied him with its subject matter. Like his fictional alter ego Antoine Doinel, François Truffaut



Truffaut, leaving the Berlin opening of "The 400 Blows," in 1959, with the actor Jean-Pierre Léaud, who played his alter ego in several autobiographical films.

MARIO MACH/COURTESY LES FILMS DU CARROSSE

had been put out to a wet nurse at birth, taken in at three by his grandmother, returned to his parents after her illness; like Doinel, he endured uncaring parents, cruel teachers, the shock of dubious paternity; played hooky to go to the movies; read fanatically; ran away from home and hid out with his one best friend; stole a typewriter, was arrested, and went to reform school. To experience Doinel's trials through Truffaut's ninety-nine-minute film is painful, but to read in exhaustive detail about Truffaut's prolonged sufferings, which led to two attempts at suicide, is far more harrowing. As he wrote in a letter responding to his father's furious reaction to "The 400 Blows," "I would have shot a truly horrifying film had I depicted what my life was like on rue de Navarin between 1943 and 1948."

Unlike Doinel, Truffaut was obsessed with the movies, and used them as his escape. At age twelve, according to his biographers, he went to the cinema several times a week; by age fifteen, he made it "a point of honor" to watch three films a day, and he compiled a folder of clippings from newspapers and movie magazines on each film director whose work he had seen. These dossiers soon took up so much space that, in order to appease his parents, he moved them to his best friend's room. His pocket diaries from the mid-forties, which he also saved, show that he saw "The Raven" thirteen times, "Children of Paradise" nine times, and Autant-Lara's "Douce" seven times.

Even before Truffaut recognized his own life as the raw material for his future films, he saw his obsession as a possible means of financial advancement. When he was thirteen, he and his friend undertook the "publication" of the first Parisian magazine listing movie and theatre timetables, which they researched on foot, wrote out by hand, and sold door to door. After missing a crucial exam when his parents failed to get him back to Paris in time, he was placed in an inferior school; at age fourteen, he dropped out and started working, but his passion for films increasingly conflicted with his need for a regular job. He attempted to establish his own *ciné-club*, renting a theatre and movie prints with money he secretly borrowed from his father's colleague, among others, and from the sale of a typewriter stolen from his father's office. When the venture failed, his father, informed of these considerable debts—which it would cost him a month's salary to settle—forced his son to confess them in writing. Young Truffaut, unwisely honest, included the theft in his list of misdeeds, which his father immediately turned over to the police, along with the boy himself, who was placed under arrest.

Truffaut turned seventeen in juvenile detention and was sure he would soon die there, "before I have time to make a 'Zero for Conduct' "—the ecstatically rebellious film of oppressed schoolchildren made by Jean Vigo in 1933, a year before his own death, at twenty-nine. It was André Bazin, a prominent critic and, later, a co-founder of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, who, with the promise to employ the young cinephile, secured Truffaut's release to a halfway house. The movies may have saved Truffaut's life, but they seem to have done little to make it a happy one. They were never able to compensate for his unfathomable sense of loss.

A SELF-EDUCATED outsider, Truffaut less resembled his *Cahiers* friends, who were generally university students from comfortable families, than the hardscrabble Jewish immigrants who built the great Hollywood

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Leper's Companions, by Julia Blackburn (Pantheon; $22). An unnamed female protagonist, stricken by the loss of a beloved, retreats into an imaginary fifteenth-century village, inhabited by a priest, a mermaid, a fisherman's sad daughter, and a visitant leper, who leads a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Blackburn's last book was a fictionalized biography of Daisy Bates, whose cure for an unsatisfactory Irish childhood was to live among the Aborigines. Here again her territory is the places the soul inhabits when it is not at home.

Aaron Copland, by Howard Pollack (Holt; $37.50). By the nineteen-fifties, Aaron Copland (1900-1990) had become the universal face of American classical music, a genial globetrotter who rarely met a composer he didn't assist or befriend. Thankfully, Pollack's book—clear, straightforward, and stuffed with detail—doesn't seek to tear down this image but to draw us into the complexity behind it. A discreet homosexual and a master at controlling his emotions, Copland was strongly drawn to troubled younger men; a committed Communist in the nineteen-thirties, he nonetheless shied away from formally joining the party. Copland's contradictions found resolution in his music, a catalogue of accessible modern masterpieces which blended strong craftsmanship with a range of influences that suited a citizen of the world.

Country of Exiles: The Destruction of Place in American Life, by William Leach (Pantheon; $24). This book cautions that the rise of global capitalism has put a premium on mobility at the expense of a healthy sense of place. Warning signs include international temporary agencies, a children's book called "Traveling Again, Dad?," and Kevin Costner's plans to develop a huge resort—"the Switzerland of America"—in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Leach's scholarship is all over the map, but satisfyingly so. It is haunted by the ghosts of Steinbeck, J. B. Jackson, and the famous homebody Thoreau, who once wrote, "Foolish people imagine that what they imagine is somewhere else."

The Sacred Willow: Four Generations in the Life of a Vietnamese Family, by Duong Van Mai Elliott (Oxford; $30). This family's saga is as engrossing as fine literary fiction and is, besides, indispensable to understanding Vietnam from a Vietnamese perspective. Starting with her great-grandfather, whose generation suffered the French conquest, Elliott—who was born near Hanoi and married an American historian—shows us the succession of shocks that have been inflicted on educated Vietnamese since the nineteenth century. With her guidance, we come to understand why one of her sisters served the Vietnamese Communists, why the Communists imprisoned one of her brothers in a "reëducation camp," how both of them acted in good faith, and how neither harbors resentment toward the other.

studios from scratch, founding what the film historian Neal Gabler called "an empire of their own." The French New Wave was Truffaut's empire, and he used the success of "The 400 Blows" to launch several new directors—notably, his longtime friends from *Cahiers*. Godard's first film, "Breathless," was financed on the strength of Truffaut's four-page story outline. In addition, Truffaut used his own money to finance the completion of Rivette's first film, "Paris Belongs to Us," his name to get it released, and his column to tout the release of what he called "a score for every member of the team"—at *Cahiers du Cinéma*—"or of our Mafia, if you prefer." The early nineteen-sixties proved to be a high-water mark in Truffaut's life. Things would never work out so well again. De Baecque and Toubiana expertly illustrate the ways in which the two ambitions that had governed Truffaut since youth—to become a force in the film business and to make artistically audacious films about his own life—clashed with increasing frequency.

Truffaut's first backer, Madeleine Morgenstern's father, encouraged his future son-in-law to set up a production company. Truffaut named it Les Films du Carrosse, in honor of "Le Carrosse d'Or" ("The Golden Coach"), a film by Jean Renoir. The name proved ironically apt, in that Truffaut was yoked to it for the rest of his career. The moment that he became a director, he became a producer, too. He envisaged his company as a studio for the New Wave, and at first it succeeded, at least artistically: in addition to Rivette's ambitious, deliciously paranoid first film, he financed Jean Cocteau's elegiac last film, "The Testament of Orpheus." But he also lost time and money on other, more conventional films, by less talented friends, which he thought had greater commercial potential. Truffaut's biographers report that he was soon living in fear of losing investors' money, particularly that of his widowed mother-in-law, and they chart his dizzying exertions to ingratiate himself with journalists, distributors, and exhibitors around the world.

After his second film, "Shoot the Piano Player," a whimsically disjointed variation on film noir, failed at the box office, in 1960, and his third, "Jules and Jim," a tender, tragic love story, succeeded only moderately, in 1962, Truffaut could no longer afford to finance outside productions. With his own projects increasingly in doubt, he sought the wisdom of a respected elder, Alfred Hitchcock. Truffaut both revered Hitchcock as the cinema's "greatest inventor of forms" and took notice of his outstanding commercial success. In what de Baecque and Toubiana portray as a tragicomic misstep, Truffaut arranged to conduct a weeklong series of interviews with his idol, covering Hitchcock's entire career, which would then be published in book form. What Truffaut had hoped would be merely a brief and enjoyable "pretext for self-instruction" became a Pandora's box of proliferating editorial tasks, negotiations, and correspondence that cost him four years of intermittent, inconvenient labor. The psychic cost was, arguably, even greater. The methods of the most legendarily controlled and controlling director meshed poorly with Truffaut's passionate spontaneity. Never again would the performances—or, for that matter, the images—in Truffaut's films flow as naturally as they did in his first three films.

As early as 1960, Truffaut was attracted to the possibility of directing a film based on Ray Bradbury's novel "Fahrenheit 451," a parable about a future society that burns books, and the rebels who seek to preserve them. The story's particulars appealed to Truffaut the autodidact and bibliophile. He also thought that, as "the first European science-fiction film," it would have a built-in hook, and it offered him the challenge of his first large-scale studio film. The effort to make "Fahrenheit 451" proved to be the single biggest mistake of his career. Truffaut spent four years trying to get the film financed, turning down the opportunity to direct "Bonnie and Clyde" in the process. The only film he managed to make during this period was the violent, hallucinatory domestic melodrama "The Soft Skin"—which, when it premièred at the 1964 Cannes Film Festival, was, in the director's words, a "complete fiasco."

Even so, this film—made offhandedly, in response to his own marital crisis—may have been the last visceral, spontaneous film that Truffaut ever made. By the time he arrived in London to shoot "Fahrenheit 451," in 1966, he had fallen virtually outside of the times. He cared little about the mod London scene that Antonioni captured in "Blow-Up." He characterized the shoot as his "saddest and most difficult," and he was not satisfied with the finished film—only relieved to be free of it. In 1968, when he filmed the next installment in his autobiographical saga, "Stolen Kisses," he transposed incidents from his young adulthood in the early fifties to the eve of the barricades, but the mood of the film was true neither to the past nor to the present: he had become a self-conscious purveyor of nostalgic wistfulness.

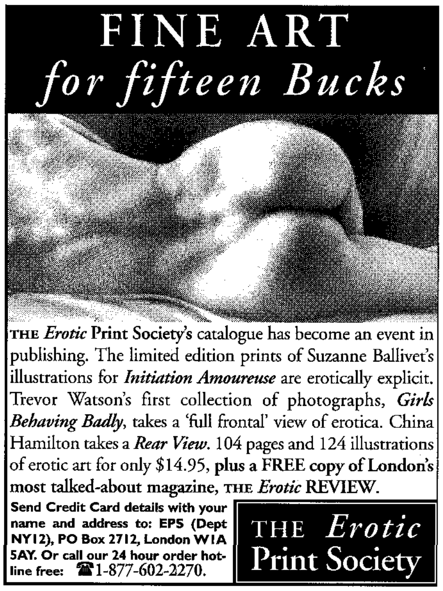
The revolution that Truffaut had helped to foment had passed him by. That revolution was, above all, embodied in the films of Jean-Luc Godard. While Truffaut floundered, Godard forged ahead with such modernist landmarks as "Contempt," "Alphaville," "Pierrot le Fou," "Masculine Feminine," and "Weekend." Unlike Truffaut, Godard was making movies about the moment—about the generation he called "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." And unlike Truffaut, for whom criticism had been a wedge to break into filmmaking, Godard considered his film work an extension of his theoretical work as a critic: he turned narrative cinema inside out and revolutionized the form no less than Picasso had rethought painting fifty years earlier.

A RUPTURE between the two men was inevitable. It came in 1973, with the release of Truffaut's "Day for Night," an avowedly sentimental portrayal of life and love on the set of a mainstream movie, in which Truffaut cast himself as the director and Jacqueline Bisset (who soon became his lover) as the star. Godard wrote him a caustic letter, accusing him of making a movie about moviemaking which ignored the hard economic realities of the business. He also charged Truffaut with a more personal type of dishonesty: "one wonders why the director is the only one who isn't screwing around in 'Day for Night.' " Then Godard suggested that Truffaut give him five or ten million francs to finance his next film, "so that audiences don't think that the only kind of movies being made are your kind."

Truffaut, in a twenty-page response, refused him the money, and then vented years of accumulated grievances, declaring, "I feel it's finally time to tell you, at length, that in my opinion you've been behaving like a shit." He accused Godard of posing as a victim, "whereas in fact you've always managed to do exactly what you wanted, when you wanted, as you wanted, and have always managed, above all, to maintain the pure hard-line image you've cultivated, even at the expense of defenseless people."

True to form, Godard thrust with his ideas, and Truffaut parried with his allegiances. Although Truffaut had on his side a greater civility, he had no answer to the substance of Godard's critique, however pitiless. Not only was the cinema that Truffaut celebrated in "Day for Night" sufficiently trivial to call into question the elephantine apparatus it issued from but his self-portrayal as a director above the sexual fray was a disingenuous concealment of what had been an inescapable part of his directorial technique from the beginning: he customarily had an affair with his lead actress. Although Truffaut would eventually mine his romantic entanglements for their comic potential in his 1977 film "The Man Who Loved Women," the exchange of insults over "Day for Night" highlighted the fact that the ostensibly autobiographical elements in Truffaut's films were less a matter of self-revelation than of self-reconstruction, or even self-exploitation. In relying on his experience to generate a ready stock of incidents to rearrange into a neatly joined screenplay, Truffaut seems to re-project, for his own psychological benefit, a coherent alternative vision of himself—one that is, above all, distinguished by its merciful detachment from the chronic pain of his mutilated childhood.

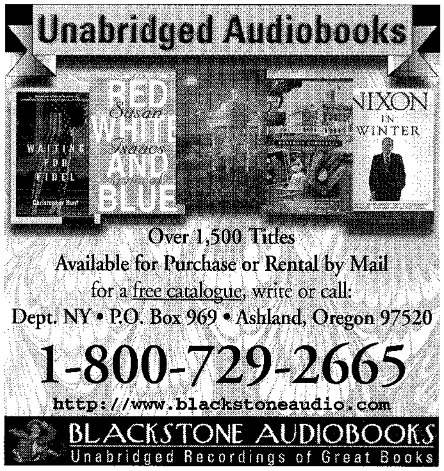
In 1980, at the time of Godard's return to the French film industry, he sought a rapprochement with Truffaut. He invited him, together with Rivette and Chabrol, to his home in Switzerland to record a roundtable discussion for a book on the state of the cinema. "While a reunion of just two of us might be felt as too explosive," Godard


FINE ART
for fifteen Bucks

THE *Erotic* Print Society's catalogue has become an event in publishing. The limited edition prints of Suzanne Ballivet's illustrations for ***Initiation Amoureuse*** are erotically explicit. Trevor Watson's first collection of photographs, ***Girls Behaving Badly***, takes a 'full frontal' view of erotica. China Hamilton takes a ***Rear View***. 104 pages and 124 illustrations of erotic art for only $14.95, **plus a FREE copy of London's most talked-about magazine, THE *Erotic* REVIEW.**

Send Credit Card details with your name and address to: EPS (Dept NY12), PO Box 2712, London W1A 5AY. Or call our 24 hour order hotline free: ☎1-877-602-2270.

THE *Erotic* Print Society



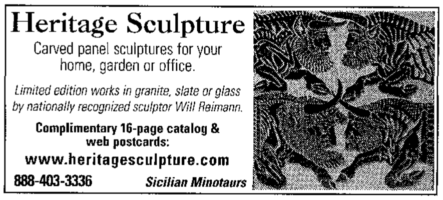
Unabridged Audiobooks

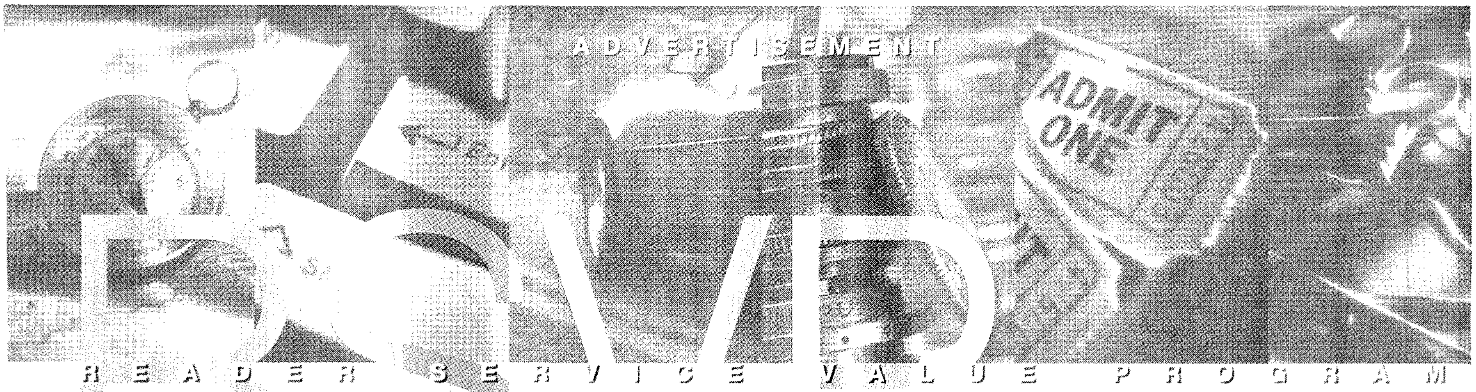
Over 1,500 Titles
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
for a free catalogue, write or call:
Dept. NY • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, Oregon 97520
1-800-729-2665
http://www.blackstoneaudio.com
BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
PARIS PROPERTIES-COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net

IMAGINE YOURSELF IMMORTALIZED IN THE POP ART STYLE OF THE 60'S & 70'S . . .
Then Call Us
(630) 953-2033
Brilliantly colored acrylic & silkscreen on canvas.
Neo 60 Studios

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The Inn at Blueberry Hill
CHILMARK
800-356-3322 www.blueberryinn.com


Heritage Sculpture
Carved panel sculptures for your home, garden or office.
Limited edition works in granite, slate or glass by nationally recognized sculptor Will Reimann.
Complimentary 16-page catalog & web postcards:
www.heritagesculpture.com
888-403-3336 ***Sicilian Minotaurs***



An invitation to respond directly
to The New Yorker's advertisers.

APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

BEN SILVER. Classic style is our business. Our eighty-eight-page catalog features the finest silk neckwear and shirtings, cufflinks, blazer buttons, and apparel for men and women. Call 1-800-221-4671.

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY. We specialize in fine quality 14k gold and sterling silver jewelry. For a color catalog, please call 1-919-933-5759 or visit www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com.

TILLEY ENDURABLES. The best travel and adventure clothing in the world: comfortable, easy to care for, long-lasting. Secret pockets, security pockets, "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. And, the Tilley Hat. Free catalogue. Call 1-800-363-8737.

AUTOMOTIVE

SAAB CARS, USA. Saab vs. the ordinary. Challenging conventional thinking to make better cars. For details, call 1-800-SAAB-USA or visit us at www.saabusa.com.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

MERRILL LYNCH. No matter what you want to achieve, we can help. Ask Merrill at www.mlol.ml.com or call 1-800-MERRILL, ext. 4216.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

BEVERLY BREMER SILVER SHOP. Matching service—sterling silver, new and obsolete flatware and hollowware—all at less than half price. Mint condition. For inventory of your pattern, please call 1-800-270-4009 or 1-404-261-4009.

CHANTILLY CATALOG REPRODUCTIONS. Antique Sterling Silver Catalog Reproductions. First three catalogs by Gorham of Chantilly, the world's number one pattern choice. Each catalog faithfully reproduced. Years available: 1895, 1904, and 1914. Each $17.95 or set of three for $45 plus postage. To order, call Beverly Bremer Silver Shop at 1-800-270-4009.

ENDLESS POOLS™. Swim in place against a gentle current adjustable to any speed or ability in a new concept exercise pool that measures only 8' by 15'. For information, please call 1-800-732-8660 or visit our Web site at www.endlesspools.com.

HEALTH CARE

BURT'S BEES™. Famous for earth-friendly natural personal care products. Soaps, body oils, cremes, bath salts and more. We look different and we are different. For a free catalog, call 1-800-849-7112.

DUKE UNIVERSITY RICE DIET. Medically supervised, the Duke University Rice Diet is the safest, surest way to rapid, sustainable weight loss. Call 1-888-RICE-DIET.

HILTON HEAD HEALTH INSTITUTE. A world-renowned health resort specializing in weight-loss, stress reduction, smoking cessation and lifestyle change. Improve your fitness and energy levels while reducing health risks. Call 1-800-292-2440.

INDIGO MEDICAL. Facing Prostate Cancer? Explore options beyond surgery. Call 1-800-458-4372 for a free information package or visit our Web site at www.indigomedical.com.

STRUCTURE HOUSE. Durham, NC's most successful, #1 residential program for weight control and lifestyle change. Beautiful surroundings. Serious results. (Twenty years of long-term weight loss.) For information, call 1-800-553-0052.

ON-LINE SERVICES

CNCURRENCY.COM—*Your Personal Finance Advisor.* Whether you're investing for the first time or managing your retirement funds, CNCurrency.com is the personal finance Web site that helps you make important monetary decisions. Visit us today on the World Wide Web at www.cncurrency.com.

TRAVEL

AT LARGE TRAVEL NEWSLETTER. Produced by the Marketing Department of *The New Yorker.* Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. One-year subscription (three issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue for free. To order, call 1-800-759-9838.

BRITAIN—ENGLAND'S NORTH COUNTRY. Breathtaking scenery, literary/movie locations, historic cities—and it's just two hours from London! For more information, please call 1-800-357-3174.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS. Discover nature's little secrets: call 1-800-888-5563, ext. 470 for your free BVI vacation kit. Don't forget to ask about our intimate inns and villas.

BRITRAIL. Track down the Best of Britain with the extensive range of BritRail passes. Also, Scotland, Ireland, and Rail and Drive. For information, call 1-877-530-5199 or visit our Web site at www.raileurope.com.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS. Our Canadian Rockies Experience offers a truly unique and diverse holiday vacation. For more information visit us on-line at www.cphotels.com.

CARIBBEAN COALITION FOR TOURISM (CCT). Planning before you go goes a long way toward the perfect vacation. For your free Caribbean Vacation Planner, just call 1-800-356-9999, ext. 713. You'll receive 176 pages of stunning photos and information on how to find whatever interests you.

CRUISE LINE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION. Free Cruise Vacation Planner. You haven't lived until you've cruised. For your free vacation planner, call 1-888-Y-CRUISE, ext. 536.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION. *Planning Your Trip to Europe '99.* Sixty-eight-page, full-color guide to twenty-nine countries. Covers attractions, events, entertainment, transportation, food and drink. With maps and photos. Free. Call 1-800-862-6747.

THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE is a luxurious five-diamond inn and restaurant nestled in the countryside south of Chapel Hill, NC. For information call 1-919-542-2121 or visit www.fearrington.com.

FINLAND. Explore the history and culture of Finland by traveling along The King's Road from Helsinki. Call us at 1-800-FIN-INFO.

FRANCE. Order your free France Discovery Kit which includes the 100-page travel planner, MasterCard™ savings and special offers, and the Air France Holidays brochure. Call 1-800-2FRANCE.

GREATER MIAMI CONVENTION AND VISITORS BUREAU. Call 1-800-4-MIAMIFL for your free 190-page Visitors Guide. Visit www.miamiandbeaches.com.

KIAWAH ISLAND BY PAM HARRINGTON *EXCLUSIVES.* Thirty minutes from historic Charleston. Select one- to ten-bedroom accommodations. Golf, tennis, biking, children's programs and much more. For information, call 1-800-845-6966.

RADISSON SEVEN SEAS offers unique and luxurious small ship experiences with the highest standards of quality, service, and value. For more information, call 1-800-285-1835.

RAIL EUROPE. Your one source for European travel including the Eurail Passes, Europasses, and Premier Trains such as Eurostar. Extensive choices give you complete flexibility to travel any way you like throughout Europe. For additional information, call 1-877-646-RAIL, or visit www.raileurope.com.

SCOTLAND. Castles, culture and history. Grand old cities, quaint villages, friendly people, heather-clad hills and beautiful lochs. Free comprehensive Scotland Vacation Planner. Call toll-free 1-800-969-SCOT or visit our Web site at www.scotland99.com.

THE TOURIST OFFICE OF SPAIN. The essence of Spain is found in timeless works by Velazquez and Miro, and its latest masterpiece, the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Bravo Spain! Visit our Web site at www.okspain.org.

TURKEY. Treasures from thirteen great civilizations await you in an ancient land bridging Europe and Asia. Take a trip to Turkey and enjoy a fascinating journey through 10,000 years.

ANSWERS TO 8X10 CRYPTIC NO. 88

ACROSS

1 PLANCK (*plank* hom.)
7 RO(P)E
8 O + MOO
9 A(BOAR)D
10 D(ETON)ATE
12 AD(I)OS
13 PEONS (anag.)
14 OVERDUBS (anag.)
16 RE(MA)IN
17 AGED (hidden)
18 EDAM (rev.)
19 MOUS(S)E

DOWN

1 PROD (anag.)
2 LOPE D + E VE + GA
3 APATITE (*appetite* hom.)
4 CO(O)NS
5 FOR + TIN + BRAS
6 MO + DEMS
11 A(BOUND)S
12 AM + ORAL
13 PRA + DO (*Arp* rev.)
15 SOME (*sum* hom.)

© 1999 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All Rights Reserved.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036-7440.

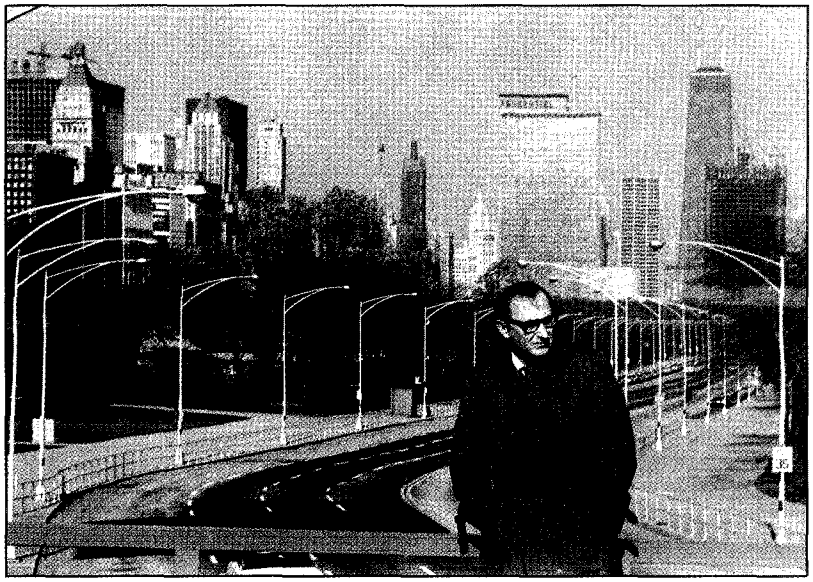
For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

990524

wrote, "with four of us there should be a way of underplaying the differences in potential so some connections could get through." In a sarcastic reply, Truffaut refused the invitation. Shortly thereafter, he made this conflict public in an interview in *Cahiers du Cinéma*, denouncing his former friend as "convulsively envious," "slippery," and "underhanded." De Baecque and Toubiana report no further contact between the two men for the rest of Truffaut's life, which was cut short by a brain tumor in 1984. He was fifty-two years old.

WITHOUT Truffaut's political genius and tactical boldness, the French New Wave—Godard's work very much included—might never have existed, and the contemporary French art cinema would not receive the crucial, ongoing institutional support it enjoys today. But the triumph of Truffaut's political self came at the expense of his capacities as an artist: even the best of his later films, such as "Two English Girls" and "The Woman Next Door," fail to measure up to his first four films, each of which was a step ahead in ambition, emotional range and depth, and formal conception. In one sense, however, his later work succeeded on its own terms. "Truffaut" became a recognizable brand name that epitomized a new Tradition of Quality, of undeniable sensitivity, taste, and intelligence, endowed with its own secret blend of shy, tender melancholy—and hermetically sealed off from the times. Although they fail aesthetically, they continue to exert a strange psychological fascination, provoking a pained yet loyal search for clues to the character of one of the most complex and significant figures of the modern cinema.

In a sense, it was Godard who would have the last word, and this biography is it. In his 1980 book, "Introduction à une Véritable Histoire du Cinéma," Godard suggested that Truffaut's life would make "a very beautiful movie"—one far greater, he implied, than the putatively autobiographical films that Truffaut actually made. One could say that de Baecque and Toubiana, editors at *Cahiers*, have realized Godard's imaginary project. More than Truffaut's unfinished autobiographical book by that title, this biography deserves to be called "Le Scénario de Ma Vie"—"The Screenplay of My Life." ♦



CHARLES KNOBLOCK/CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE WAYWARD PRESS

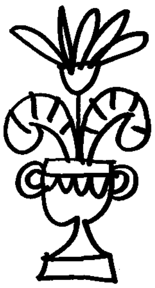
BIG MIKE

When he went, it left a hole in the soul.

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

A COUPLE of years ago, after Mike Royko went to the big newsroom in the sky, some of the posthumous tributes to him suggested that the urban type of which he was the epitome—the two-fisted, tough-but-tender, voice-of-the-working-stiff cityside columnist, who knows the mean streets of his town better than any cop or bail bondsman or barkeep, who defends the little guy against the bureaucrats and the boardroom big shots, and who, therefore, is generally agreed to embody the soul of the city—was a dying breed. Of course, on newspapers all breeds are dying breeds, unless they happen to be new breeds. The Washington columnist of the Lippmann-Reston-Alsop school, who whispers in the ear of power and in turn is whispered to; the snarling city editor who on a hunch hires some kid who never finished high school because he likes the way the kid handles his fists and his typewriter; the comic-strip artist whose characters, like Smilin' Jack and Mary Worth, continue their adventures from day to day: these breeds are dying. The Washington columnist who shouts on television and has an office at the American Enterprise Institute; the focus-group consultant who recommends that more space be devoted to "service" features; the computer-graphics whiz who mocks up the full-color weather map: these breeds are new.

In the case of the soul-of-the-city columnist—let's call him the S.O.C., to save ink—the crêpehangers may have a point. Herb Caen, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Jack Smith, of the Los Angeles *Times*, died with their boots on before Royko did. Pete Hamill, the New York tabloid prince, still writes every day, but not for the papers: he pours his energies into novels and memoirs. Mike Barnicle, defenestrated from the Boston *Globe* for making things up, freelances from a Middlesex County suburb, an internal exile. And while plenty of good cityside columnists still ply the trade—Jimmy Breslin, one of the all-time greats, still writes three times a week for *Newsday*—the archetype fairly screams Code Blue. Everything about the S.O.C. is atavistic, beginning with the fact that he is invariably a he. (It would be hard even to imagine such a thing as a female of the species, except possibly in Philadelphia.) He is usually a white ethnic. He is almost always a working-class type and always sounds like one, even if the proletarian pedigree, on examination, turns out to be a little weak. (Michael Daly, of the *News*, has the name, the accent, and the style, but he went to Yale.) Even after the paper has splashed his name on the side of the delivery trucks, he sees himself as "just a reporter." He may wear a tie to work, but it's always loosened and the jacket is off. In the old days, when big cities had as many newspapers as they now have Eyewitness and Action News Teams, you could be pretty sure that the soul-of-the-city guy wouldn't go anywhere near the classiest or stuffiest broadsheet—the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Public Record*, the New York *Times*, the Baltimore *Sun*. (H. L. Mencken, who, among other accomplishments, was Baltimore's S.O.C. in the teens and twenties, wrote for the raffish *Evening Sun*, not its staid morning parent.) Such choosiness is no longer an option, except in New York. But the S.O.C. style remains demotic—punchy sentences, most of which occupy an entire paragraph, and no big words or fancy allusions. (This is why the late, great Murray Kempton, who had many of the required characteristics—a soft spot for losers and rascals, a studied indifference to celebrities, a habit of doing some reporting before he wrote—was not an S.O.C.) The S.O.C. never writes the sort of Olympian essay known in the trade as a thumbsucker. If he wants to suck on something, he fishes a Camel out of a crumpled pack.



The city Royko was the soul of was Chicago. He was born there, in 1932, the son of a Ukrainian immigrant and a first-generation Polish-American. His father ran a saloon on Milwaukee Avenue, and the family lived in the flat upstairs. Young Mike dropped out of junior college and enlisted in the Air Force, and, when his mother fell sick, was sent home from Korea to what was then O'Hare Field. To avoid being made a military policeman, he talked his way into the editorship of the base newspaper and discovered that newspapering was fun. He did his apprenticeship at the City News Bureau, a legendarily gritty agency that specialized in crime news, and finally got a job at the afternoon *Daily News*, the city's most worldly and writerly paper, in 1959. He landed the column at the end of 1963 and wrote it for thirty-three years, right up until March 21, 1997, a few days before he suffered the stroke that put him in the ground, halfway into the sixty-fifth year of his age. The miracle is that he lasted so long, given the booze, the cigarettes, and, above all, the unrelenting work.

The man's output was heroic. He wrote five columns a week for most of those thirty-three years. When he eased off a bit, beginning in 1992, it was to write "only" four a week. Some eight thousand columns, eight or nine hundred words each—something approaching seven million words. (The Bible contains fewer than a million.) Newspapers kept getting shot out from under him—when the *Daily News* folded, in 1978, he went to the *Sun-Times*, and in 1984, when the *Sun-Times* sank for a time into Murdochian muck, he went to the *Tribune*—but he never took a break, except for a few weeks in 1979, when the death of his wife, whom he had known since childhood, plunged him into heartbreak and disorientation. To add to his burdens (and his rewards), Royko was the only S.O.C. ever to be syndicated on a large scale; his column, at its peak, went to more than six hundred newspapers. So three of those five columns a week had to be of interest to the readers of the *Southwest Times Record*, in Fort Smith, Arkansas, the Vineland *Daily Journal*, in New Jersey, and the *Citrus County Chronicle*, in Crystal River, Florida, as well as to his readers in Chicagoland. It was this feat of sustained and prodigious fecundity, more than his gruff manner and looming, hawk-faced appearance, that made him a figure of trembling awe to newsroom colleagues and protégés like James Warren, now the *Trib's* Washington bureau chief.

Royko's column may have hit every front stoop in bucolic Fort Smith, but in New York, Washington, and Boston—the cities in which I've been reading newspapers off and on for the past few decades—there seemed to be some sort of mysterious force field that kept him away. Various papers at various times in those cities "took" the column—to keep it out of the hands of competitors, perhaps—but seldom ran it. So I'd never read more than a few thousand of Royko's seven million words until the publication last month, by the University of Chicago Press, of "One More Time: The Best of Mike Royko"—the seventh, and presumably definitive, collection of his columns. "One More Time" immediately sent me to "Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago," Royko's only venture into book-writing per se, first published in 1971 and still in print. A generation hence, a century hence, these two books will be what remains of Royko's work.

Both of them are full of astonishments, and the greatest of these—the most surprising, at any rate, to someone coming to him fresh—is Royko's technical mastery as a writer. Unlike many columnists' books, "Boss" does not feel like a succession of stitched-together takes. Its pace is perfect for its length. It is constructed as beautifully and subtly as a Ferrari. Writing in the churning wake of the cop-clubbed 1968 Democratic National Convention, Royko opens each chapter with a snatch of dialogue from its sequel, the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven, beginning with

> WILLIAM KUNSTLER: What is your name?
> WITNESS: Richard Joseph Daley.
> WILLIAM KUNSTLER: What is your occupation?
> WITNESS: I am the mayor of the city of Chicago.

That first chapter, which follows Royko's subject from the beginning of a typical workday till the end, is a virtuoso tracking shot worthy of Welles. As we follow Daley (whose name goes unmentioned until the ninth page) from his bungalow, toward the Loop in his limousine, into the elevator at City Hall—

> The elevator operators know his habits and are holding back the door of a car. The elevators are automated, but many operators remain on the job, standing in the lobby pointing at open cars and saying, "Next." Automation is fine, but how many votes can an automatic elevator deliver?

—and onward, from meeting to Mass and back to bungalow, Royko's camera pans across neighborhoods the Mayor knows and ghettos he ignores, expressways he has built and critics he has rebuked, precinct captains he has rewarded and reporters he has stiffed. Not a word is wasted or dull. In the rest of "Boss," Royko, switching to the past tense, tells the story of Daley's rise, rule, and misrule, and tells it enthrallingly, with equal and overlapping doses of outrage and hilarity. The book is full of marvellous set pieces. Expounding on Chicago nepotism, Royko unfurls a full page of "begat"s. (Thirty years later, he could have added one more: "Richard J. Daley, mayor, begat Richard M. Daley, mayor.") Then, just when you think he's out of steam, he switches from the Old Testament to the New: "They are their brothers' keepers, too. Alderman Keane keeps his brother on the powerful board of real estate tax appeals; Assessor Cullerton keeps his brother in the City Council . . ." Royko closes "Boss" by teeing off on a remark by one of the ward heelers who crowd the book like freeloaders at an open bar:

> "Chicago ain't ready for reform yet," Alderman Bauler said when Daley was elected in 1955. And in 1970, ready or not, it wasn't getting any.

SENTIMENTALITY is the characteristic vice of the S.O.C., and I'd expected plenty of it in Royko. I didn't find much. Neither in "Boss" nor in the hundred and ten columns in "One More Time" does Royko flatter the people whose "voice" he purportedly was—the people who, as he put it, "stayed in their own neighborhood, loving it, enjoying the closeness, the friendliness, the familiarity, and trying to save enough money to move out." Check that last clause: in Royko, there's always a needle. The columns are more roughly hewn than "Boss"—each, after all, was written in a matter of hours with no thought of preservation beyond the next day—but their literary quality is nearly as high, their variety and scope much greater. And they have their own surprises. It's easy to see why Royko, alone among the S.O.C.s, travelled. He was a very angry man, and he was a very funny man, and he was a very honest man. A lot of people say his touch faltered during the nineties, and maybe it did if you read him every day. Bitter, complacent, alcoholic, tired—these are the adjectives one admirer uses. No doubt Royko's lows were lower than they had been, but "One More Time" proves that his highs were as high as ever. In a column on the person he refers to as "Tonya Harding, the ice skater," Royko ruefully switches back and forth eight times on the question of whether Tonya should be allowed to compete against Nancy Kerrigan in the Olympics. Finally, he decides she should, because the Olympics are show biz, and there's no better show than "goodness and honesty being challenged by the forces of darkness and sleaze."

> And if it happens and the judging is legit, I know who will come out the winner.
>
> My money will be on Tonya.
>
> Why should ice skating be any different from just about everything else in the world?

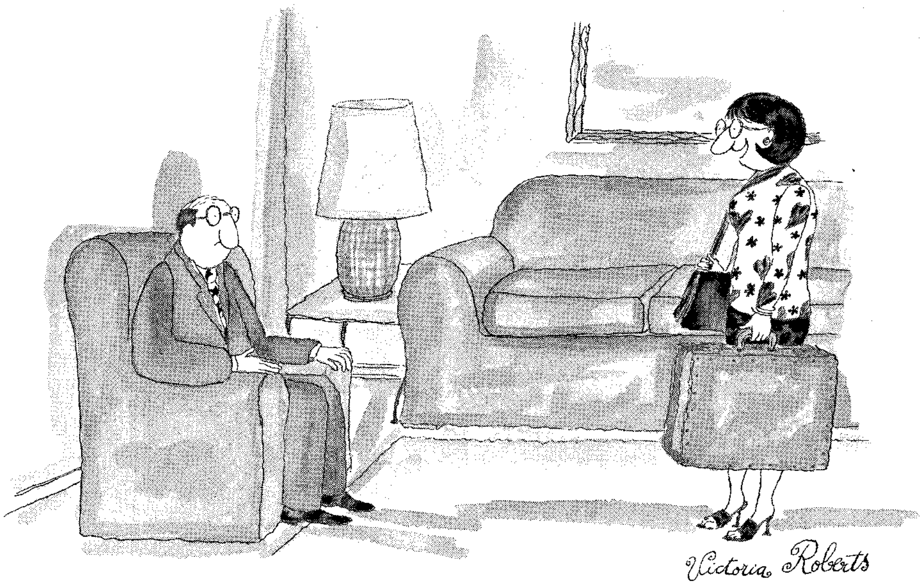
A prescient column written on the very first day of 1995's trial of the century carries forward Royko's honorable role on race, which was to be neither the voice of Chicago blacks nor the voice of Chicago whites speaking to Chicago blacks but, rather, the voice of one Chicago white speaking to other Chicago whites about giving blacks a break. The column begins, "After hearing the opening statements, my bets would be on O. J. Simpson walking out a free man." Royko predicts that the case will turn on "Mark Fuhrman, the eager-beaver Los Angeles detective" who "seemed to have an uncanny knack for coming across important clues," and that the defense will argue that Fuhrman's racial animus "was nasty enough to prompt him and possibly others to plant evidence—the bloody glove, for example."

> Does that sound implausible or even far-fetched? It depends on your background.
>
> If you have lived most of your life in a friendly small town or a quiet comfortable suburb, yes, it might be unthinkable that your nice Officer Friendly would try to railroad an innocent person.
>
> But if you are a black person, you might say: "So what else is new?" . . .
>
> And there are valid reasons for their feeling that way.

Two of Royko's last columns, written a month apart, are printed back to back in "One More Time." The first, about Representative Dan Rostenkowski's conviction for illegal use of federal funds, drips with scorn for prosecutors who hound public officials for petty offenses; the second works President Clinton over as a glib, immature phony. Together they made me ache to know what Royko would have had to say about the recent unpleasantness involving the President, Ms. Lewinsky, and Mr. Starr. Or about Yugoslavia, whose Serbs and Albanians have plenty of Chicago cousins.

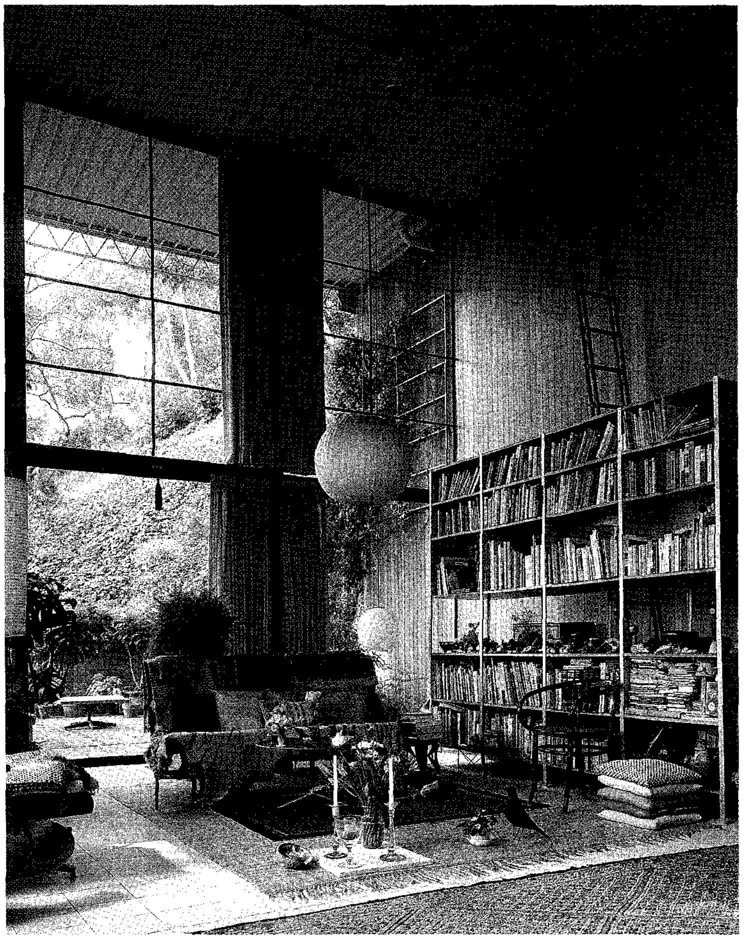
We'll never know, unfortunately.

And that's a shame. ♦



"It's National We're History Month."

• •



THIS PAGE: EAMES OFFICE ©1999

THE SKY LINE

THE EAMES TEAM

Charles and Ray Eames were multimedia figures ahead of their time.

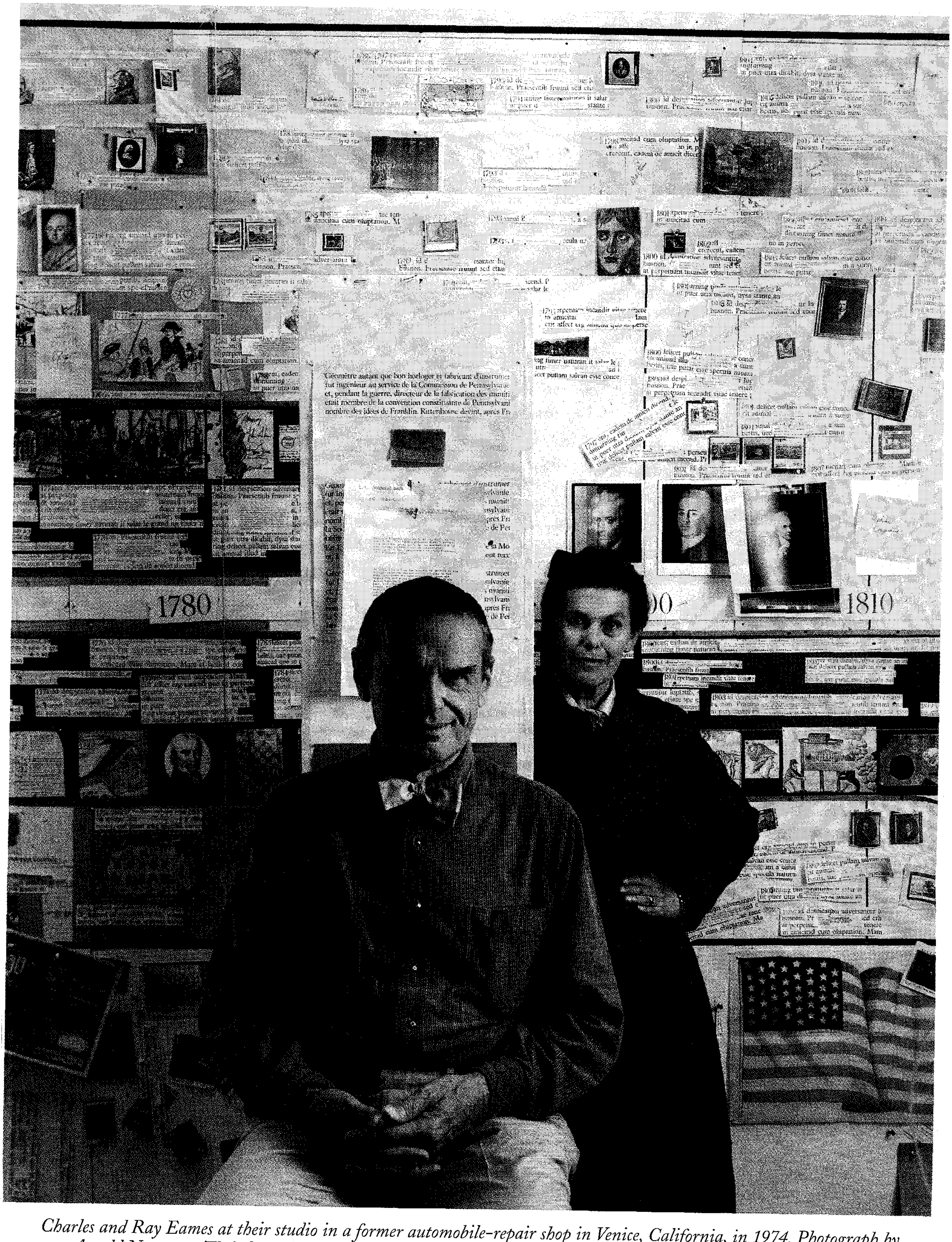
BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

IN 1976, the publisher and philanthropist Walter Annenberg offered the Metropolitan Museum of Art forty million dollars to construct a new wing of the museum that would be devoted not to art itself but to explaining art through film, video, and computer images. The wing, which was to be called the Fine Arts Center of the Annenberg School of Communications, was never built. Some critics of the project objected to Annenberg himself, whose father, Moses Annenberg, was a somewhat shady character; others were suspicious of Thomas Hoving, the flamboyant art historian who was the director of the Metropolitan and who had hoped to use the center as a means of maintaining power when he left office. Several members of the City Council questioned the propriety of yet another extension of the museum into Central Park, while many of the city's most prominent art critics feared that the center's emphasis on technology would cheapen the museum experience. In 1977, when Annenberg withdrew his gift in a fit of pique and the project collapsed, the general feeling in the city's cultural community was of relief. In fact, what had just occurred was one of the biggest fiascos in the museum's history.

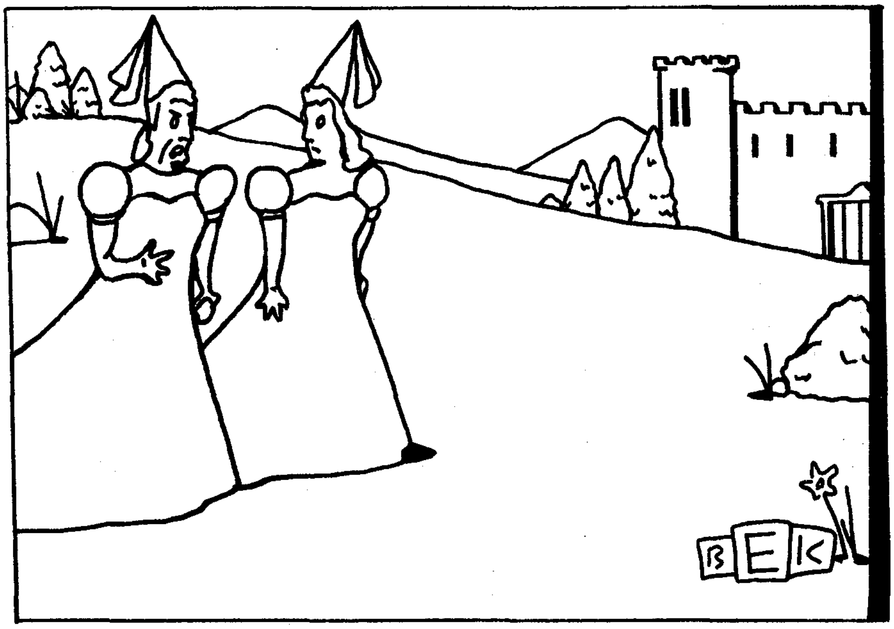
While Hoving and city officials traded brickbats—so acrimoniously that Annenberg took out an advertisement in the New York *Times* to defend the project—nobody was paying much attention to what the Annenberg Center would actually contain. In a dozen articles on the proposed wing, including a column by Hilton Kramer, who sneered that it "overturns the very idea of a museum, and effectively destroys its reason for existence," the *Times* never once mentioned where the idea for the center had come from, the name of its designer, or any specifics about the proposed program.

The idea for the center had emerged following discussions between Hoving and the designer Charles Eames, who with his wife and partner, Ray, had been exploring the connections between art, science, technology, and education for years. In 1975, Eames produced a nine-minute film, called "Metropolitan Overview," that laid out his vision for a new wing of the museum very much like the one Annenberg offered to underwrite the following year. The film took viewers on a simulated tour of the facility, which he foresaw as containing an exhibition on the history of the museum itself; several orientation areas to give visitors an overview of the museum's collections; and what would have been among the first—perhaps the first—computer-operated catalogue of works of art. Eames's idea was that people would go to a computer terminal and punch up a reproduction of an artist's work, and then use the computer to bring up images of other work by that artist, or other works from a particular period or a particular place, or the record of a past exhibition. The computer would juxtapose pieces of information and help people make new connections about art. Annenberg liked the film and proposed giving the Met twenty million dollars to build the place and another twenty million to run it for ten years. And then all hell broke loose.

WHAT seemed too radical for New York in 1976 is, of course, commonplace now; with the Internet, millions of people have something approximating the Annenberg Center at home. A project that was denounced as a dangerous attempt to push the envelope of art education in the nineteen-seventies seems almost ho-hum at the end of the nineties. The system the Eameses envisioned for the Met was really an early attempt at interactivity, and



Charles and Ray Eames at their studio in a former automobile-repair shop in Venice, California, in 1974. Photograph by Arnold Newman. Their house in Pacific Palisades (at left) is a modernist icon. Photograph by Tim Street Porter.



"Just try to get one to answer a riddle after he's won your hand in marriage."

• •

if it had been built the Metropolitan would have been nearly a generation ahead of the rest of the world.

The Eameses were ahead of their time in quite a number of ways. Charles Eames, who was born in St. Louis in 1907 and died in 1978—his wife died ten years later to the day—was trained as an architect, and designed chairs in molded plywood, fibreglass, and welded wire that are among the most technically advanced, not to mention famous, designs of the twentieth century. Along with his wife, a painter who had studied with Hans Hofmann, he was also a filmmaker, curator, scientist, inventor, graphic artist, toy designer, exhibition designer, and proto-techie. Charles and Ray Eames were the original nonlinear thinkers. They figured out that design was going to be different in the age of cyberspace long before William Gibson had given a name to such a thing.

The visionary Eameses all but invented the notion of using multiple projectors and multiple screens. When they were invited to produce a film explaining life in the United States for an exhibition sponsored by the United States Information Agency in Moscow in 1959—the exhibition at which Nixon had the famous kitchen debate with Nikita Khrushchev—they came up with a seven-screen display that bombarded Muscovites with more than two thousand images of freeway cloverleafs, buses, kite fliers, skiers, musicians, churches, skyscrapers, and Marilyn Monroe. Closeups, wide shots, and distant views flashed from screen to screen for twelve intense minutes. "We wanted enough images going at the same time that it would completely discourage being absorbed in a single one," Eames said later. "If you got more than you could really take in, the effect of information was one that was greater than you had actually experienced."

Like the notion of a computerized catalogue of art, the idea of carpet-bombing the viewer with hundreds of fleeting images is commonplace now. But it was startling in the nineteen-fifties, when almost every documentary film was a straightforward narrative with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Just as remarkable was the Eameses' response to Leland Hayward's request in 1960 for a short film on the music of the nineteen-fifties to run as part of a television special he was producing for CBS. They created nine minutes of images, seemingly disconnected, rapidly cut, and set against a musical montage—arguably the first music video.

Almost everything the Eameses did broke new ground. Their house overlooking the ocean in Pacific Palisades in California, which was constructed out of factory-made steel-and-glass parts, anticipated the high-tech fashion in architecture by a quarter of a century. In 1943, six years before the house was built, they had set up a general design studio in a sprawling former automobile-repair shop at 901 Washington Boulevard, in the Venice section of Los Angeles, that was the spiritual antecedent of the lofts that countless architectural firms and film companies began moving into thirty years later. The work that emerged from the loft also broke the mold: furniture, books, films, and toys that were at once matter-of-fact and elegant.

The Eameses were the king and queen of multimedia long before that word was coined. Their work had no particular style. Though the graphics tend to have a certain nineteen-fifties jauntiness to them, the things themselves make continual conceptual leaps far beyond their time. One of the Eameses' earliest films, "Blacktop" (1952), an art film that consists of nothing but footage of soapy water flowing over an asphalt playground, prefigures the films of Andy Warhol. "The Black Ships," a documentary from 1970 that uses old Japanese prints to explain how nineteenth-century Japan viewed Commodore Perry, shows that the Eameses had figured out how to make a motion picture from exquisitely photographed stills a decade before Ken Burns began work on his documentaries about the Brooklyn Bridge and the Civil War.

An immense retrospective of the work of the Eameses opens on May 20th at the Library of Congress in Washington. It toured in Europe last year, in somewhat different form, and will move this fall to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York and then to several other American museums. The exhibition should put an end to the automatic twinning of the words "Eames" and "chair." Only one of six sections of the exhibition is devoted to furniture; the rest is given over primarily to categories the curators have dubbed Space, Beauty, Culture, and Science. "We wanted to show that furniture was just one of their means of expression," C. Ford Peatross, the curator of the architecture and design collections at the

Library of Congress, where most of the Eames archives are held, told me. "They were interested in problem solving, and furniture was just one way of solving problems. If they were alive today, they might not be doing furniture at all."

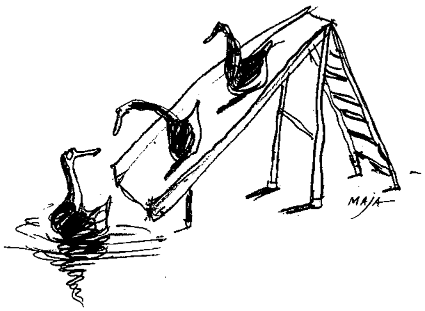
The greatest pieces of Eames furniture, the sinuous molded-plywood chairs of the nineteen-forties and the sumptuous leather-and-rosewood lounge chair with ottoman of 1956, are remarkable objects, although Eames hated to think of them as works of art; he wanted them to be seen as proof that modern technology could create useful, beautiful, comfortable things that were affordable—mass-produced sensuous objects. And, as time went on, he grew less and less interested in the objects themselves, and more interested in finding ways to convey his belief that design was a means of teaching and problem solving, and that the good things in life should not be restricted to an élite. The Eames office continued to produce new furniture designs through the early seventies, but as early as the nineteen-fifties it was clear that what most excited Eames himself was devising new ways of educating people about history, culture, and technology.

The Office of Charles and Ray Eames, as the atelier in Venice was officially called, had consulting relationships with Westinghouse, Boeing, Polaroid, and the Herman Miller furniture company, which manufactured the Eames chairs. The Eameses designed showrooms and graphics for Herman Miller as well as furniture, and they were so trusted by D. J. De Pree, the head of the company, that he simply allowed them to design what they pleased and brought it out when they felt it was ready. There were no marketing studies, and no direct assignments.

The United States government was also an Eames client, between 1959, when the Eameses made the film for the Moscow exhibition, and 1976, when they designed a vast, rambling exhibition, "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," for the Bicentennial. One of their design proposals for the government showed what a national aquarium in Washington would look like. The aquarium film, produced in 1967, is a guided tour through a building that did not yet exist. It was a predecessor of the Metropolitan Museum film that would persuade Walter Annenberg to open his checkbook. The film was so vivid that I. Bernard Cohen, a historian of science who worked as a consultant to the Eameses, recalled years later that he and his wife, finding themselves in Washington with nothing to do, went looking for the aquarium. "We tried and tried and tried—we couldn't find the damn thing," Cohen said. "And then we both suddenly realized that there had never been an aquarium."

The Eameses' most collaborative and intimate relationship with a client was surely with the International Business Machines Corporation. The association began in the early nineteen-fifties, as computers were just beginning to find their way into the public consciousness. The Eameses designed more than fifty exhibitions, films, and books for I.B.M. They crafted the company's thoughtful, public-spirited, and slightly whimsical image, no small achievement in the bland corporate culture of the postwar years.

I still remember one of the exhibitions that the Eameses created to explain computing to laymen: the I.B.M. Pavilion at the 1964 New York World's Fair. They worked on the pavilion in association with Charles Eames's great friend Eero Saarinen—who died in 1961, just as the project was developing—and with Saarinen's successors, Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo. It consisted of a huge, egg-shaped theatre sitting atop a forest of columns designed to resemble trees. A bank of steep bleachers, called the "people wall," ascended on a hydraulic lift from ground level up into the theatre. In the egg, displayed on twenty-two screens, was a thirty-minute multimedia film, "Think," the point of which was to convince people that the mysterious things called computers were merely machines that could solve a lot of conventional problems very, very fast. In the film, a hostess is trying to plan a formal dinner party. She sits with a pad of paper, puzzling over how to arrange her guests around a table. The variables are that Bill will want to talk to Cindy, who can't be next to Harry, who doesn't like Alice, who is married to Sam. All computers really do, the film explains, is solve problems like this over and over again. And, just as a computer would have to be told that Harry couldn't be seated next to Alice, the quality of the results a computer yields is dependent on the quality of the information put into it.



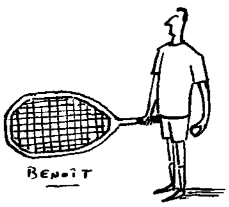
The image of the woman and her dinner party remains in my mind vividly, thirty-five years after I first saw it. Indeed, it is so powerful that I barely remember the rest of "Think," and was startled, when I saw an archival version of the film again the other day, to discover that the dinner-party sequence is only a portion of the film; it also includes a rather dreary sequence in which a group of urban planners sit around talking about how computers will help design cities—one of the only moments in the entire Eames œuvre that seems dated.

CHARLES EAMES came from the Midwest, his wife from Sacramento. They were conventional, almost genteel people: calm, courtly in manner, and understated in appearance. He dressed in suits and bow ties, she in tailored pinafores. They had things custom-made to look ordinary. Charles Eames was folksy in a studied way. He sounded like Henry Fonda, and his lectures, like his conversation, were circuitous; he did not so much tell stories as present his mental processes for examination. You could almost say that while their work looked forward to the twenty-first century, their manner looked back to the nineteenth. They ran their lives with a kind of casual formality—picnics instead of sit-down dinners, but choreographed picnics. The loft in Venice was half factory, half atelier, with a cook.

Charles was less an aesthetician than a man who wanted to impose upon the world a kind of pleasant reasonableness. He had a way of seeing through mental clutter and getting to the essence of things, whether it was art, computers, mathematics, or history. He loved technology, he believed in systems, and he was something of a tinkerer. The office, to him, was a workshop, and he was the master, surrounded by loyal elves. Ray—whose stout form made her a kind of Mrs. Claus done up by the Bauhaus—actually had the better aesthetic sense of the two, and their relationship was complex and enriching to both, even though, like many women in creative partnerships, she often got short shrift in terms of public acknowledgment of her contribution. She had given up a promising career as a painter to join forces with Charles, and her sense of modernism as pure, abstract forms in space influenced his thinking. As the architectural critic Joseph Giovannini has pointed out, Charles loved to refer to his chairs as pure expressions of technology, the result of his having figured out how to mold plywood into curves, and never mentioned that "the implicit subject of the chairs is not only structure but richly dimensionalized space," which came from Ray. Her modernism was based on abstraction; his was based on ideas of industrial production. Their genius lay in the seamlessness of the combination.

The Eameses met in 1940 at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, in Michigan, a school known for its merging of art, architecture, urban planning, and crafts. Charles Eames was a relatively conservative architect in his early thirties, married, with a ten-year-old daughter. He had been invited to Cranbrook by the head of the school, the Finnish master Eliel Saarinen, who had seen photographs of a church designed by Eames which had a glimmer of sleekness to it. Eames was brought in as an architect, but, as Ralph Rapson, a Minneapolis architect who was also at Cranbrook, recalls, "Charlie spent no time in his architectural studio, absolutely none—he spent all of his time in the ceramics studio, in the photography studio, in the metal shop, in the weaving studio, obviously preparing himself for all the things he would do later on. . . . He was learning the technology of all of these things." Eventually, Saarinen appointed Eames head of the industrial-design department, and he became close to Saarinen's son, Eero, an architect who would become not only his closest friend but a kind of aesthetic conscience. Eames and Saarinen collaborated on furniture designs, and Ray Kaiser, who was studying at Cranbrook after a period of living and painting in New York, helped them with their presentation drawings. Their entry won the Museum of Modern Art's "Organic Design in Home Furnishings" competition in 1940, and Eames's new career was launched.

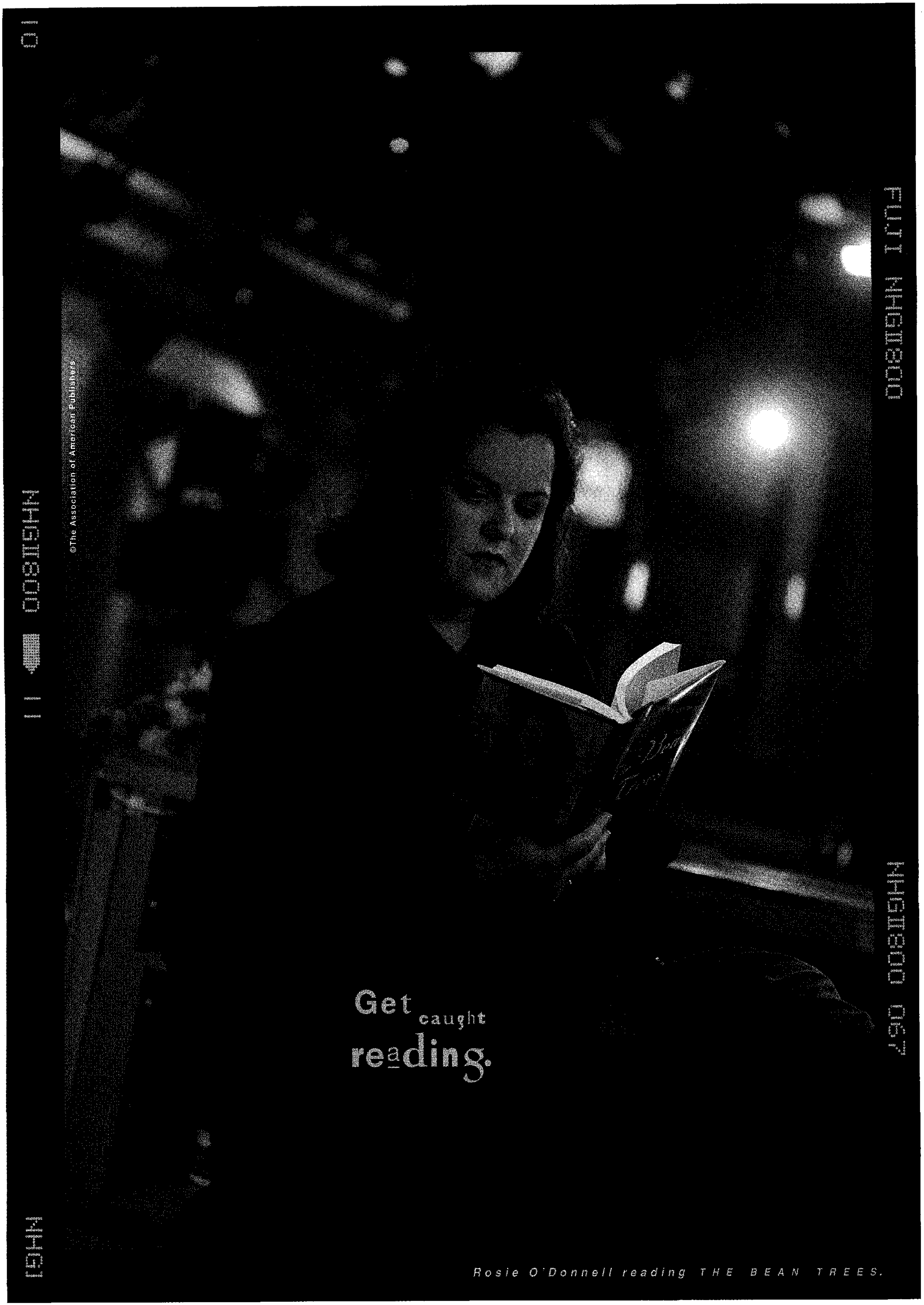
Eames was apparently ready for all kinds of change: by 1941, he had divorced his first wife, married Ray, and embarked on an ardent conversion to modernism. His love of systems and technology had never fit comfortably with the relatively traditional architecture he had been working in, and that may be one reason he drifted away from conventional architectural practice so easily. Saarinen and Ray showed him that his instincts were those of a modernist.



SAARINEN remained at Cranbrook to practice architecture with his father, and the Eameses moved west to try to manufacture the molded-plywood furniture that Eames and Saarinen had been designing. To pay the bills, Charles took a job in the art department at M-G-M, working under Cedric Gibbons, where he helped design the sets for "I Married an Angel" and "Mrs. Miniver," among other films. The Eameses were at the center of the developing modernist culture in Los Angeles: they lived in Richard Neutra's sleek, International Style Strathmore Apartments; Ray designed covers for *Arts & Architecture*, the California magazine that prided itself on being at the cutting edge. In 1942, the Eameses convinced the United States Navy that their plywood furniture forms could also be used to make an effective splint to hold an injured leg secure in the field, and they and several partners formed a company to fulfill an order for five thousand splints. The company eventually became the Molded Plywood Division of Evans Products, which in 1943 moved into the space at 901 Washington Boulevard. The Eames office remained there for forty-five years.

Visits to the studio were conducted according to a kind of ritual that brought out the understated propriety of the Eameses: guests were always given an extended tour, and usually an exotic multicultural meal and gifts. "There would always be something, some kind of little treat," Charles Moffett, a curator who worked at the Metropolitan Museum in the seventies, recalls. "Once, Charles was working with Polaroid, and he made a film with some new type of camera to welcome me." This was gracious, but it was also a way of making clear who had the power, both creative and otherwise. Clients were supposed to feel privileged to work with the Eameses, not the other way around. It was the same for employees. The Eames office retained everything they did. "When you left, you didn't have much work to take with you—it was all theirs," Deborah Sussman, a graphic designer who accepted a summer job in 1953 and remained, on and off, for more than a decade, said to me. "They used it all or put it into their archives." Charlie Moffett nonetheless was so happy to work with Charles Eames on a film about the Degas collection at the Metropolitan that he considered giving up his career as an art historian to become an intern in the Eames office, and was dissuaded only when Eames told him they were both too old.

The Eameses shared a love of the ordinary, and an ability to make it noble, even sacred. "They endowed material things with an extrasensory magic," Deborah Sussman said to me. Their house shows it. I first visited the Eames house, which is actually a pair of buildings—one a residence, the other a studio—in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when Charles and Ray were still alive, and I went back to see it again last month. It is a stunning industrial form, made lyrical by its lightness and its precision. The spaces inside are at once grand and intimate. What I remembered most vividly was

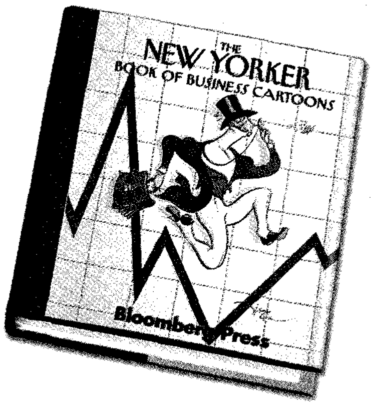


FUJI NHG II 800
NHG II 800 067
NHG II 800
NHG I
Get caught reading.

©The Association of American Publishers

Rosie O'Donnell reading THE BEAN TREES.

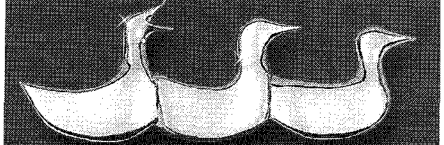
Very funny business, indeed!



Available wherever books are sold

BLOOMBERG PRESS

Three Ducks Pin
www.rnstudios.com



STERLING SILVER $55 14K GOLD $ 370
1-800-235-0471 S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS studios
Velvet Box
17 NW IRVING AVENUE • BEND, OR 97701

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.
800 280 2811
www.theparkercompany.com
THE PARKER COMPANY
ITALIAN VILLAS & TOURS

SQUAW VALLEY ACADEMY
A College Prep School Near Lake Tahoe, CA
Fully Accredited • 100% College Placement
AP College Courses • Low 1-to-10 Teacher Ratio
Outdoor Adventure • Summer School • Coed
Grades 6 – 12 • Since 1978 • info@sva.org
WWW.SVA.ORG • 530-583-1558

SMALL SPACE = BIG BUSINESS
Reach 3.5 million NEW YORKER readers who spent almost 1.7 billion dollars* on mail-order purchases in the past year.
•
For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS, please call 212.536.5600.
* SOURCE: FALL 1997 SIMMONS

the way in which this modernist container was used to hold all kinds of objects: African art, dolls, toys, shells, vases, flowers, candlesticks, plants, fabrics, paperweights and ashtrays, Victorian clutter arranged with modernist precision. Ray Eames put a slab of marble on the floor and set a candelabra and a vase of flowers on it, and the image of that brilliant explosion of the conventions of bourgeois domesticity has stayed with me for a quarter of a century. The floor! Ray overturned convention not by embracing minimalism, like so many modernists, but by making the entire house, in effect, a piece of three-dimensional sculpture, with objects hanging in space as well as sitting on shelves and in nooks. There was even, for a while, a pair of Hans Hofmann paintings hanging from the ceiling, facing down—placed, like most things in the house, to be seen by someone sitting. Almost everything is placed low, as if it had fluttered from the sky and come to rest in the perfect spot. It is a house designed for intimacy, not for crowds.

The house is now owned by Charles's daughter, Lucia Eames, and the studio is used as an office by Charles's grandson, Eames Demetrios, a filmmaker who manages the ongoing affairs of the Eames Office. (This spring, Demetrios expanded the operation to a storefront gallery in Santa Monica, not far from the old Washington Boulevard loft.) The family occasionally opens the house to visitors, although because of the fragility of the place, and the presence of all of Ray and Charles's possessions, guests are restricted to the grounds. Even a cursory peek through the glass, however, makes it clear that the Eames house is the critical monument of postwar California modernism. It is a house that belongs on the short list of great houses designed by architects for themselves, along with Monticello, Sir John Soane's Museum, Frank Lloyd Wright's two Taliesins, and Philip Johnson's Glass House.

CHARLES EAMES was no theorist, but he was as devoid of fuzzy thinking as any designer in history, as is clear from a series of answers to basic questions about design he provided for an exhibition at the Louvre, which the Eameses in 1972 turned into a short film, "Design Q&A."

Q: What is your definition of "design?"
A: A plan for arranging elements in such a way as to best accomplish a particular purpose.

Q: Does design imply the idea of products that are necessarily useful?
A: Yes—even though the use might be very subtle.

Q: Is it able to coöperate in the creation of works reserved solely for pleasure?
A: Who would say that pleasure is not useful?

Q: To whom does design address itself? To the greatest number? To the specialists or the enlightened amateur? To a privileged social class?
A: To the need.

Q: Does the creation of design admit constraint?
A: Design depends largely on constraints.

Q: What are the boundaries of design?
A: What are the boundaries of problems?

Even where he appeared to ramble a bit, he was focussed, as in the series of Charles Eliot Norton lectures he gave at Harvard in 1970 and 1971. He showed films and spoke movingly of the beauty of common things, saying of a ream of paper, for example, that it was "absolutely beautiful stuff. Whatever you do with a ream of paper can never come up to what the paper offers in itself." What the Eameses loved most of all was, as Charles put it, "the uncommon beauty of common things."

One of the only projects on which the Eameses lost their footing was their big Bicentennial project, an exhibition, book, and film about two characters—Franklin and Jefferson—with whom Charles and Ray identified perhaps too closely. This time, their characteristic avalanche of information seemed busy and cluttered, not exhilarating, and the Eameses failed to realize that the story called for a clearer narrative line than they normally provided. When Ray showed up at the Paris opening of the exhibition wearing a Franklin coat, the gesture seemed pretentious, not clever. The poor reviews of the exhibition distressed them deeply—they had spent five years immersed in Franklin and Jefferson, and nobody seemed to get it.

Curiously, the Eameses are not revered by the current generation of cyber-geeks, who really ought to be idolizing them. Charles saw in the early nineteen-fifties that computers would change the world, and he was talking in the nineteen-seventies about communications systems that seem quite like the World Wide Web. Almost everything they designed prefigures the multimedia world of today. Yet the Eameses' very breadth of scope—they were graphic designers and filmmakers and educators and product designers and exhibition designers and architects and inventors—paradoxically makes them old-fashioned. Today you are supposed to blow everyone away by your brilliance in one thing, not everything.

The Eameses' personal style, their belief in ritual and propriety and dignity, makes them seem even farther away from the world of Silicon Valley billionaires. What possible connection could this genteel man in a bow tie and his pleasant wife have to the high-pressure madness that the technology business has become today? The answer is every connection, and none at all. Charles and Ray Eames were far ahead of our time, and way behind it. ◆

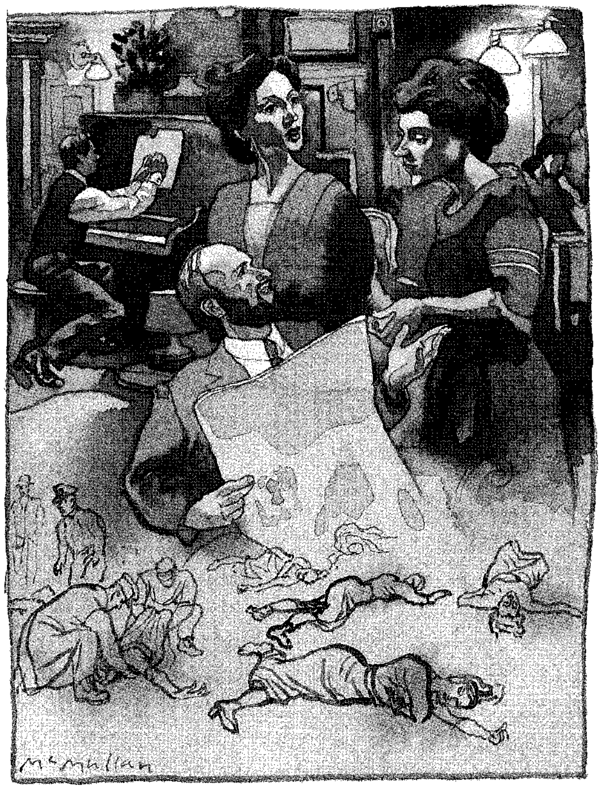
THE THEATRE

FAMILY ROMANCE

Jewish strivers on the Lower East Side; barbarous brothers in Ireland.

BY JOHN LAHR

BY a weird coincidence, my xeroxed copy of Sylvia Regan's "Morning Star" (1940)—a skillful melodrama about two decades of New York immigrant life which is being revived, after fifty-nine years in stock and amateur purdah, at the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, in Chicago—was sent from the theatre along with the last page of Clifford Odets's "Awake and Sing!" (1935), which apparently faces "Morning Star" 's title page in an anthology of classic American Jewish drama. Odets, who was a childhood friend of Regan's, told her a story on which she based her first play. Regan, now ninety-one, began a career as a professional actress while she was in her teens; by the thirties, she was working as a publicist for the Theatre Union and for Mercury Theatre. Her first two plays were not produced; "Morning Star," her third effort, opened on Broadway on April 16, 1940, three weeks before the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands.



"Morning Star" is a backward glance at the immigrant dream of citizenship and the Triangle Shirtwaist fire.

JAMES MCMULLAN

Plays exist in a kind of delicate symbiosis with their historical moment. They can, sometimes mysteriously, either catch or miss the culture's mood. "Awake and Sing!" 's defining eloquence—a combination of the polemical and the poetic—spoke directly to the embattled, humiliated spirit of a Depression-ravaged democracy. "Let me die like a dog, if I can't get more from life," Odets's hero, Ralph Berger, says at the finale, observing his Bronx immigrant family. Where Odets's bumptious play, with its romantic, tough-talking hopefulness, had been just right for his moment, Regan's gentle irony and bittersweet backward glance were just wrong for hers. Her well-drawn characters are wholesome cousins to Odets's "American gallery": they are punished by economic necessity and filled with the same American afflatus of becoming—getting citizenship, getting credentials, getting married, getting money. But, at a time of approaching world war, a play about the hard-won blessings of the past couldn't seize the imagination of a public that was already focussed on the dangers of the future. "Morning Star" closed on Broadway after sixty-three performances. Now, at the end of our winded century, the play's mood of regret has more resonance than the thirties mood of rebellion. "Morning Star" 's achievement is to submerge the audience in the vigor of the century's early optimism and outrage, and to bear witness to the immigrant struggle to tame both American labor and American language.

Regan's Lower East Side, under the expert direction of Frank Galati, is more J. J. Shubert than Jacob Riis. Although Becky Felderman and her ménage of four children and one boarder are hemmed in by the drab brick buildings that tower above her home, in Santo Loquasto's spiffy and rather spacious set there is no hint of squalor: the Feldermans' living quarters are overflowing with dressmaker's forms and heavy wood furniture. What feels more real is the sound of the new century: the rumble of the subway, the ragtime rhythms banged out on the piano, the American history lessons given to immigrants cramming for citizenship, their charming malaprops. "The sky's the limitation," says the good-hearted boarder, Aaron Greenspan, who is a haberdasher briefly down on his luck, and who, as played by the compelling Yasen Peyankov, is more authentic in his foreignness than the rest of the actors. Becky (Shannon Cochran), the family's widowed but vivacious matriarch and the object of Aaron's continually spurned affection, is a seamstress filled with a sense of New World blessing. "To America," she toasts at the Bar Mitzvah of her son, Hymie. "Because we know only good can come to us here!" Her three daughters—the peppy Fanny (Melanie Moore), the cute Esther (Elizabeth Ledo), and the unhappy Sadie (Jenny Bacon)—are all catching the whiff of American liberty. Fanny is a singer with Broadway ambitions who's in love with a songwriter (David New); Esther has fallen for a history teacher, Harry Engel (Paul Adelstein), who wants to marry her; and Sadie has plans to be a secretary, and to snare Harry, whose engagement to Esther is a secret known at first only to the audience. Into this pack of romantic cards, Regan deftly deals a joker: the sweatshop where the girls work turns out to be the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory. What Regan elegantly sets up for the audience is the dramatic equivalent of a car crash: we know what's coming, but we're so absorbed in the emotional filigree of these lives that we're made to feel at first hand the impact of the heart's running smack into history.

Esther becomes one of the hundred and forty-six women who died in the Triangle Shirtwaist fire in a matter of minutes. Over the next two decades, Becky loses Hymie to the First World War; she loses Fanny and her no-luck tunesmith to the Hollywood dream machine ("Judging from the talking pictures I seen lately, your mediocrity will be rewarded by great success," Aaron, now a successful businessman running a union shop, jokes at the end). And, perhaps most important to the play's debate, Becky loses Sadie to the soullessness of American capitalism. Sadie, who loves to spout about "the survival of the fittest," gets what she wants out of life at the expense of other people. She betrays the loyalty of Aaron and his partner, who have employed her as a bookkeeper, by setting up a competing business next door, in a nonunion shop; she turns Harry, who marries her on the rebound, with Becky's prodding, into a Milquetoast with a heart problem; she rides roughshod over the family, imposing her emptiness on others. She is Simonetta Legree. "When—*when* will you learn there are other things in life besides building up a fortune?" Becky asks her, after Sadie feeds Fanny some malicious gossip about her husband. "Decency—human decency." It's melodramatic bombast, and the audience loves it: Becky banishes Sadie from the family, but insists that before she goes she stay to attend a Bar Mitzvah dinner for Fanny's son. (This is a good Jewish family, after all.)

Regan, who has a knack for seamless entrances and exits, manages a slick commercial finale, in which Becky is at last partnered with Aaron, and when the Bar Mitzvah boy grandson stands up to speak he looks around a dining room—in a detail that confirms the family's arrival into the middle class—overseen by a black maid. "And, dear God, we thank you for all the blessings," he says as the curtain falls. But in this production, two generations later, the actors implore the heavens with soft hands; the big, robust American faces hold no trace of the trauma of their grandparents' journey from the Old World or of their aimless labor. I hope Galati's enterprising revival will inspire other regional theatres to stage "Morning Star," which perhaps needs more seasoned instruments to give depth to its polished surface.

MARTIN MCDONAGH'S hilarious "The Lonesome West" (at the Lyceum) is an Irish family drama that skips decency and gets right down to barbarity. Coleman Connor (Maelíosa Stafford) has blown his father's head off for some minor insult about his hair style, and to keep his brother, Valene (Brían F. O'Byrne), quiet he's signed his inheritance over to his daft sibling, who has a penchant for collecting religious bric-a-brac. We know what belongs to Valene, because the chairs, the glassware, and the new stove that crowd the hovel they call home all have a "V" taped to them. "This floor, them cupboards, everything in this fecking house is mine, and you don't go touching, boy. Not without me express permission," Valene tells Coleman, for whom his brother's biscuits (Scotch-taped tight in their tin), poteen, and potato chips are also off limits. Every once in a while, between "fecking" this and "fecking" that, Coleman takes a running leap at Valene; they roll on the floor, pounding each other in the theatrical equivalent of a range war. Meanwhile, the ineffectual local priest, Father Welsh (David Ganly), looks on at this rancorous display in morose bewilderment. At one point, when Valene is out of the room, Coleman collects his brother's icons, puts them in a pan, and bakes them: if the meltdown of the Catholic Church in Ireland needed an image, McDonagh provides it in the bubbling pan of plastic saints Valene pulls from the stove.

In the end, Father Welsh takes his own life, leaving a note begging the brothers to stop fighting; they tack it to the wall and spend Act II trying to keep the peace. Whenever they're about to throttle each other, they push themselves back from the brink. "I'm takin' a step back now, so I am" is their refrain. O'Byrne and Stafford, well directed by Garry Hines, turn this into a virtuoso low-comic Alphonse-Gaston routine, which finishes with Valene on the verge of stabbing his brother, and Coleman waving a shotgun at Valene's head and then at his new stove. "Is the safety catch on that gun, now?" Valene asks, before Coleman, with two shots, blows the stove to buggery. "No," Coleman says, "the safety catch isn't on at all, Valene. Would you believe it?" In its fierce and vivid infantile fury, which finally lays waste to everything around it, "The Lonesome West" moves effortlessly from slapstick sadism to a parable of the blight of Ireland's violence. ♦

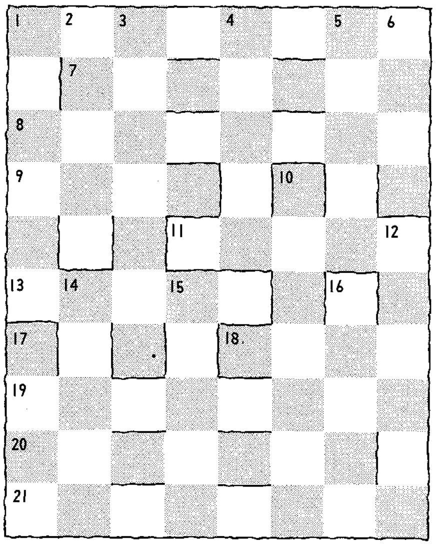
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Santa Fe New Mexican*]

A thief stole 60 CDs and a Sony Discman Friday from a home in the 1000 block of Camino Anasazi, leaving the toilet seat up before he left the premises.

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 89 BY PATRICK BERRY


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21

ACROSS

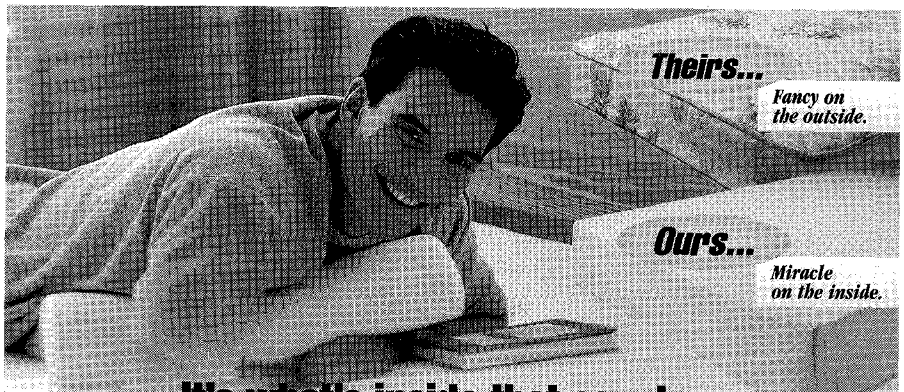
1 Spring-loaded item's smartest shot? (8)
7 French writer finished "Rent," making a comeback (7)
8 Worked for scale outdoors (8)
9 Foot soldier swapped prize (4)
11 Quick to eat excellent meal (5)
13 Operated church and farm (5)
18 High point of "Mimic" for adults only (4)
19 Defenses are almost fully developed (8)
20 Slender model Kate's back in lounge (7)
21 Confront terrible cup of tea (4,2,2)

DOWN

1 Slight bit of malicious intent (6)
2 Freely laid new west part of boardwalk (2,3)
3 Fight with any pop singer (7)
4 "Superman" actor regarding sunset (5)
5 Punches White House resident (5)
6 Overhead abolitionary novelist's stuff (4)
10 Frantically inhale referee's energy source? (3,4)
12 Groom X'ed out wedding ensemble (6)
14 Matriarch shows "Places in the Heart" (5)
15 Pursue leader of hoodlums in police investigation (5)
16 Robbed, losing tip of fool's cap (5)
17 Physical fitness maintains back of leg (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 88 appears on page 88. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.


Theirs...
Fancy on the outside.
Ours...
Miracle on the inside.

It's what's inside that counts...

SWEDISH SCIENTISTS GO UNDERCOVER TO CREATE THE WORLD'S BEST BED!

DEVELOPED FOR NASA...PERFECTED BY TEMPUR-PEDIC...DESIGNED TO FIT YOUR BODY...

Tempur-Pedic's phenomenal SWEDISH SLEEP SYSTEM is changing the way Americans sleep. Our amazing bed is the future. Innersprings and air-beds are the past.

Other mattresses are fancy on the outside. Ours is a *miracle* on the inside! Trillions of viscoelastic MEMORY CELLS work as "molecular springs" (see cut-away photo) to conform *precisely* to your body.

We promise 83% better sleep!
The thick pad that covers other mattresses keeps their steel springs *inside*, but creates a hammock effect *out- side.* This actually causes pressure points. That's why TempurPedic cuts tossing and turning by 83%!

Adjusts to fit you and your spouse.
Our exclusive Tempür® material uses body mass and temperature to *selectively adjust* to your exact shape and weight. This sleep matrix gives you total support. Its *microporoscopic* structure is self-ventilating for cool, perspiration-free sleep.

Officially Recognized by NASA
Our bed is living proof of NASA's contribution of new consumer-benefitting technologies. Swedish scientists, starting where NASA's spacecraft seating research ended, *perfected* our unique (patent pending) product.
In May of 1998, Tempur-Pedic was recognized by NASA for technology-transfer achievement.

© Copyright 1998 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Works naturally...automatically.
The Tempur-Pedic bed utilizes no electricity, no compressed air, no heated water. Instead, it uses *natural* principles of physics to give you the energizing "lift" of weightless sleep. There are no settings or controls to adjust...no heaters, motors, or air pumps to break. You do *nothing but lie down on it!*

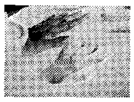
The press is giving us rave reviews!
TV, radio, magazines, newspapers, medical publica- tions...our high-tech bed is winning wide acclaim. DATELINE NBC told all America about Tempur-Pedic. So did Lou Dobbs on CNN's *Business Unusual*, and CNBC's *Power Lunch.* The Wall Street Journal, Associated Press, Discovery Channel, and others have also featured our breakthrough sleep technology.

Try it at our risk for 3 months!
We'll set up a brand new demo bed, in *your* bedroom ...even remove the old bedding...and give you 3 full months to sleep on it. If you don't love it, we'll pick it up and take it back—at *our* expense!

25,000 doctors & sleep clinics say 'Yes!'
Our owners *love* the feeling of WEIGHTLESS SLEEP and the way Tempur-Pedic eases aches, pains, back prob- lems. Over 25,000 doctors, medical professionals, and sleep clinics recommend our Swedish Sleep System!

Our free DEMONSTRATION KIT is yours for the asking. No obligation of any kind. Just call our hotline below. You'll be glad you did!

Matching Pillows
The Miracle is on the inside!
Viscoelastic memory cells conform to every curve and angle of your body. Ventilating channels dissipate heat to provide perspiration-free comfort.
Ultralight Terry Cover with Air-Permeable Liquid Barrier
Pressure-Relieving Comfort Layer
Viscoelastic Tempur® Material
Bonded Substrate
Unitized Steel Understructure
Indurated Compression Rods
Heavy-Duty Side Rails
Hardwood Base
Precision-Tuned Steel Frame
Semi-Flex Foundation
Pressure-Relieving Mattress



You've got to feel it to believe it!

LIMITED 20 YEAR WARRANTY

Direct-import prices
Shipped duty-free
Free setup and removal

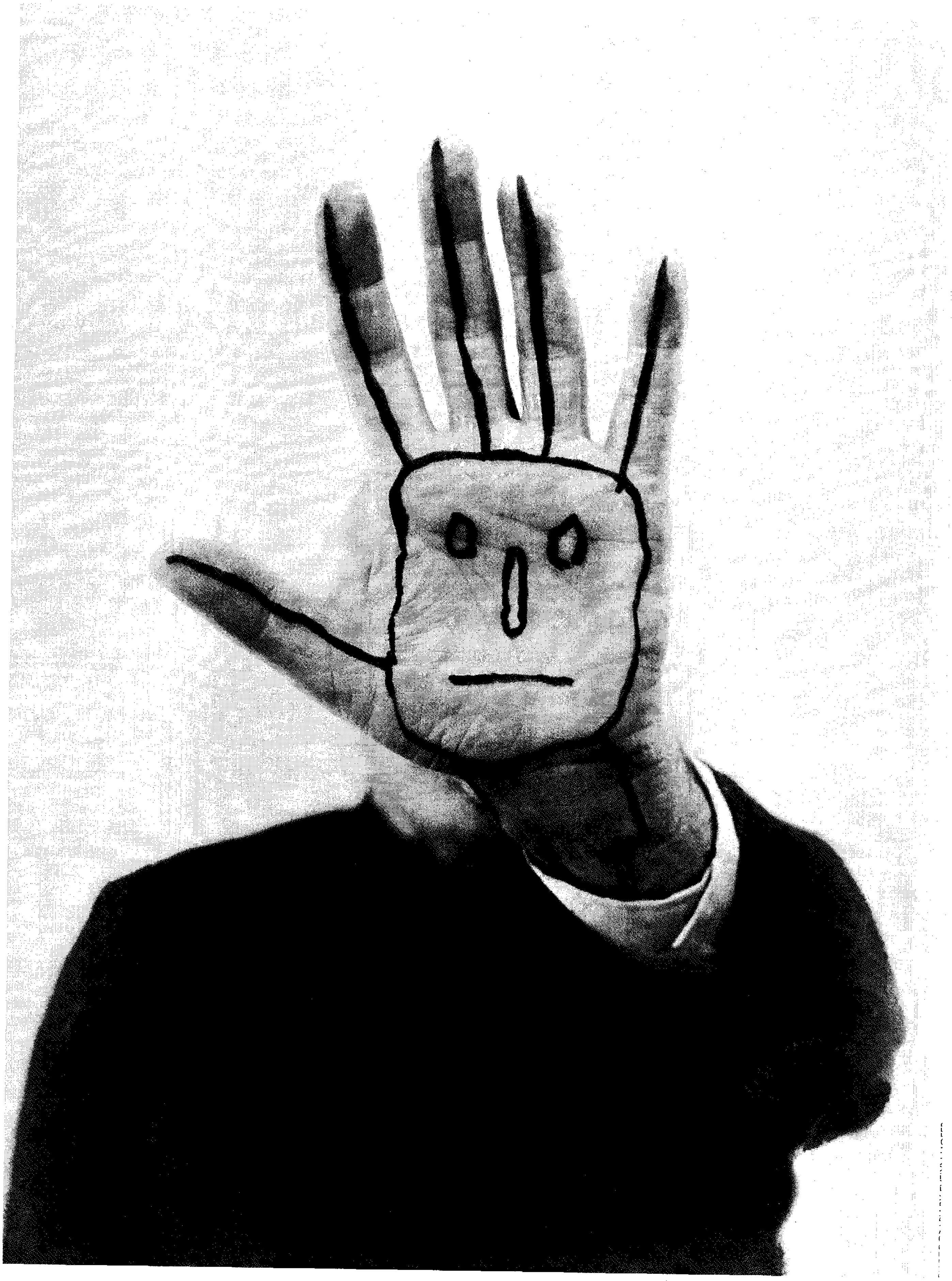
TEMPUR-PEDIC
PRESSURE RELIEVING SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW

FREE SAMPLE/FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO
1-800-886-6466
Fax to 606.259.9843 Visit our website at www.tempurpedic.com
Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 848G Nandino Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511

Actual hotel is larger than shown.

Call or write for mini-vacation information.
(207) 361-1000 (fax) 361-2122 PO Box 2274NY Ogunquit, Maine 03907
email cliffhouse@maine.com Visit our website at www.cliffhousemaine.com
The Cliff House

THE BACK PAGE BY SAUL STEINBERG



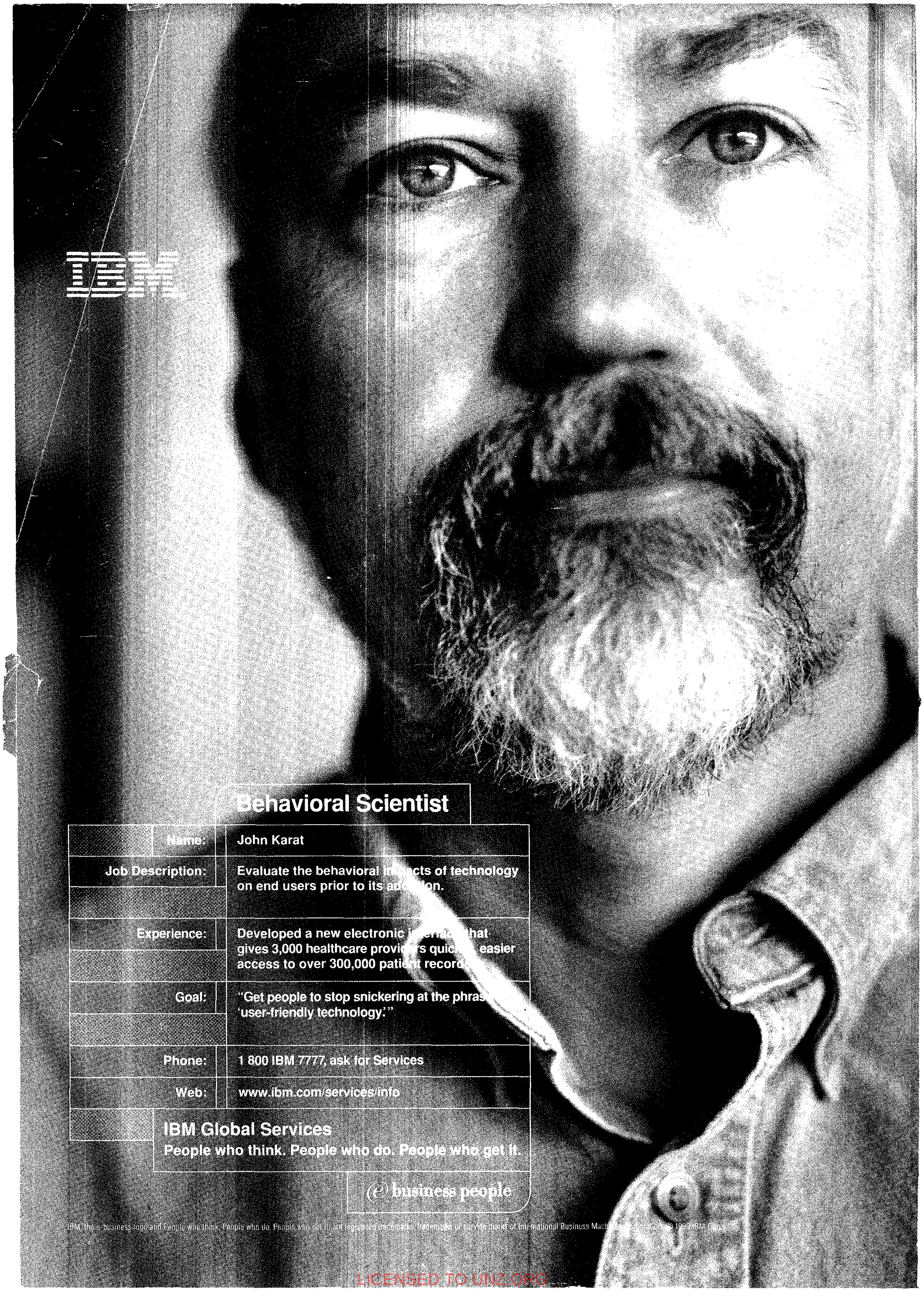
©1999 British Airways Plc

Forget the house in New England. Buy one in old England.

Flying Concorde from New York, you can be in London in just over 3½ hours.
Now how long was that last trip to Cape Cod?

1-800-AIRWAYS
britishairways.com

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's favourite airline



IBM

Behavioral Scientist

Name:	John Karat
Job Description:	Evaluate the behavioral impacts of technology on end users prior to its adoption.
Experience:	Developed a new electronic interface that gives 3,000 healthcare providers quicker, easier access to over 300,000 patient records.
Goal:	"Get people to stop snickering at the phrase 'user-friendly technology.'"
Phone:	1 800 IBM 7777, ask for Services
Web:	www.ibm.com/services/info

IBM Global Services
People who think. People who do. People who get it.

@ business people

IBM, the e-business logo and People who think. People who do. People who get it. are registered trademarks, trademarks or service marks of International Business Machines Corporation. © 1999 IBM Corp.